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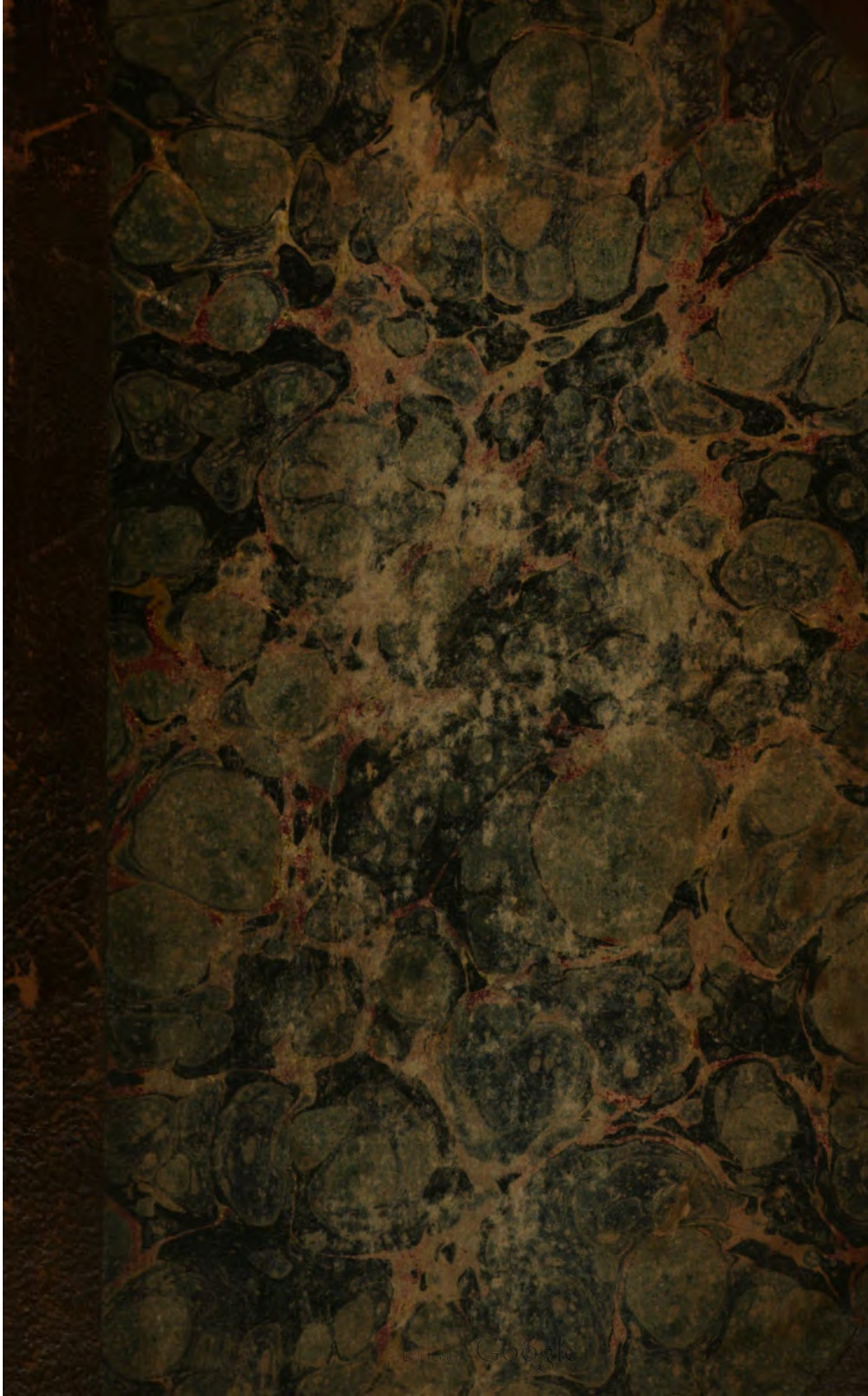
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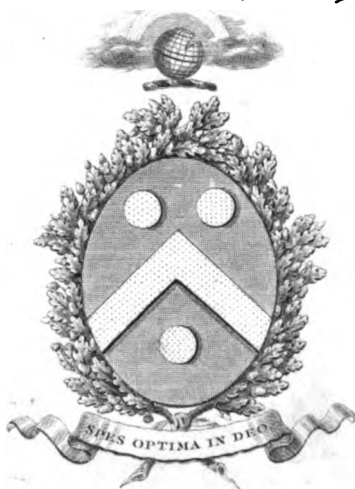
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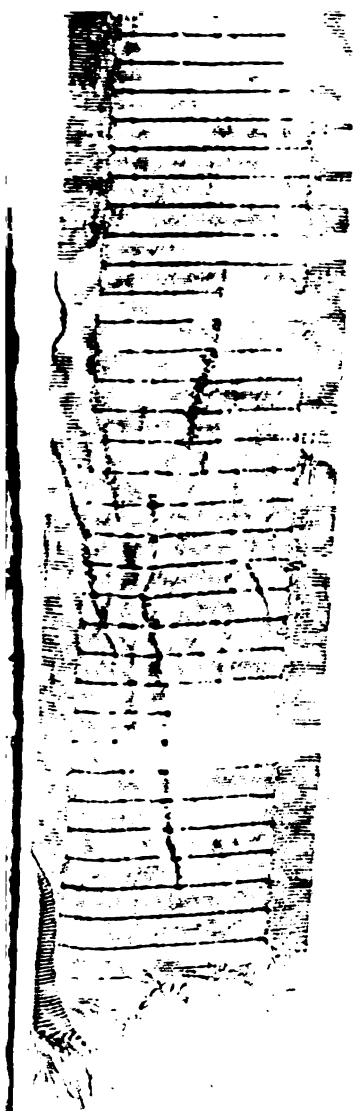




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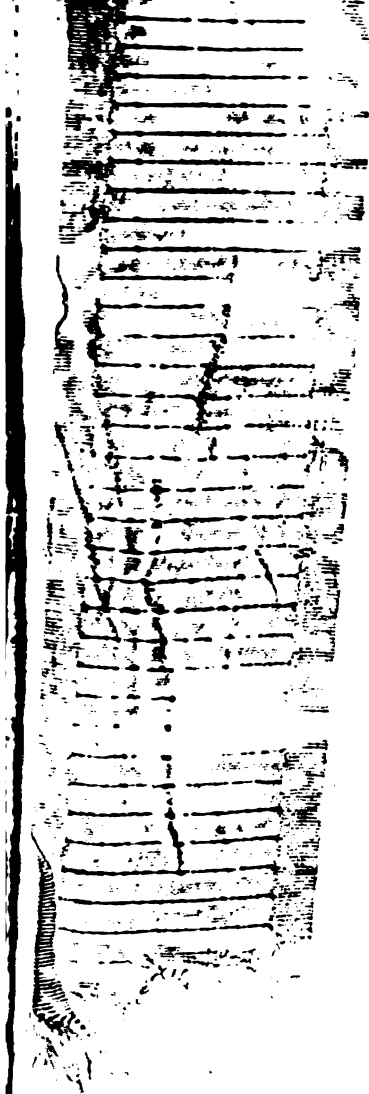


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THE  
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**WEEKLY REGISTER**

OF

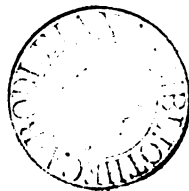
**LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.**

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"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

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VOL. I.



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1822.





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# THE LITERARY MELANGE,

OR

## WEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 1. WEDNESDAY, 19th JUNE, 1822. PRICE 3½d.

### Prospectus.

It has frequently been the subject of much complaint, that *Glasgow*, the second City in Great Britain, notwithstanding its vast wealth and extensive population, produces no Periodical Work, exclusively devoted to taste and general literature; to whatever cause this may be owing, it is impossible to dispute the truth of the observation or the justice of the complaint. With the exception of a single attempt solely undertaken for religious purposes, no Magazine, Review or Journal, of a literary description, has been conducted here for many years; and of course no channel whatever has been opened to the reading or lettered portion of the community, for the publication of their sentiments on topics of general literature, except through the medium of the Newspapers. Such a Work therefore, appearing to the Publishers to be a desideratum, if not from general, at least from local circumstances, they have been induced to undertake the LITERARY MELANGE, or WEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE and the ARTS.

The title which has been adopted for this Work, will at once suggest to the reader that its contents are intended to be of a very mixed and

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- 7th.—Notices of the Fine Arts, with Criticisms on individual productions.
- 8th.—Poetry, original and selected.

A Title Page and copious Table of Contents will be published yearly, and given gratis to the Subscribers.

## Mr. KEAN.

*The following account of this meritorious Performer is taken from a very elegant work entitled the British Theatrical Gallery, containing Portraits with Memoirs of eminent Performers; it is edited by Mr. D. Terry, a Gentleman who not only ranks very high as an actor, but is distinguished for his love of Literature and the Arts.*

From the memoirs which have been published at various times of Mr. Kean, numerous as they are, it is nevertheless rather a difficult and a delicate task to extract a very satisfactory sketch of his biography. According to one account, which indeed avows the obscurity as well as scantiness of its information, Edmund Kean was born in Gray's-inn, in the year 1789; while another which assumes a more voluminous minutness of detail, dates his birth two years earlier and states it to have taken place in Castle-street, Leicester-square, on the 4th November 1787; it also asserts that his father Aaron Kean was brother to the well known Moses Kean, a ventriloquist and mimic of considerable notoriety, and that his mother was a daughter of Saville Carey, who if it be the same person with George Saville Carey, was like his father Henry Carey, a dramatic author of some celebrity, and also for one season an actor at Covent-garden Theatre.

Thus it appears, that he was by birth connected with the stage, and indeed it seems tolerably certain that his infant powers were applied to it as soon as they could be serviceable; among other anecdotes of his early life, it is related that, at the time when Mr. J. P. Kemble first produced the Tragedy of 'Macbeth' at the Drury-lane Theatre, and attempted to give additional effect to the cauldron scene by introducing "the black spirits and white, red spirits and grey" to mingle in the incantations of the witches, the disapprobation the audience bestowed upon this innovation was heightened to excess by an accidental stumble of little Kean in the dance that prostrated

the whole circle of his tiny fellow goblins.

Soon after this misfortune he was removed from the Theatre and placed at his first school, and was already remarked for the expressive beauty of his countenance, contrasted with a weakly and unpromising growth of his limbs. A subsequent period of his childhood is said to have passed under the care of Miss Tidswell an actress lately belonging to the Drury-lane company, from whom he received a truly maternal attention. During the time he was with this lady, he kept his theatrical talents in practice by several obscure trials, and went at last by her recommendation, to some small theatre in Yorkshire, and though not yet fourteen years old is reported to have played with success some of the most leading characters in tragedy; very shortly after he went to Windsor, where by the ability he displayed in some declamatory recitations, he attracted the notice of Dr. Drury, through whose friendly means he obtained some opportunities of a more regular education, after which he launched fairly and finally into all the wild and adventurous vicissitudes of a strolling actor's life.

Changing from company to company he now traversed nearly the whole of the kingdom, and his ardent mind and good spirits seem to have born him lightly and manfully through many of those chequered scenes of distress and difficulty, mortification and despondency to which such a life is exposed. His talents embraced every department of the drama, and he performed tragic, comic, vocal and pantomimical parts, with a combination of vigour and carelessness, an ease and eccentricity that always made him the mark of notice and gained him the favour of the audience.

Birmingham, Sheerness, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge-wells, Swansea, and Waterford, Weymouth, Exeter, and Guernsey, were successively the scene

of his labours; and it is a singular fact that this extraordinary man whose genius within a few years, was destined to form a new era in the history of the stage, and to give a new feature to the theatrical taste of the nation, passed the whole summer of the year 1806 in London, unknown and unnoticed at the little theatre in the Haymarket, performing the most trifling and subordinate parts of the drama, adding thereby another instance to many of the low and apparently hopeless obscurities to which the finest talents are liable for a time to be condemned, and shewing how necessary even to such talents, is patience both to endure and labour. The stage as much as any other art, demands, before skill and excellence can be acquired in it, a long and laborious apprenticeship, a fact which though proved by the history of all who have attained to any settled eminence, (it may not altogether be out of the way here to remark) appears seldom to be adverted to, ✱ scarcely indeed to be believed, by many who witnessing only its effects in public, unfortunately imbibe a desire to embrace and pursue it. No youth of tolerable understanding ever believed in the most enthusiastic moments of admiration produced by music, that he could take up a fiddle and at his first attempt command the strings, as it were by intuition, "to an utterance of harmony;" nor ever fancied he might snatch the pencil and the palette and at one effort rival the painter's performances on the canvas; yet such is the singular infatuation respecting the actor's art, that managers are perpetually applied to, by young people of good education, and good sense too in other matters, who never having once trod upon a stage, and having merely committed to memory a few of the principal and most difficult characters, apply in perfect confidence of their competency for a regular engagement to lead the business, nothing doubting their complete success, and

that the wreath of fame is waiting their brows at the hands of the public; to be sure the public, if they are permitted to come before it generally convinces them of their mistake, but, as generally indeed only to verify the distich of Butler, that

"A man convinced against his will  
Is of the same opinion still."

While Mr. Kean was at Guernsey, the critics of that island either could not, or would not perceive in him any promises of that superiority which the whole kingdom was shortly to acknowledge, and are reported to have treated his performance of Richard the Third with such gross severity as to call forth a retort from the actor, which convinced his audience of his spirit, whatever doubts they may have had of his talents; the consequence of which was, a riot in the theatre and the eventual loss to Mr. Kean, who by this time was a husband and a father, of his situation in the company.

He left Guernsey soon after this unlucky event and arrived at Weymouth, where his companions from whom he had been so harshly separated were performing: rejecting the offer of a re-engagement in it, he enlisted under Mr. Lee, manager of the Taunton Theatre, in which town he met with great encouragement, and at the close of the season repaired to Dorchester; it was here while sustaining the whole range of heroes from those of the sock and buskin to him of the motley vest and wooden sword, (in which he is said to have been excellent) that he was visited by Mr. Arnold, then the acting manager at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane; his old friend Dr. Drury, it appears had not forgotten him, and having lately witnessed his professional improvement at Exeter had written, in strong terms of recommendation concerning him, to Pascoe Glenfell, Esq. By the active influence of this gentleman, the attention of the Drury-Lane Committee of Management was turned towards him, and



engagement for three years concluded through the agency of Mr. Arnold.

Upon Mr. Kean's arrival in town a misunderstanding seems to have arisen between the committee and Mr. Elliston, who was then conducting one of his minor theatrical speculations, called the Olympic, and who claimed a prior right of engagement to the services of Mr. Kean; after some small delay however this mistake was adjusted in favour of the committee, and on the 26th of January, 1814, Mr. Kean made his first appearance at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane in the character of Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice.' His success was decided and the applause tumultuous, and he repeated the character six times, but it was not till his first performance of Richard the Third, on the 12th of February following, that his talents can be said to have blazed in full splendor upon the town; after which both the extent and the duration of his popularity may almost be said to be unparalleled in the annals of the stage.

Perhaps no actor ever reached so rapid an altitude in public favour and maintained it more vigorously for such a length of time; the ebbing of popularity is proverbially as quick and extensive as its flood, and that the latter has continued, with so little variation to follow Mr. Kean, may fairly be adduced as an indication of the genuine as well as powerful nature of his attraction.

Like all bold and original innovators Mr. Kean has given rise to the most violent factions of criticism, which may be regarded as a proof that Mr. Kean was no common man.—Many who had long slumbered in a settled belief of the unassailable superiority of their favourite school of tragic acting, the school, certainly of much erudite labour, majestic dignity, poetical refinement, grandeur, elegance and grace, were awakened and alarmed for the stability of their critical code; they denied the legitimacy of the new invader, who threatened to divide at

least, the ascendancy over public opinion with the noble and accomplished tragedian who had hitherto borne "solely sovereign sway and masterdom," but they were compelled nevertheless to acknowledge the daringness, originality, and vigour of his attacks.

Without therefore presuming to decide (which were it possible, would in the present instance be indelicate) between the relative merits of the old and new school, as they have been termed; merits peculiar to each, and both great, it may be remarked by the way, that it is the lot of actors, more especially perhaps than of any other class of persons, to be subjected to the torture of that taste which Gray has distinguished as the *only* taste of ordinary minds, the "*gout de comparaison*," such minds, incapable of perceiving and understanding the *specific* excellence either of an actor, an author, or a composition, can easily select a standard of decision from known and acknowledged excellence, by which the merits or demerits of every new aspirer to fame, must be compared and tried and judged, as caprice, passion or prejudice may dictate. The standard of comparison too, as it is the instrument of weakness becomes consequently often the instrument of cruelty and injustice; for if the miserable claimants to popular applause who are measured by it, chance to approach its dimensions, they are condemned as having only the talent of imitation, and if its proportions vary they are condemned as having no talent; and are thus reduced to a dilemma about as equitable as that of the poor wretches formerly accused of witchcraft, who were cast into the water, where if drowned they were pronounced innocent, but were hanged as guilty if they unluckily swam. But why need this be? why should we so circumscribe our own enjoyment, as to shut our eyes to the peculiar and proper glory which belongs to each particular star, and in which it differs from another? why, when speaking of eminent persons in any art, should we

consider the praise bestowed upon one as a deduction from the ample measure of another's reputation? why should the laurels placed upon the brows of a new actor be regarded as a plunder from the wreath with which those of a mighty rival have so long and so deservedly been encircled?

The prejudice which exalts a favourite into faultlessness is scarcely less injurious and surely not less absurd than that which allows no merit to an object of dislike; through the dangers of both these popular tributes to extraordinary talents it must be admitted that Mr. Kean has borne himself gallantly; and is well entitled to be recorded (whatever the intrinsic value of such a fame may be) as one of the most successful in the list of eminent English tragedians.

The person of Mr. Kean is considerably below the ordinary height, but muscular and actively formed.—His countenance is handsome, intelligent, and capable of strong expression, long and oval with an Italian cast of character in the features, the complexion pale, the forehead clear and broad, the eyes large, dark and particularly brilliant, quick in their motion and intense in their power, and his physiognomy has been remarked as altogether possessing that kind of indescribable interest about it, which never fails to attract and fascinate the attention of the spectator. His voice has been generally noticed as the qualification in which he is most defective, but this is only true as far as regards its power and its compass, pushed beyond its limits, it becomes harsh, hoarse, and totally inadequate to the great demands of loud and impassioned utterance, but within its compass its quality of tone is sweet and pleasing, modulating through the level discourse of affection, tenderness and melancholy with much beauty and clearness of enunciation. And so skilful is Mr. Kean's management of this defective organ, that he frequently contrives to

turn its very defects, its broken and rugged dissonance to advantage, more especially in those turbulent and tumultuous convulsions of the soul which may be supposed to pass the boundaries of speech and absorb its powers in the violence of conflicting emotions.

Mr. Kean is said to possess an intellect, acute and dextrous, with a prompt and ardent imagination.—Minds of this class are often accompanied with an indolence which disposes them rather to await the necessity of immediate and occasional exertions, than voluntarily to employ themselves in the mental labour that requires the perseverance of connected prosecution; and thus the energies of Mr. Kean's intellect will perhaps be found to develop themselves more frequently by sudden flashes and sparkling points in parts of a performance than by a consistent and steadily sustained delineation of the whole. His feelings, too, appear of that deep and sensitive nature which may still further conduce to give this character to his performances, for such feelings readily indulge in the calms of inaction, and are chiefly alive to the mortal agitations of those elementary passions only which confound and swallow up the minor distinctions of individual character, and reduce all human beings to one great and general similitude. If other performances, therefore may have exhibited from beginning to end the preservation of a more consonant and unbroken propriety, a more perfect and continued distinctness of identity, none perhaps ever equalled those of Mr. Kean, in the beauty and the grandeur of isolated passages. In momentary & uncontrollable influences of strong feeling, in the sudden and sweeping explosions, "the torrent, tempest, and whirlwind," of our master passions, the collective voice of public opinion seems to acknowledge his unrivalled superiority, so that if other tragedians may surpass him in what may be termed the *epic* character.

of his art, it may be allowed that no one was ever a more tremendous actor in the *epigrammatic* power of his effects.

The late Mr. Whitbread whose abilities, character and station in the country gave no ordinary value to his praise, after paying some just compliments to the merits of Mr. Kemble and to the memory of Mr. Garrick, said—"In judging of Mr. Kean we must look to him as he is—not the copyist of any other—not the pupil of a school—but an actor who found all his resources in nature—who delineated his passions only from the expressions that the soul gives to the voice and features of man—not from the images that have before him been represented on the stage.—It is from the wonderful truth, energy and force with which he strikes out and presents to the eye this natural working of the human frame, that he excites the emotions and engages the sympathy of his spectators and auditors. It is to him, that after a hundred and thirty-five nights of continued loss and disappointment, the subscribers are indebted for the success of the season, and that the public are indebted for the high treat which they received by the variety of characters which he represented."

#### PARIS.—A SKETCH \* \* \*

Thou wonderful city! shrine of luxury, emporium of amusement, temple of pleasure, and microcosm of the world! how and where shall I begin thy picture? how describe the indescribable?—A Pencil dipped in the colours of the Rainbow would vainly attempt to sketch thy ever-shifting complexion, and mercurial humours; thy unfixable caprices, and interminable contrarieties; in splendid houses and dirty lanes; in a toe-torturing pavement beneath, and a hat-spoiling water-spout above; in quays capacious enough for the commerce of the world,

and a river not deep enough to drown a rat; in bronzed pillars, and faces of bronze; in Sunday finery, and Saturday filth; in grim mustachios *a la militaire*, and gay ear-rings *a la femme* in shoe-blacks as polished as they are polishing, and fish-women as fanciful as a fine lady, and fat as a porpoise.

What a contrast does Paris offer to London!—show seems to have presided in the building of one, comfort in that of the other. The houses of the Parisians are much loftier and statelier than ours; but then "every man's house is not his castle," and there is a tenant for every floor, nay, perhaps for every room. In London the comfort of private society was never before equalled in any stage of the social progress; in Paris the French escape from their comfortless brick floors, naked walls, and fireless hearths, to seek enjoyment without. The Boulevards, in point of momentary amusement, are unrivalled; but Paris, as far as regards continued gratification, possesses nothing that is capable of vying with our squares. You may walk in London for miles on an excellent pavement, equal to the floor of a Frenchman's drawing-room; but there is nothing ostentatious in all this. The wonders of London are concealed almost entirely from the eye; the countless means by which water and light, the two greatest wants in a populous city, are circulated through all the veins of the metropolis, are unseen, and scarcely thought of. The new street in London is indeed a magnificent dance of architectural beauties; but this is an exception; while Paris in every quarter presents the *coup-d'œil* of a new Babylon.

We can conceive nothing grander in the most far-famed cities of ancient times, than the view from the *Pont de Louis Quinze*; particularly when looking across the river to the *Chambre des Deputes*, backed by the gorgeous dome of the *Hôpital des Invalides*—

The golden palace, temple, grave of war. Nor can we readily believe that Rome, "in her most high and palmy state," possessed a condensed assemblage of more magnificent objects than are to be met with in a walk from the *Boulevards Italiens*, down the *Rue de la Paix*, through the *Place Vendôme*, to the *Place Louis Quinze*, and so on to the river, proceeding along the *Quai* to the *Tuileries* and the *Louvre*. The *Tuileries* gardens, it is true, are small in comparison with our *Kensington gardens*; but there they have the superior advantage of being near at hand. It must at the same time be allowed, that they are laid out in very bad taste. The trees seem as if they were ranged for a country dance or a cotillion.— Each orange has a partner; every poplar and lime tree shakes his head at a relation, and "half the terrace just reflects the other." The bronzes are crowded upon a wall, as if it were a broker's shop; the ground is patched with diamonds, quadrants, circles, and ovals, like a lady's inlaid work box; and the fountains struggle and spirt in all manner of antic dribblings. However, it cannot be denied that ingenuity has done its utmost, in a small compass, to amuse and accommodate the people. The same objection, as to bad taste, does not apply to the stately avenues of the *Boulevards*. Nothing in London is calculated to vie with its triple arcade, broad as *Portland Place*, shaded during a course of seven miles by lofty and luxuriant elms, and flanked by an unintermitted succession of palaces, flower gardens, fountains, and theatres. The only bad taste discernable, is not in the scene, but in the *dramatis personæ*. Indeed the spectators themselves are a part of the spectacle, and none more so than the beaux, who, with determined anxiety for the repose of their legs and arms, contrive to occupy three chairs at a time. All besides is in restless motion; the tension of excitement is kept up almost to torture, and while

resolving to run the gauntlet of the *Boulevards*, and see all that is to be seen, one thinks of the speech of poor *Damien*, when first fastened to the rack—" *Ce sera une journée forte!*" One is fairly thumb-screwed, picketed, and pressed to death, by the eagerness of the Parisian desire to please. A *Savoyard* torments with his eternal thrumming, or a *friseur* twists the most wry hair into pliant corkscrews, or a *grimacier* tortures "the human face divine" into monstrosities of ugliness, which would have petrified the *Gorgons*. Next stands a conjuror with all his tools of trade spread out before him, and farther on, a female professor, who engages to perform any given operation on your poodle. Here a fruit-seller, with fruit which might tempt *Eve* to a second perdition; and there the "brown marchande," with a red handkerchief round her head, scarcely redder than her sun-burnt skin, arranges her gaudy tray of all the *Circean* mysteries that restore or create beauty, rouges and essences, false eyes, false teeth, false ringlets, false noses. The line of exhibitors seems "to stretch out to the crack of doom," and the intervals of the interminable series, are filled up with every species of "all monstrous and prodigious things;" beggar bards and beggar fortune-tellers, merry andrews, and tragic actors as merry, dancing children and dancing dogs, white mice, learned monkeys, and militant Canary birds.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Paris, considered merely as a place of gaiety and recreation, should command the preference of strangers. All kinds of luxuries and sensual pleasures are not only in the highest state of refinement, but easily procurable. The comparative smallness of Paris is attended with the same superiority as a small theatre has over a large one; the spectacle is compressed into a smaller compass, and the *dulcia vitia* of the place are more available. In Paris there no sulphurous clouds of smoke to

hide the "deep blue" beautiful sky, oppress the lungs, and sicken the appetite; and (important fact) a half-sovereign in Paris will go as far or farther than a whole sovereign in London. In this case the half is greater than the whole, as Cicero said of a colossal bust of his diminutive son-in-law. With rare felicity of combination, the physical and moral taste may be gratified at the same time.—Sensual pleasure even condescends so far as to woo economy. The *gastro-nome* of miserly habits or deficient purse finds himself attacked on his weak side, and the enjoyments of *gourmandize*, though at the highest *acme* of scientific refinement, may be cheaply as well as extravagantly gratified. You may dine (*par exemple*) in a superb salon of the Palais Royal, equal to the Clarendon, and beserved off plate, with soup, three dishes *au choix*, bread *à discretion*, a pint of claret, and dessert for 2 shillings English money. \* \* \*

### THE MAN OF LETTERS.

Among the members of the republic of literature there is a class to whom may be appropriately assigned the title of MEN of LETTERS.

The man of letters, whose habits and whose whole life so closely resembles those of an author, can only be distinguished by the simple circumstance, that the man of letters is not an author.

Yet he whose sole occupation through life is literature, who is always acquiring and never producing, appears as ridiculous as the architect who never raised an edifice, or the statuary who refrains from sculpture. His pursuits are reproached with terminating in an epicurean selfishness, and amidst his incessant avocations he himself is considered as a particular sort of idler.

This race of literary characters, as they now exist, could not have appeared till the press had poured its influence; in the degree that the nations of Europe became literary, was that philosophical curiosity kindled, which induced some to devote their fortunes and their days, and to experience some of the purest of human enjoyments, in preserving and familiarising themselves with "the monuments of vanished minds," that indestructible history

of the genius of every people, through all its eras—and whatever men have thought and whatever men have done, were at length discovered to be found in Books.

Men of letters occupy an intermediate station between authors and readers; with more curiosity of knowledge and more multiplied tastes, and by those precious collections which they are forming during their lives, more completely furnished with the means than are possessed by the multitude who read, and the few who write.

The studies of an author are usually restricted to particular subjects; his tastes are tinged by their colouring, and his mind is always shaping itself to them.—An author's works form his solitary pride, and often mark the boundaries of his empire; while half his life wears away in the slow maturity of composition; and still the ambition of authorship torments its victim alike in disappointment or in possession.

But the solitude of the man of letters is soothed by the surrounding objects of his passion; he possesses them, and they possess him. His volumes in triple rows on their shelves; his portfolios, those moveable galleries of pictures and sketches; his rich *medaillier* of coins and gems, that library without books; some favourite sculptures and paintings, on which his eye lingers as they catch a magical light; and some antiquities of all nations, here and there, about his house; these are his furniture! Every thing about him is so endeared to him by habit, and many higher associations, that even to quit his collections for a short time becomes a real suffering. He lives where he will die; often his library and his chamber are contiguous, and this "*Parva, sed apta*," this contracted space, has often marked the boundary of the existence of the opulent owner.

His invisible days flow on in this visionary world of literature and art; all the knowledge, and all the tastes, which genius has ever created are transplanted into his cabinet; there they flourish together in an atmosphere of their own. But tranquility is essential to his existence; for though his occupations are interrupted without inconvenience, and resumed without effort, yet if the realities of life, with all their unquiet thoughts are suffered to enter into his ideal world, they will be felt as if something were flung with violence among the trees where the birds are singing,—all would instantly disperse!

Such is that life of self-oblivion of the man of letters, for which so many have voluntarily relinquished a public station or their rank in Society; neglecting even for

tune and health. Of the pleasures of the man of letters it may be said, they combine these opposite sources of enjoyment observed in the hunter and the angler. Of a great hunter it was said, that he did not live but hunted; and the man of letters, in his perpetual researches, feels the like heat, and the joy of discovery, in his own chase; while in the deep calm of his spirits, such is the sweetness of his uninterrupted hours, like those of the angler, that one may say of him what Colonel Venables, an enthusiastic angler, declared of his favourite pursuit, "many have cast off other recreations and embraced this; but I never knew any angler wholly cast off, though occasional might interrupt, their affections to their beloved recreation."

But "men of the world," as they are so euphemistically distinguished, imagine that a man so lifeless in "the world" must be one of the dead in it, and, with mistaken wit, would inscribe over the sepulchre of his library, "here lies the body of our friend." If the man of letters has voluntarily quitted their "world," at least he has past into another, where he enjoys a sense of existence through a long succession of ages, and where Time, who destroys all things for others, for him only preserves and discovers. This world is best described by one who has lingered among its inspirations. "We are wafted into other times and strange lands, connecting us by a sad but exalting relationship with the great events and great minds which have passed away. Our studies at once cherish and controul the imagination, by leading it over an unbounded range of the noblest scenes in the overawing company of departed wisdom and genius."

If the man of letters is less dependent on others for the very perception of his own existence, his solitude is not that of a desert, but of the most cultivated humanity; for all there tends to keep alive those concentrated feelings which cannot be indulged with security, or even without ridicule, in general society. Like the Lucullus of Plutarch, he would not only live among the votaries of literature, but would live for them; he throws open his library, his gallery, and his cabinet, to all the Grecians. Such are the men who father neglected genius, or awaken its infancy by the perpetual legacy of the "Prizes" of Literature and Science; who project those benevolent institutions, where they have poured out the philanthropy of their hearts in that world which they appear to have forsaken. If Europe is literary, to whom does she owe this, more than to these men of letters? To their noble passion of anas-

ing through life those magnificent collections which often bear the names of their founders from the gratitude of a following age; Venice, Florence, and Copenhagen, Oxford and London, attest the existence of their labours. Our Bodleys and our Harleys, our Cottons and our Sloanes, our Cracherodes and our Townleys, were (our Spencers our Staffords and our Roscoes are) of this race! In the perpetuity of their own studies, they felt as if they were extending human longevity, by throwing an unbroken light of knowledge into the next age. Each of these public works, for such they become, was the project and the execution of a solitary man of letters during half a century; the generous enthusiasm which inspired their intrepid labours; the difficulties overcome; the voluntary privations of what the world calls its pleasures and its honours, would form an interesting history not yet written; their due, yet undischarged.

Living more with books than with men, the man of letters is more tolerant of opinions than they are among themselves, nor are his views of human affairs contracted to the day, as those who in the heat and hurry of life can act only on expedients, and not on principles; who deem themselves politicians because they are not moralists; to whom the centuries behind have conveyed no results, and who cannot see how the present time is always full of the future; as Leibnitz has expressed a profound reflection. "Every thing," says the lively Burnet, "must be brought to the nature of tinder or gunpowder, ready for a spark to set it on fire," before they discover it. The man of letters is accused of a cold indifference to the interests which divide society. In truth, he knows their miserable beginnings and their certain terminations; he is therefore rarely observed as the head, or the rump, of a party.

Antiquity presents such a man of letters in Atticus, who retreated from a political to a literary life; had his letters accompanied those of Cicero they would have illustrated the ideal character of a man of letters. But the sage Atticus rejected a popular celebrity for a passion not less powerful, yielding up his whole soul to study. Cicero, with all his devotion to literature, was still agitated by another kind of glory, and the most perfect author in Rome imagined that he was enlarging his honours by the intrigues of the consulship. He has distinctly marked the character of the man of letters in the person of his friend Atticus, and has expressed his respect, although he could not content himself with its imitation. "I know the greatness and ingeniousness

of your soul, nor have I found any difference between us, but in a different choice of life; a certain sort of ambition has led me earnestly after honour, while other motives, by no means blameable, induced you to adopt an honourable leisure; *honestum otium*." These motives appear in the interesting memoirs of this man of letters—a contempt of political intrigues with a desire to escape from the bustle and splendor of Rome to the learned leisure of Athens; to dismiss a pompous train of slaves for the delight of assembling under his roof a literary society of readers and transcribers; and there having collected the portraits or busts of the illustrious men of his country, he caught their spirit, and was influenced by their virtues or their genius, as he inscribed under them, in concise verses, the characters of their mind. Valuing wealth only for its use, a dignified economy enabled him to be profuse, and a moderate expenditure allowed him to be generous.

The result of this literary life was the strong affections of the Athenians; at the first opportunity, the absence of the man of letters offered, they raised a statue to him, conferring on our Pomponius the fond surname of Atticus. To have received a name from the voice of the city they inhabited, has happened to more than one man of letters.

Such are these men of letters! but the last touches of their picture, given with all the delicacy and warmth of a self-painter, may come from the Count de Caylus, celebrated for his collections and for his generous patronage of artists.

"His glory is confined to the mere power which he has of being one day useful to letters and to the arts; for his whole life is employed in collecting materials of which learned men and artists make no use till after the death of him who amassed them. It affords him a very sensible pleasure to labour in hopes of being useful to those who pursue the same course of studies, while there are so great a number who die without discharging the debt which they incur to society."

### THE PRESENT GENERAL DIFFUSION OF LEARNING AMONG ALL RANKS OF PERSONS.

*From Reminiscences of Charles Butler, Esq.*

The circumstance which most distinguishes the present era of English Literature from all others, is the general diffusion both of useful and ornamental knowledge among every rank of society, in a manner unknown to former times, and yet unknown to every other nation. With all the faults

imputable to newspapers and other periodical effusions of the press, how much useful information is conveyed by them, to every rank of Society? The author of an excellent article in the *Edinburgh Review*, for October, 1809, shews, that in a given time, an Englishman reads about seventy-five times as much of the newspapers of his country, as a Frenchman does of his:—What a spread of information!—It may be said, that the reading might be more useful and edifying; but what an exercise of the mental powers! What an excitement to better reading, to further attainment. But, while the dissemination of useful and ornamental knowledge among persons of every rank in this country is thus generally mentioned, it would be wrong not to take particular notice of its extensive diffusion among the purest and gentlest portion of the community.—

"Women," says Fenelon, in his *Treatise on Female Education*, "were designed, by their native elegance and softness, to endear domestic life to man, to make virtue lovely to children, to spread around them order and grace, and to give to society its highest polish. No attainment can be above beings, whose end and aim it is to accomplish purposes at once so elegant and so salutary: every means should be used to invigorate, by principle and culture, such native excellence and grace."

How generally, and in what a high degree these attainments are possessed by the daughters of Albion, all persons must have observed, to whom opportunities of observing it have been given, and who have availed themselves of them. Even in the learned languages, and the abstruse sciences, several are respectably informed; those, to whom the best writers of their own country, and the best in the French and Italian languages are familiar, are numerous; few are so scantily instructed as not to listen with pleasure and advantage to the conversation of men of learning and taste, or who do not view with taste the productions of the painter or statuary:—It is rare to find among them one, who does not express herself both in conversation and upon paper, with correctness and grace. The Letters of the late lady Hervey are deservedly admired.—Are there not many English ladies capable of writing letters, which, if compared with hers, would not suffer on the comparison?

Their mild, retiring and unpretending manners add to the charm of their accomplishments. Most Gallic *elegantiss* have something of that spirit of exhibition; which we see displayed by the *Corinne* of Madame de Staël: nothing of that is discoverable,

in our countrywomen. With all their accomplishments,

"Hate me from day's garish eye."

MILTON.

It seems to be their almost universal wish:—A Frenchman once triumphantly asked the Alceminiscant, whether any English lady could have written the *Considerations sur les Principaux Evénemens de l'Europe* of Madame de Staël, a work certainly of extraordinary merit. The writer believes there are many; but that there are none who would have written the pages of egotism with which it abounds.—We must add that Madame de Staël, the witty protégée of the duchess de Maine, would have written better and more interesting Considerations.

Pope says,

"Most women have no character at all,"

and intended to be satirical: but this line, in one application of it, may be considered to express a very high degree of praise.—Women are never so perfect as when they possess an assemblage of excellences, each of them suited to the rest, but no one outshining the others, and thus making it her character. Such are the women by whom Shakespeare attracts the favour of the spectators; his Desdemona, Imogen, Mirabella and Ophelia. Such too, is the Amelia of Fielding, the Rebecca of Sir Walter Scott. Each is the perfection of female excellence; each attracts love and reverence; each excites interest; in all there is an union of charms, but no one charm predominates; none shines with surpassing glory.

Whether ladies, even with the greatest dispositions for literary acquirement, should study the learned languages, may be thought a question. The contrary was once suggested by the Reminiscent to a lady of great mental ardour: she observed that, the inferiority of the female capacity for acquiring the dead languages, should not be taken for granted:—"I'll engage," she said, "that if we were sent to Eton or Harrow, we should become as good classical scholars as boys." "True,"—it was replied, "but you are not sent to Eton or Harrow: this makes the difference." The fact is that the structure of the Greek and Latin differs so much from that of modern languages; their grammars are so complex and obscure, their prosody so abstruse, and, for several years the acquisition of it is, in a great measure, so much a mere act of memory, and without a perfect knowledge of it, the real beauty of the diction is so little felt, that any thing like a competent

knowledge of them can scarcely be obtained, except at a public school, where the boys acquire it much more by hearing their school-fellows repeat over and over again their daily tasks, than by learning their own. Of this advantage young ladies are necessarily deprived.

It is observable, that, at a certain time of life even gentlemen, who are most ardent in literary pursuits, relax in their zeal for the prosecution of them, if their studies be not directed to a particular object; and that, from the want of such an object, they generally fall into a course of desultory listless reading, which leads to nothing.—This was remarked by Mr. Burke to the Reminiscent; and he acknowledged that, in one period of his life, he himself, with all his literary enthusiasm, experienced something of this paralysis. To prevent it would it not be advisable for ladies of cultivated minds, when they begin to feel its approach, to employ their minds on some literary or historical enquiry, which will fix their attention, and, while it confines, will animate their daily application?

A course for female reading should embrace "Anquetil's Abridgment of Ancient & Modern History," attending particularly to its geography, and minuting down its chronology.—Or, if modern history only be the object, to peruse,—but with particular attention, and with a proper map always in view, the "*Tableau des Révolutions de l'Europe, par M. Koch*," now in 4 vols. 8vo.

Here, the Reminiscent presumes to mention an observation made to him by a learned and intelligent friend, on the subject of pursuing the study of the learned languages too far. For some time after the Reminiscent quitted college, he continued smitten with the love of Greek and Roman lore. His friend remarked to him that it was a vain pursuit: "You and I," he said, "are willing to think that we understand the French language, as well as we do our own: most gentlemen, who have received a liberal education, do the same. Yet, how little do any of us feel the beauties of French poetry? How little are we sensible of that indescribable charm of Racine, of which every Frenchman talks to us with so much rapture? Now, if this be the case, in respect to a language, which we hear spoken every day, and the writers in which are countless, how much more must it be the case in respect to a dead language, where the writers, whom we possess, are so few? The utmost knowledge, which, by the most persevering application, we can ob-



"tain of the literary merit of their compositions, so far, at least, as respects the beauties of their style, must be very limited." In this observation, there seems to be good sense: one, of an import somewhat similar, and leading to a similar conclusion, was made to the *Reminescent* by Mr. Porson:—"The number of ancient writers," said that gentleman, "which have reached us, is so small, that we cannot be judges of the expressions, or even of the words appropriated to any particular style. Many, suited to the general style of Livy, would not be suited to that of Tacitus: of this, we necessarily are, in a great measure, insensible; and use them indiscriminately. This must be wrong; when therefore we write in the Latin language, our style should be most unambitious; we should carefully avoid all fine words and expressions, we should use the most obvious and most simple diction; beyond this, we should not aspire: if we cannot present a resemblance, let us not exhibit a caricature."

[To be continued.]

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE  
PRETENDER, FROM THE POLITICAL  
AND LITERARY ANECDOTES  
OF HIS OWN TIMES, BY DR. WILLIAM KING.

This is a curious and amusing book. It contains many curious anecdotes of the Jacobite party, to which the author was strongly attached, and with the leaders of which he was intimately acquainted. It may be necessary to add, that the writer was born in 1685, in the county of Middlesex, and that the present work was written in his 76th year.

"Sept. 1750, I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she let me into her dressing-room, and presented me to — (1). If I was surprised to find him there I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but

although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was any ready to carry it into execution. He was convinced that he was deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came. As to his person, he is tall and well made, but stoops a little, owing, perhaps, to the great fatigue which he underwent in his northern expedition. He has a handsome face and good eyes; (I think his busts, which about this time were commonly sold in London, are more like him than any of his pictures which I have yet seen) (2) but in a polite company he would not pass for a gentleman. He had a quick apprehension, and speaks French, Italian, and English, the last with a little of a foreign accent. As to the rest, very little care seems to have been taken of his education. He had not made the belles-letters or any of the finer arts his study, which surprised me much, considering his preceptors, and the noble opportunities he must have always had in that nursery of all the elegant and liberal arts and sciences. But I was still more astonished, when I found him unacquainted with the history and constitution of England, in which he ought to have been very early instructed. I never heard him express any noble or benevolent sentiments, the certain indications of a great soul and a good heart; or discover any sorrow or compassion for the misfortunes of so many worthy men who had suffered in his cause. But the most odious part of the character is his love of money, a vice which I do not remember to have been imputed by our historian to any of his ancestors, and is the certain index of a base and little mind. I know it may be urged in his vindication, that a Prince in exile ought to be an economist. And so he ought; but nevertheless his purse should be always open, as long as there is any thing in it, to relieve the necessities

of his friends and adherents. King Charles the second, during his banishment, would have shared the last pistole in his pocket with his family. But I have known this gentleman, with two thousand louis d'ors in his strong box, pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris, who was not in affluent circumstances. His most faithful servants, who had closely attended him in all his difficulties, were ill rewarded.—To this spirit of avarice may be added his insolent manner of treating his immediate dependents, very unbecoming a great Prince, and a sure prognostic of what might be expected from him if ever he had obtained sovereign power. Sir J. Harrington and Colonel Goring, who suffered themselves to be imprisoned with him, rather than desert him, when the rest of his family and attendants fled, were afterwards obliged to quit his service on account of his illiberal behaviour. But there is one part of his character, which I must particularly insist on, since it occasioned the defection of the most powerful of his friends and adherents in England, and by some concurring accidents totally blasted all his hopes and pretensions. When he was in Scotland, he had a mistress, whose name is Walkinshaw, and whose sister was at that time, and is still, housekeeper at Leicester House. Some years after he was released from his prison, and conducted out of France, he sent for this girl, who soon acquired such a dominion over him, that she was acquainted with all his schemes, and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known in England, all persons of distinction, who were attached to him, were greatly alarmed; they imagined that this wench had been placed in his family by the English Ministers; and, considering her sister's situation, they seemed to have some ground for their suspicion; wherefore they despatched a gentleman to Paris, where the prince

then was, who had instructions to insist that Mrs. Walkinshaw should be removed to a convent for a certain term; but her gallant absolutely refused to comply with this demand, and although Mr. M'Namara, the gentleman who was sent to him, who has a natural eloquence, and an excellent understanding, urged the most cogent reasons, and used all the arts of persuasion to induce him to part with his mistress, and even proceeded so far as to assure him, according to his instructions, that an immediate interruption of all correspondence with his most powerful friends in England, and in short that the ruin of his interest, now was daily increasing, would be the infallible consequence of his refusal: yet he continued inflexible, and all Mr. M'Namara's remonstrances were ineffectual. Mr. M'Namara staid in Paris some days beyond the time prescribed him, endeavouring to reason the Prince into a better temper: but finding him obstinately persevere in his first answer, he took his leave with concern and indignation, saying, as he passed out, 'what has your family done, Sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages.' It is worthy of remark, that in the conference which Mr. M'Namara had with the Prince on this occasion, the latter declared, that it was not a violent passion, or indeed any particular regard, (3) which attached him to Mrs. Walkinshaw, and that he could see her removed from him without any concern; but he would not receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive."

(1) "The Pretender,

(2) "He came one evening to my lodgings and drank tea with me: my servant, after he was gone, said to me, 'that he thought my visitor very like Prince Charles:' 'Why,' said I, 'have you ever seen Prince Charles?' 'No, Sir,' replied the fellow, 'but this gentleman, whoever he may be, exactly resembles the busts which are sold in Red Lion-street, and are said to be the busts of Prince Charles. —

## Poetry.

TO MY DAUGHTER,  
ON THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH-DAY.

(By Lord Byron.)

HAIL, to this teeming stage of strife—  
Hail, lovely miniature of life!  
Pilgrim of many cares untold!  
Lamb of the world's extended fold!  
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!  
Sweet promise of ecstatic years!  
How faintly would I bend the knee,  
And turn idolater to thee!

'Tis nature's worship—felt—confessed  
Far as the life which warms the breast:  
The sturdy savage, 'midst his clan  
The rudest portraiture of man,  
In trackless woods, and boundless plains,  
Where everlasting wildness reigns,  
Owns the still throb—the secret start—  
The hidden impulse of the heart.

Dear babe! ere yet upon thy years  
The soil of human vice appears—  
Ere passion hath disturbed thy cheek,  
And prompted what thou darest not speak;  
Ere that pale lip is blanched with care,  
Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair,  
Wouldst I could meet thine untuned ear  
And gush it with a father's prayer!

But little rock'st thou, oh my child!  
Of ~~crisis~~ <sup>life's</sup> ~~life's~~ <sup>thorny</sup> wild,  
Of all the dangers, all the woes  
Each loitering footstep which enclose—  
Ah! little rock'st thou of the scene  
So dextrously wrought, that spreads between  
The ~~hills~~ <sup>hills</sup> all we here can find  
And the dark mystic sphere behind!

Little rock'st thou, my earliest born!  
Of clouds that gather round thy morn,  
Of arts to lure thy soul astray,  
Of snares that intersect thy way,  
Of secret foes, of friends untrue,  
Of fiends who stab the hearts they woo—  
Little thou rock'st of this sad store!  
Would thou might never rock them more!

The truth is, these hints were taken in  
plaster of Paris from his face.

(3) I believe he spoke truth, when he declared he had no esteem for his northern mistress, although she had been his companion for so many years. She had no elegance of manners; and as they had both contracted an odious habit of drinking, so they expiated themselves very frequently, not only to their own family, but to all their neighbours. They often quarrelled, and sometimes fought; they were some of these drunken scenes which, probably, accompanied the repose of his madness."

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,  
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep—  
The tenant of a frail abode,  
Thy tears must flow, as mine have flowed—  
Beguiled by follies, every day,  
Sorrow must wash the faults away:  
And thou may'st wake perchance to prove  
The pang of unrequited love.

Unconscious babe! though on that brow  
No half-fledg'd misery nestles now—  
Scarce round those placid lips a smile  
Maternal fondness shall beguile,  
Ere the moist footsteps of a tear  
Shall plant their dewy traces there,  
Add prematurely pave the way  
For sorrows of a ripper day.

Oh! could a father's prayer repel  
The eye's sad grief, the bosom's swell!  
Or could a father hope to bear  
A darling child's allotted care—  
Then thou, my babe, should'st slumber still,  
Exempted from all human ill;  
A parent's love thy peace should free,  
And ask its wounds again for thee.

Sleep on, my child, the slumber brief  
Too soon shall melt away to grief—  
Too soon the dawn of woe shall break,  
And briny rills bedew thy cheek—  
Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes—  
That breast be agonised with sighs;  
And anguish o'er the beams of noon  
Lead clouds of care—oh! much too soon.

Soon wilt thou reck of cares unknown,  
Of wants and sorrows all their own,  
Of many a pang, and many a woe,  
That thy dear sex alone can know—  
Of many an ill, untold, unsung,  
That will not, may not find a tongue;  
But kept concealed without control,  
Spread the fell cancers of the soul!

Yet be thy lot, my babe, more blest—  
May joy still animate thy breast!  
Still 'midst thy least propitious days,  
Shedding its rich inspiring rays!  
A father's heart shall daily bear  
Thy name upon its secret prayer;  
And as he seeks his last repose,  
Thine image eases his parting throes.

Then hail, sweet miniature of life!  
Hail to this teeming stage of strife!  
Pilgrim of many cares untold!  
Lamb of the world's extended fold!  
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!  
Sweet promise of ecstatic years!  
How faintly could I bend the knee,  
And turn idolater to thee!

## BRIDAL SONG.

In Genoa's streets gay steeds are prancing,  
Through Genoa's streets thick crowds are  
vancing;

Sounds of merriment are mingling;  
 Coursers' golden trappings jingling;  
 All the bridal pomp to swell  
 Of young Francesco's Isabel;—  
 Lord and lady, squire and knight,  
 All await thee, lady bright.

Through the high cathedral stealing,  
 Hark! the choral hymn is pealing;  
 Hark! the merry bells are ringing;  
 White-robed boys are censers swinging;  
 Hiding in a fragrant cloud  
 Stoled priest and altar proud;  
 The mitred abbot waits thee there,  
 To bless thy bridal, lady fair.

See! where plumes and scarfs are gleaming;  
 See! the bridal ribbands streaming;  
 See! the nuptial wreath is twining,  
 Myrtle, bay, and laurel shining;  
 The bridal maillens wait thee now,  
 To place it on thy drooping brow;  
 The joyful bridegroom waits thee here;  
 Hasten, hasten, lady dear.

M. M.

## Varieties.

**FRENCH POLITENESS & FRENCH PROPRIETY.**—The French are governed, in their personal conduct, by an artificial and exaggerated sense of politeness; the English by a natural sense of propriety. If a Frenchman were to enter a room of laughers with tears of anguish in his eyes, in a minute he would take pains to show that he could laugh as loud as the merriest, from politeness; but if an Englishman were in the same circumstances, he would perhaps weep the more, that he could not laugh with his friends; but he would not do this obtrusively, but secretly; his sorrow would be dumb, if it could not afford to laugh; he would feel that his sorrow ought not to interrupt their mirth—their mirth, his sorrow—the grief of the first is sentiment, which is artificial, and consequently without feeling; of the other, natural feeling, which is not so easily made to forget itself, and yet is never so selfish (from that sense of propriety which is far superior to the nonsense of politeness) as to forget the feelings of others.

**MONUMENTS.**—We hear much of

men raising monuments to the memories of the dead; if they could only raise memories to the monuments, how useful and instructive might these soon-forgotten remembrances of the dead become to the living. But some one has said that a rich man's memory does not live quite so long as his monument.

**LIFE**—1st. The paths of life are very much like the paths in Kensington Gardens: there are a few flowers planted about the doors which open into them, but when you get further in you meet with no more.

2d. What libertines and men of the world call 'seeing life,' should rather be called seeing death.

3d. In sickness and in misfortune we flatter and quiet ourselves under the intolerable sense of the present, with hopes of the future; the rapid future approaches, and, in a short time, stands present; the present, in an hour, is the past, and we are still as far from happiness and our desires as ever!—And thus we hope and are deceived, and are deceived and hope—and pass from the present to the future, and from the future to the present—and stand over our graves at last, which in the next hour may spread over us, still sighing at the past, and hoping for that which is to come. 'And thus we ripe and ripe, and rot; and thereby hangs a tale.'

The character of the Miser has never been so forcibly drawn for the stage (even in the *Fuochi di Placitas*, M'Avaré of Molière, or the Miser of Shadwell) but that it has been exceeded in real life. In elucidating this topic, we are told of the Duke of Marlborough walking from the public rooms to his lodgings in Bath, in a cold dark night, in order to save sixpence in chair hire, though he died worth more than a million and a half sterling.

Another example is recorded in "Sir James Lowther (who) after exchanging a piece of silver in George's Coffee-house, and paying two-pence for his

dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot (for he was then very old and infirm) and went home; some little time after he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it, that she had given him a bad half-penny, and demanded another in exchange for it.—Sir James had about £40,000 per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir." Other instances are adduced of this odious passion: one of a Commissioner Colby of the Victualling Office, worth £200,000 who fell a sacrifice to his anxiety to save a bottle of wine from the dishonesty of his servants; and another, Sir W. Smyth, who agreed with Taylor, the well-known oculist of that day, to couch him for 60 guineas; but, though the operation was perfectly successful, cheated the operator into a compromise for 20, by pretending that he had only a glimmering and uncertain vision.

A young gentleman from one of the universities, on paying a visit to a lady, a relation of his, in the country, found her in great affliction for the loss of a ring of considerable value.—She was certain that some of the servants must have got it, but she knew not against whom the accusation should be directed. The young gentleman on hearing the circumstance, undertook the recovery of it, provided the lady would humour the stratagem he proposed to make use of; she readily consented. At dinner, therefore, the conversation turning upon the loss, the scholar boasted so much of his skill in the black art, that she, as they had previously agreed, desired him to exert it for the detection of the person who had stolen her ring. He promised to make the best exertion of his powers, and, after dinner, proceeded to business. He ordered a white cock to be procured (no other colour would do) and a kettle to be placed on a table in the hall; the cock, he told them, was to be put under the kettle; adding,

that all the servants, one after another, were to touch it, and that as soon as the guilty person laid his hand upon it, the cock would crow three times. Every thing being thus prepared with the greatest solemnity, the young gentleman opened the scene. The hall was darkened, and the procession began. As soon as they had each of them declared that they had fulfilled the directions given, and touched the cock, the light was restored, and the gentleman examined the heads of them all; he found all smutted except those of one servant, who had taken care not to touch the kettle, and was beginning to hug himself for having outwitted the conjuror; who, fixing upon this circumstance, charged him closely with the robbery; as he could not deny it, he fell down upon his knees, and asked pardon, which she granted upon the restoration of her ring.

#### RULES for RIDING & WALKING.

The following excellent rules, which are rigidly observed in London and some other towns, ought to be generally attended to:

##### RIDING.

The rule of the road is paradox quite,

As the carriages jog it along;

If you go to the *left* you are sure to be *right*;

If you go to the *right* you are *wrong*;

##### WALKING.

But the rule of the foot, is as clear as the light,

And none can its reason withstand,

On each side of the way you must keep to the *right*,

And give those you meet the *left* hand.

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PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE—  
LORD CHATHAM—LORD NORTH  
MR. FOX—MR. PITT—MR. BURKE

*From Reminiscences of Charles Butler, Esq.*

The administration of lord North was certainly an era in the history of British eloquence: what in respect to the orators of Rome, is observed by Velleius Paterculus of Cicero, will probably be said of lord North, that "no member of either house of the British parliament will be ranked among the orators of this country whom lord North did not see, or who did not see lord North.

*Lord Chatham*

Of those by whom lord North was preceded, none probably except lord Chatham, will be remembered by posterity. It was frequently given to the writer of these pages to hear the speeches, both in the house of commons and the house of lords, of this extraordinary man. No person in his external appearance was ever more bountifully gifted by nature for an orator. In his look and his gesture, grace and dignity were combined, but dignity presided; the "terrors of his beak, the lightning of his eye," were insufferable. His voice was both full and clear; his lowest whisper was distinctly heard, his middle tones were

sweet, rich, and beautifully varied; when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of the sound. The effect was awful, except where he wished to cheer or animate; and then he had spirit-stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible. He frequently rose, on a sudden, from a very low to a very high key, but it seemed to be without effort. His diction was remarkably simple, but words were never chosen with greater care; he mentioned to a friend of the Reminiscent, that he had read twice, from beginning to end, *Bailey's Dictionary*; and that he had perused some of *Dr. Barrow's Sermons* so often, as to know them by heart.

His sentiments, too, were apparently simple; but sentiments were never better adopted or uttered with greater skill; he was often familiar and even playful, but it was the familiarity and playfulness of condescension: the lion that dandled with the kid. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the whole house sunk before him.—Still he was dignified; and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with the most important effect, that it impressed every hearer with a conviction that there was something in him, finer even than his words;

that the man was infinitely greater than the orator : no impression of this kind was made by the eloquence of his son, or his son's antagonist.

But,—with this great man,—for great he certainly was,—manner did much. One of the fairest specimens which we possess of his lordship's oratory, is his speech in 1766, for the repeal of the stamp act.

Most, perhaps, who read the report of this speech, in Almon's Register, will wonder at the effect which it is known to have produced upon the hearers ; yet the report is tolerably exact, and exhibits, although faintly, its leading features. But they should have seen the look of ineffable contempt with which he surveyed the late Mr. Grenville, who sat within one of him, and should have heard him say with that look,—“ As to the late ministry,—every capital measure they have taken has been entirely wrong.” They should also have beheld him, when addressing himself to Mr. Grenville's successors, he said,—“ As to the present gentlemen,—those at least whom I have in my eye,”—(looking at the bench on which Mr. Conway sat,)—“ I have no objection : I have never been made a sacrifice by any of them.—Some of them have done me the honour to ask my poor opinion, before they would engage to repeal the act :—they will do me the justice to own, I did advise them to engage to do it,—but notwithstanding,—(for I love to be explicit) I cannot give them my confidence. “ Pardon me gentlemen,”—(bowing to them)—“ confidence is a plant of slow growth.” Those, who remember the air of condescending protection with which the bow was made and the look given, when he spoke these words, will recollect how much they themselves at the moment were both delighted and awed, and what

what they themselves conceived of the immeasurable superiority of the orator over every other human being that surrounded him.—In the passages which we have cited, there is nothing which an ordinary speaker might not have said ; it was the manner, and the manner only, which produced the effect.

An interesting and accurate account of Mr. Pitt's style of oratory, and its prodigious effect on his audience, may be found in a letter of lord Holland, his distinguished contemporary, published in the appendix to lord Waldegrave's Memoirs.

“ Mr. Wilkes, a friend it seems of Pitt's, petitioned against the younger Delaval, chosen at Berwick, on account of bribery only. The younger Delaval made a speech on his being thus attacked, full of wit, humour and buffoonery, which kept the house in a continual roar of laughter. Mr. Pitt came down from the gallery, and took it up in his highest tone of Dignity. ‘ He was astonished when he heard what had been the occasion of their mirth.—’ Was the dignity of the house of commons on so sure foundations, that they might venture themselves to shake it ?—Had it not, on the contrary, by gradations been diminishing for years, till now we were brought to the very brink of the precipice, where, if ever, a stand must be made ?’—High compliments to the speaker,—eloquent exhortation to whigs of all conditions, to defend their attacked and expiring liberty, &c. ‘ Unless you will degenerate into a little assembly, serving no other purpose than to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful subject,’ (laying on the words *one* and *subject* the most remarkable emphasis.) I have verified these words by five or six

"different people, so that your lordship may be assured they were his very words. When I came in, he was recapitulating, and ended with '*our being designed or likely*;' (I cannot tell you what he said,) '*to be an appendix to—I know not what—I have no name for it.*'—Displeased, as well as pleased, allow it to be the finest speech that ever was made; and it was observed, that by his first two periods, he brought the house to a silence and attention, that you might have heard a pin drop. Except the words marked, observe that I do not pretend to give your lordship his words, but only the purport of his speech, of which a good deal was on bribery, I suppose, and the manner of treating it, which so much tended to lower, what was already too low, the authority of the house of commons. The speaker shook him by the hand, ready to shake it off; which, I hear, gave almost as great offence as the speech. I just now hear the duke of Newcastle was in the utmost fidget, and that it spoiled his stomach yesterday.

In another letter, in the appendix to the same correspondence, Lord Holland describes in one line the effect of Mr. Pitt's oratory, when he intended to be severe, on the object of his severities. "In both Mr. Pitt's speeches, every word fell on Murray, (lord Mansfield) yet so managed, that neither he nor any body else could or did take public notice of it, or in any degree reprehend him. I sat near Murray, who suffered for an hour

The whole speech on the repeal of the stamp act, is very fine: "I sought for merit," said lord Chatham, "wherever it was to be found. It is my boast, that I was the first minister who looked for it; and I found it in the mountains of the north. I

called it forth, and drew it into your service,—a hardy and intrepid race of men. Men, who when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the state, in the war before the last.—These men, in the last war, were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world. Detested be the national prejudices against them! they are unjust, groundless, illiberal, unmanly.—When I ceased to serve his majesty as minister, it was not the country of the man (lord Bute) by which I was moved:—but the man of that country wanted wisdom, and held principles incompatible with freedom."

His celebrated reply to Horace Walpole has been immortalized by the report given of it by Dr. Johnson.—On one occasion, Mr. Moreton, the chief justice of Chester, a gentleman of some eminence at the bar, happened to say, "King, lords and commons, or;" (directing his eyes towards lord Chatham)—"as that right honourable member would call them, commons, lords and king." The only fault of this sentence is its nonsense. Mr. Pitt arose,—as he ever did,—with great deliberation, and called to order: "I have, he said, frequently heard in this house, doctrines, which have surprised me; but now, my blood runs cold! I desire the words of the honourable member may be taken down." The clerks of the house wrote the words. "Bring them to me," said Mr. Pitt, in a voice of thunder. By this time, Mr. Moreton was frightened from his senses. "Sir he said, addressing himself to the Speaker, "I am sorry to have given any offence to the right honourable



member, or to the house : I meant nothing ; King, lords and commons, lords, king and commons,—commons, lords and king ;—*tria juncta in uno*.—I meant nothing ! indeed I meant nothing.”—“ I don’t wish to push the matter further,” said lord Chatham, in a voice a little above a whisper :—then, in a higher tone,—“ the moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty.—I have a great regard for the honourable member, and as an instance of that regard, I give him this advice :”—a pause of some moments ensued,—then, assuming a look of unspeakable derision,—he said in a kind of colloquial tone,—“ Whenever that member means nothing, I recommend him to say nothing.”

On one occasion,—while he was speaking, Sir William Young called out, “ question, question !”—lord Chatham paused,—then fixing on Sir William a look of inexorable disgust, exclaimed,—“ pardon me Mr. Speaker, my agitation :—when that member calls for the question, I fear I hear the knell of my country’s ruin.

When the Prussian subsidy, an unpopular measure, was in agitation in the house of commons, lord Chatham justified it with infinite address : insensibly, he subdued all his audience, and a murmur of approbation was heard from every part of the house.—Availing himself of the moment, his lordship placed himself in an attitude of stern defiance, but perfect dignity, and exclaimed in his loudest tone,—“ Is there an Austrian among you ?—“ Let him stand forward and reveal himself.”

On another occasion, immediately after he had finished a speech, in the house of commons, he walked out of it ; and, as usual, with a very slow step. A silence ensued, till the door was opened to let him into the lobby.

A member then started up, saying, “ I rise to reply to the right honourable member.”—Lord Chatham turned back, and fixed his eye on the orator,—who instantly sat down dumb : then his lordship returned to his seat, repeating as he hobbled along, the verses of Virgil :

“ Ast Danaum pregenes Agamemnonique phalanges,  
“ Ut videre virum, fulgentiaque arma per umbras,  
“ Ingenti trepidare metu,—pars vertere retro,  
“ Seu quondam petiere rates,—pars tollere vocem  
“ Exiguam,—inceptus clamor frustratus hiantes.”

But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon’s train,  
When his refulgent arms flash’d through the shady plain,  
Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,  
As when his thund’ring sword and pointed spear  
Drove headlong to their ships, and giv’d the routed rear.

They rais’d a feeble cry, with trembling notes :  
But the weak voice deceiv’d their gasping throats.  
Then placing himself in his seat,—he exclaimed, “ Now let me hear what the honourable member has to say to me ?” On the writer’s asking the gentleman, from whom he heard this anecdote,—if the house did not laugh at the ridiculous figure of the poor member ?—“ No sir,” he replied, “ we were all too much awed to laugh.”

But the most extraordinary instance of his command of the house, is, the manner in which he fixed indelibly on Mr. Grenville, the appellation of “ the gentle shepherd.” At this time, a song of Dr. Howard, which began with the words, “ gentle shepherd tell me where,”—and in which each stanza ended with that line,—was in every mouth. On some occasion, Mr. Grenville exclaimed, “ where is our money ? where are our means ? I say again, where are our means ? where is our money ?” he then sat down,—and lord Chatham paced slowly out of the house, humming the line “ Gentle Shepherd tell me where.”—The effect was irresistible, and settled

on Mr. Grenville the appellation of "the gentle shepherd."

A gentleman mentioned the two last circumstances to the late Mr. Pitt; the minister observed, that they were proofs of his father's ascendancy in the house; but that no specimens remained of the eloquence, by which that ascendancy was procured. The gentleman recommended to him to read slowly his father's speeches for the repeal of the stamp-act; and, while he repeated them, to bring to his mind, as well as he could, the figure, the look, and the voice, with which his father might be supposed to have pronounced them. Mr. Pitt did so, and admitted the probable effect of the speech thus delivered.

In private intercourse, lord Chatham though always lofty, was very insinuating. The prince of Wales, the grandfather of our present sovereign, and Mr. Pitt, were once walking in the garden at Stow, apart from the general company, who followed them at some distance. They seemed to be engaged in earnest conversation; lord Cobham expressed to Mr. Belson, from whom the writer received this anecdote, an apprehension of Mr. Pitt's drawing the Prince into some measures which his lordship disapproved. Mr. Belson observed to his lordship, that the *tete-a-tete* could not be of long duration. "Sir," said his lordship with eagerness, "you don't know Mr. Pitt's talent of insinuation; in a very short quarter of an hour he can persuade any one of any thing."

As a companion in festive moments Mr. Pitt was enchanting. Mr. Wilkes closed a humorous comparison, after Plutarch's manner, of Mr. Pitt, with Mr. Rigby, by the following words:—"In there more private characters both Mr. Pitt and Mr. Rigby have generosity and spirit: in other things they differ; Mr. Pitt

is abstemious, temperate and regular. Mr. Rigby indulges more in convivial pleasure, is an excellent *bon vivant*, amiable and engaging. Mr. Pitt, by the most manly sense, and fine sallies of a warm and sportive imagination, can charm the whole day, and, as the Greek said, his entertainments please even the day after they are given. Mr. Rigby has all the gybes and gambols, and flashes of merriment, which set the table in a roar; but—the day after, a cruel headach at least frequently succeeds.—In short, I wish to spend all my days with Mr. Pitt, but I am afraid that at night, I should often skulk to Mr. Rigby and his friends."

Mr. Pitt's acceptance of a peerage would have been defensible, if it had not had the fatal effect of lessening the belief of public virtue, already shaken by the apostasy of Mr. Pulteney.—His insisting on the retention of Canada,—which might have proved an effectual check on the rebellious projects of the American colonists,—in preference to the islands, which France was willing to cede to us, was, at the time, a matter of surprise to many: M. de Vergennes used to mention it, as one of the greatest political errors that had ever been committed.

## DUBLIN IN 1822.

(From the *New-Monthly Magazine*.)

Dublin is a miniature of London: it is built like a metropolis, and has its squares and great streets. It is not like any of the great provincial towns which are places of trade, and only inhabited by persons more or less directly connected with trade; nor is it, like Bath, a great theatre of amusement. It exhibits the same variety of ranks as London. It has its little court, its viceroy, with all the attendants upon his reflected royalty; it has its little aristocracy and its leaders of *bon ton*; it has its corporation; it has its Lord Mayor, and all the

pageantry of city grandeur; it has its manufacturing, its mercantile, and its monied interests: it is the Westminster of Ireland, and is accordingly the *locus in quo* of judges, barristers, attorneys, &c. Almost every thing we find in London may be found also in Dublin. The difference is but in degree, and the similitude may be traced in the minutest details. Dublin has its club-rooms, just as we have ours in St. James's-street; there are also balls on the same aristocratic plan as ours at Almack's; and the gardens attached to the Rotunda are, during the season, lighted up in humble and distant imitation of Vauxhall.— Dublin too resembles the English capital in its ebbs and flows. At the commencement of the long vacation the gentlemen of the long robe take wing, and the whole moveable population disembody itself into the cottages, villas, and mansions which line the Bay. Before the Union the resemblance was, no doubt, more complete; and the state of society then existing must have been exceedingly worthy of observation, and the varieties it presented highly entertaining. The recollections of this period cherished by the elder inhabitants of Dublin are very lively, and their representations of the great excitement and festivity which prevailed are probably correct. While the rich nobles and gentry were attending in their places in the parliament, all was gaiety and animation.— The wealth which was necessarily diffused, increased the shrewdness and enlivened the humour of the most quickwitted people of Europe. The very chairmen, porters, and shoe-blacks (a fraternity now, alas! nearly extinct) partook the general hilarity, and cracked such jokes and said such excellent things as they are now seldom heard to utter. The mob, perhaps to the extinction of the Irish parliament, took a warm interest in the subject of its debates, which were of a popular nature; and several choice spirits arose, whose feats and prowess are recorded in many a ballad and ditty. Parties ran high, and one quarter of the city was, sometimes arrayed against the other. The coal-porters were at one time at variance with the weavers of the Liberty; the burden of their war-cry ran thus:—

"We'll not leave a weaver alive in the Combe,  
We'll cut their web, and we'll break their loom."

But the feuds of the coal-porters and weavers are now nearly forgotten. Had they not had a hard, we should not now have mentioned them. At this period a

slang arose, and very generally prevailed amongst the lower orders, which was of a most curious character, and which gave additional zest to their farcical sayings and jests. The dialogue between two shoe-blacks playing pitch and toss, which appeared in Edgeworth's *Irish Bulls*, is exquisite in its kind. What dandy of the highest water could make a proposition to a brother fop in a finer spirit of *enjouement* than that conveyed in the phrase—"Tim, will you sky a copper?" and the glorious conclusion spoken in a tone of such profligate valour, and "So I gives it him, please your honour, into the bread-basket with my bread-winner (knife) up to the Lampsey (maker's name)!" Even better than this we deem "*The night before Larry was stretched*," one of the best slang songs ever made. In the records of Irish crime such offenders as Larry are often found. Our Old Bailey culprits are dark, gloomy knaves; but the Irish rogues are all Macheaths and Don Juans in their way, "gay, bold, dashing villains." An Irishman was asked by an acquaintance one day why he looked so sad. "Ah!" was his reply, "I have just taken leave for ever of one of the pleasantest fellows, a friend of mine, whom the world ever saw."—"How, for ever?"—"Yes, for ever; he's to be hanged to-day for a burglary!" It was a fact that this gentleman, now enjoying name and station, used to frequent the Dublin Newgate, and found his boon companions among some of its inmates; and certainly those who have a stomach strong enough for coarse low humour, could not make a better selection.

While Dublin was the seat of legislature, there was a great commixture of the Bar with the members of the House of Commons: almost every lawyer of any eminence had a seat in parliament; the scene was a strange one. Not merely all interests, but all the varieties of human character had their suitable representation. In the British House of Commons the active men are all endowed with much the same qualities: there is some small distinction between the great orators and the men of business; every man is expected, however, to exhibit good sense and information. In the Irish parliament it was not so. Business was carried on there in every possible diversity of means. There were the fighting members, ready to take off an obnoxious man if he did but "bite his thumb;" there were the jokers, who prostrated a foe with a *bon*

not, or a sneer at his expense; there were the vehement declaimers, whose weapon was invective, and who levelled abuse at him whose views and reasonings they could not impugn. Let any one look to the Irish debates, and he will find ample fund for astonishment. The entire city used to be pervaded with anxiety upon the subject under discussion in the house. Multitudes used to throng its avenues and cheer the popular members. All this is now past, and the scene is comparatively dull; but there is much yet in Dublin to repay enquiry skillfully directed, and to excite interest. The great proprietors no longer residing in Dublin, the first place in society has naturally devolved to the Bar, which, generally speaking, is held in higher estimation in Ireland than in this country. The profession is by no means so much detached as here, and a counsellor, as he is termed, is expected to be not merely acquainted with law, but to be well-informed on every subject, and he is accordingly regarded as an authority upon all points. An English practitioner would be much surprised at the course of an Irish barrister's life. The courts do not sit till near eleven o'clock, and no business is done after dinner.—There are no inns of court, and each individual lives in that part of the city he chooses. The judges lead an easy life; there is seldom any press of business, and in Chancery we believe there is not (when will the same be said of the English court?) a single case in arrear. Nor is this strange, when it is considered that, for a country so greatly inferior in wealth and size, the same number of courts and judges is constituted. Strictly, this is not the case as to Chancery, there being in Ireland no vice-chancellor; but when the business of appeals in the House of Lords, and the duty of the Chancellor there as speaker, are considered, the position may be made with safety. The courts are all held in the same building, to which also are attached the various law offices.—It is a very handsome edifice. In the centre stands a fine circular hall with a dome, and the passages to the courts open around. It is the custom for all barristers, whether having any business or not, to attend each day during term a few hours in this hall, around which they walk, intermixed with attorneys and suitors. Here circulate, speaking without a metaphor, all the tattle and news of the city. There can be no more agreeable lounge. The late Mr. Curran was in the habit of

passing some time in the hall of the Four Courts, as it is called, each day; and here, after playing off his puns and saying his good things, he used to make up his occasional dinner-parties, to which he invited the cleverest of the young men he met; and among whom, till his latest hour, he was the youngest of all. To them he gave abundance of wine, in the use of which he was himself sparing. Kind and benevolent to each, every guest felt at ease, and the incomparable host himself, without ceremony abandoned and resumed his seat, walked about discoursing delicious eloquence, or took up his violence as he felt inclined. In the habits of the profession there is, perhaps, nothing to remark beyond their general character, which partakes more of pleasure and (may we say so?) genteel life than does that of our denizens of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn.

The traders of Dublin are divided into three descriptions, which are strongly distinguished. There is the Corporation class, which is, perhaps, the least reputable; the great Catholic body, and the Presbyterian, which last is chiefly engaged in the linen and American trade. It is among the second that the stranger will find most matter for observation. Their religion has raised a line of demarcation between them and other classes of the community, and in consequence they retain more traces of the old Irish customs and mode of life. The institution of fasting two, and often three days each week, as well as in Lent, is a great prevention of social intercourse between Catholics and Protestants. The rules of the Church are observed in Dublin with the utmost strictness,—a strictness unknown elsewhere. Among themselves they live in a style of great hospitality and luxury. Indeed the same may be observed of the mode of life of all classes in Dublin. The market is very fine; the supply of fish, that prime article in an epicure's catalogue of the goods of life, ample and regular in all its species, shell, white, red, &c. The common beverage, that most used, and though cheapest, most prized, is whisky-punch. Though called punch, it would, however, as most frequently drunk, be more properly denominated toddy; the essential difference being, as we apprehend, that punch contains lemon and that toddy does not. Whisky is of two kinds—malt, and corn, that is made from barley or from oats, the first of which is most esteemed. But there is another distinction, and that

is between *parliament* whisky, and poteen, or whisky made in defiance of parliament and all its ordinances, in a small still or pot. This last acquires, from the use of turf or peat in the process, a smoked taste, as to the agreeableness of which there is a great diversity of sentiment, the strong preponderance of authorities being in favour of the smoke. The spirit is an excellent spirit, "a dainty spirit," as Shakespeare says. It is not very palatable to one who has revelled on claret and hock and burgundy, but it is sweet and delicious to those accustomed to drink it, and it is extremely innocent. It may be safely said, that an excess in quantity of alcohol can be taken in no shape less injurious; and assuredly the potency of its malignity is well tried. The good old days are gone when the door was used to be locked, and the guests kept in durance till they became quite drunk: but a great deal of hard drinking yet prevails in Dublin. The middle classes are very much disposed to the enjoyments of the table; nor are they without a tendency to another modish vice. They play cards for sums small and trivial indeed in the apprehension of a dowager at Bath, or a man of mettle in town, but yet considerable when the circumstances of the parties are taken into account. The wife of a man not worth, root and branch, as the saying is, 10,000*l.* perhaps not half that sum, will lose on occasion six or eight or ten pounds at loo; and her husband will be guilty of a more masculine indiscretion, and perhaps double that amount. Supper is, in Dublin, a meal of great enjoyment. At supper, it was that often during the latter years of the last century, the whole company used to stand up, join hands, and sing altogether the bold national anthem of Erin go bragh. The effect of this was wonderful. It was enough to have animated the veriest slave and coward. Old and young, the aged sire, and the youthful beauty, all united their voices and hands. we apprehend that many a democrat must thus have been created. Stubborn, indeed, must have been the heart that could thus resist the example of age and the influence of enthusiastic beauty. This meal continues to be the chosen one. During the course of the previous evening, the members of the party have become acquainted with each other; restraint has worn off—little friendships have grown up—people have attached themselves to each other—the belles have selected their admirers, and

all sit down with fresh zest for enjoyment, and with the anticipation of separating to impart its sweet melancholy. To dinner belong your discussions of politics, and sombre dissertations on the weather. More jocund themes attend supper. There is mirth and song and laughter; and the maid, who has been coy and reserved during the preceding hours, at length smiles favour.

It may perhaps, be affirmed that literature has made less progress among the Catholic gentry of Dublin than any description of individuals in these countries.—They are, however, in their manners easy and cheerful, and endowed with that natural courtesy which is the great characteristic of the Irish people. In England we are too much a people of business—a "nation of shopkeepers," as we are somewhat severely called. Our gravity does tend to produce somewhat of moroseness. In Ireland every man seems to be more or less a man of pleasure. We see few persons wedded to and delighting in one occupation as with us at home. There is a large body, the Presbyterian settlers in the north, to whom these observations apply with less force; but there is no question that the original Scottish character has been much mellowed by transplanting into the Irish soil. We are apt to confound the various descriptions of Irish, but the distinctions are worth remarking. In Dublin a judicious cicerone may point out the dissipated and refined southern, the primitive Milesian of the west, and the more sober and stern inhabitant of the north, all strongly contrasted to an observing eye, and the brogue of each varying in character and richness. In England many a wealthy manufacturer or factor would prefer to hear himself termed tradesman to gentleman; but on the other side of the water it is not so. Every man is there a gentleman.—we cannot better illustrate this fact than by mentioning that the term esquire is almost universally applied. There is no middle class in Ireland; there are no individuals who can be content with being well fed and clothed, remaining in their original grade in society. As soon as an Irish trader makes a little money, he extends his domestic, not his mercantile establishment. He applies the surplus not to augmentation of his capital, but to increase of his pleasures. There is a great want of proper pride, and a great prevalence of vanity.—People retire from trade in Ireland with

such means as in England they would begin upon.

This, however, all tends to make the people, if not respectable, at least pleasant, which the Irish may be said emphatically to be. In society there is less coldness and reserve and *hauteur* than in England. Let us here be understood to speak of the middle classes; among which, in every country, the national character and peculiarities are most visible. The upper ranks in Ireland, the great proprietors and nobles, approach the same as individuals holding the same station amongst us. On entering society in Dublin, a stranger will be much struck by the animation of the party; the absence of—we were going to write *neurva-honte*; the haste which individuals made to commit themselves, as it is termed; the freedom with which every man gives his sentiment; and, to speak the truth, the real ability and powers of elocution with which he defends and explains them.

The politics of the inhabitants of Dublin are very much provincial; indeed questions immediately affecting the country are sufficiently numerous and important to occupy attention. But what may be called imperial policy is as little heeded or thought of as the approximation of two planets; an event probably affecting us, but in a degree so minute, and so remotely, as to occasion us scarce a passing thought. There does not prevail in Dublin that general acquaintance with the characters of public men, or with the state of parties, which we find in this city. The press of Dublin is a subject too delicate and too much open to controversy, for us to enlarge upon; but we will remark, that the sweeping, slapdash, discursive, colloquial style common in the newspapers, is very characteristic. The writing is, in point of literary merit, greatly inferior to that of the London journals.— Though newspapers are cheaper in Ireland than here, they have small circulation among the lower classes in Dublin; nor have we remarked in any of the alehouses any newspaper 'taken in here,' as is frequent in London. These people have certainly, as their superiors seem to think they too have, lost all political weight and consideration. The mechanics and tradesmen all unite, however else they may differ, in bewailing the Union, which they deem to have been fatal to Ireland, because injurious to them immediately, and to their city. It is certain, however, that since that measure, Dublin has been most considerably

enlarged and improved. It is not easy to explain the cause of this enlargement and improvement; there is no question that the trade of the city has declined.— Belfast and Cork have possessed themselves of a part of what did once belong to the capital; and minor sea-ports now correspond directly with London and Liverpool, and the foreign ports, with all of which they used formerly to have nothing to do, but to get commodities from the Dublin merchant. This is not a consequence of the Union, but of the progress of trade, and general advancement of the country.— There are in Dublin no houses vacant—none of the mansions of the nobility have gone to ruin; some have fallen into the plian hands of opulent lawyers and merchants; many are converted into public institutions and schools, and a great proportion into hotels. By this transition the inhabitants of Dublin are naturally much affected, and with many a bitter expression of sorrow they point out to the stranger the former residences of the various noble families. The Irish are a vain people, and impressed with a reverence for lords and ladies of high degree, very different from honest blunt John Bull's sentiments of that score; and it may be fairly presumed that the loss of so much good company is felt as a considerable aggravation of the solid and substantial injury which the Union occasioned the citizens of the Irish metropolis.

The number of hotels in Dublin is prodigious. All the members of parliament, going and returning, pass a few days in Dublin: it was formerly a great capital, the seat of legislation; it is now a great place of passage. Dublin is now as great as it was at the Union; not as great had that Union not taken place. The aversion to the Union, as a measure of policy, has augmented and maintained that dislike of England, which was once so strong in Ireland, but which is rapidly vanishing. The highest sense of the value and merit of English sobriety, prudence, industry, and exactness, is general; but the coldness and reserve of the character is objected to.— There is no doubt that the Irish are emulous of our virtues; and it would be well did we resolve to adopt the excellencies of their temper and good nature. There is one article, the improvement in respect of which we may condescend to notice, as (see Lord Londonderry's speech on the State of the Nation) one of his Majesty's

ministers vouchsafed to make it the subject of grave congratulation to the legislature. With such an authority, we run no risk of derogating from our dignity by adverting to it. We have the happiness of stating, that within the last fifty years the habits of the Irish people have improved, in point of cleanliness, in a degree almost inconceivable. They are still far from that martinet purity which we boast; but except in minor and trivial particulars, the inhabitants of Dublin are little less cleanly than those of London. Most of the hotels are kept in very excellent order. It is true we do not see the outer steps and window-stones of that dazzling and Cretan whiteness they exhibit in England; but it will be found, that wherever comfort demands that the brush and the scrubbing-block should be, they have been. In the north of Ireland, strange as it will sound to English ears, may be found a perfect pattern of cleanliness: the houses of the people engaged in the linen manufacture, are many of them as scrupulously and fastidiously neat and pure as possible. These remarks, however, must be confined to the more comfortable and happy classes of the community. We will not speak of the peasantry; but directing ourselves alone to the population of Dublin, we must say, that it contains a large mass of human beings in the most squalid and wretched condition. An establishment for the relief and reception of mendicants does exist in Dublin: it is maintained by voluntary subscriptions, there being, as our readers are aware, no poor-laws in Ireland. But we mean to refer to a description of individuals who do not fall properly under the description of paupers, or constitute a fit object for alms, — we speak of the inferior orders of tradespeople and mechanics. There is a part of Dublin called the Liberty, almost wholly inhabited by these persons. St. Giles's, or the most wretched lane of London, is splendid compared with it. We are informed that the Earl of Meath, whose property it is, actually gets no rent; and that the old law doctrine of General Occupancy prevails. The houses are most of them ruinous, but having been originally well built and of good materials, they hold together. The languishing state of the woolen and silk trades in Ireland has had its effect, but the evil is mainly attributable to the great mischief under which that country suffers, the smallness of the recompence of labour. In London, too, there

is much squalid misery, but it is more out of sight and out of the way than in Dublin. Keeping to the west end of the town here, nothing but opulence presents itself; penury hides itself in remote retreats. But in Dublin he must step warily who desires to avoid the view of wretchedness. It is not possible to walk in any direction half an hour without getting among the loathsome habitations of the poor. In traversing Dublin, the stranger will feel with peculiar force the poet's emotion, when, contrasting a rural retreat with the city, he says of the former—

"Here was not mingled in the city's pomp,  
Of life's extremes, the grandeur and the gloom!"

The first view of Dublin is prepossessing; Sackville-street, by which the traveller from Howth enters, is one of the finest streets in Europe; and as he passes through it, and over Carlisle-bridge, the Post-office and the Custom-house are seen, a glimpse of the Courts is obtained, and the Bank and College lie immediately in the way. But these are almost all that are to be seen; and the consequence is, that the first emotion of a stranger arriving in Dublin, is admiration; and that disappointment succeeds. The Bank was formerly the House of Parliament. It is of Grecian architecture, and for purity and elegance, stands, we believe, unrivalled in these isles. Its beauty has been somewhat impaired since it fell into the hands of the monied gentry. It was surrounded by a series of porticoes, the apt resort of Eloquence and the Muses; but the worthy Directors have erected in the interstices between the columns, a stout rampart of stone and mortar, thus adding to the security of their coffers and the spaciousness of the building, however they may have detracted from the beauty of the architecture. The Exchange is a handsome building, but unhappily stands at the head of a street of which it does not occupy the centre. A precisely similar fault in the site, it may be remarked, injures the effect of the Exchange at Liverpool. Dublin Castle, the town residence of the Viceroy, is situated upon a hill: it is well built, chiefly of stone, and has a very lordly and imposing appearance.—The servant is better lodged than his master at St. James's. There are two large and handsome quadrangles, in the upper of which a stand of colours is always displayed. The entire of the building is not appropriated to the use of the Lord Lieutenant;

much of it is occupied by the Public Offices, the Treasury, the Ordinance Office, the Chief Secretary's Office, the Council Chamber, &c. &c. The apartments are handsome, and the audience and presence chambers sufficiently spacious. The whole is surrounded by a wall of great height and strength. Some parts of the edifice are old. The Birmingham Tower, where the records are kept, derives its name from Sir William de Birmingham, one of the early settlers and deputies.

The neighbourhood of Dublin is very delightful. Both sides of the Bay are crowded with handsome villas. The mountains of Wicklow occupy the south: the Phoenix Park lies to the west, and beyond it opens the rich county of Kildare. The Glen of the Downs, the Dargle, the Devil's Glen, the vale of Obree, Luggelaw, all the most charming scenery of Wicklow, is within a morning's drive of Dublin: on the other side, beyond the park, only a few miles from town, lies Lucan and Celbridge. Their vicinity to all these places leads the inhabitants of Dublin to make frequent country excursions; and each Sunday, every jaded citizen who can muster a horse and car has his wife and children apparelled in their gayest attire, and sallies forth to enjoy the pure fresh air, and cheer his sight with the view of the delicious country around him. Every house is deserted immediately after breakfast—The service of the Catholic Church is brief; it stays the eager citizen but a short time, and the roads about the metropolis present early on the Sunday morning, a concourse of all sexes, ages, and conditions, hurrying to enjoy themselves. The Irish are particularly fortunate in the possession of their jaunting-car, as it is called. It is a vehicle drawn by one horse; the carriage of it is like that of a gig; the driver sits on a small raised seat behind the horse, and on each side, their feet supported by footboards covering the wheels, sit two, or sometimes three persons, those on one side having their backs to those on the other. Thus may five, or six, or seven people be carried with little more inconvenience to a horse than a gig would occasion. This sort of vehicle is cheap; it enables people of humble fortune to move about; it places them nearly on a level with the wealthy, in respect of that sole remaining article in which the latter enjoy a real and substantial superiority in the goods of life; and it is perhaps the only instance in which the middle class possess, in

Ireland, a comfort which does not belong to the same class in England. We are surprised that the jaunting-car has not been introduced into use in England. It is not well suited to a great town; but for the country it is admirably adapted.

In regard to the travelling between Dublin and London, the Holyhead road is a perfect pattern; and the great bridge now erecting over the Menai at Bangor, must not be passed by without a word. It is a work of the most magnificent description. The span of the arch is 360 feet! It is scarcely possible to persuade oneself that the passage will be safe: and we cannot answer for what might not have been our vulgar scepticism on that point, had we not been, in a most piteous voice, assured by our host, whose little inn at the Ferry will be deserted when the avenue to the bridge shall be opened, that there is not the remotest fear (*hope* we would have said) of a failure in the project. Camden, in his Britannia, takes notice of an attempt made by Edward the First to throw a bridge over the straits, that his army might pass by it into Anglesey. The monarch was unsuccessful. How would he wonder at the feats of Mr. Wyatt, the engineer! Not certainly, more however, than would the mariner of his day at a voyage of six hours and a half from Holyhead to Howth.—What a contrast does the expedition and celerity of the passage of the steam-boat present to the doubt and difficulty of the seamen of early times, anxiously straining his eyes to discover, in the dark horizon, the summit of some headland, by which to conjecture his course!—If the homeliness and common-sense nature of these remarks on the route to Holyhead through North Wales, should give umbrage to any sentimental reader, who expected to hear of peaks lost in the clouds, of horrid precipices, of eternal snows, of sequestered vales, of goats perched on fearful crags, of the screaming of eagles, or the flight of wild geese, with all the addenda of torrents, and caves, we can only recommend, that he visit the place in his proper person, and content ourselves with referring him to the narrative of a journey to Brundisium, given by the first lyric poet of the Augustan age. He will find, that strong as is the precedent afforded by Horace's notice of the "gritty bread" and bad water, we have not condescended to drop a single hint, that even in Wales, *small* mutton is not necessarily delicious,



in as much as it is often *young*: and that a Welsh rabbit, even in Wales, is sometimes made of *bad* cheese.

#### NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO MADAME DE GENLIS.

At length the day dawned that was to light me to the boudoir of the famed Madame de Genlis, the most accomplished woman of her age, the friend of Egalite, the benefactress of youth, the preceptress of Pamela, and the adulatress of the powers that be. I happened to be exceedingly unwell, from a heavy cold caught among the marbles of the *Salle de Sculpture* of the Louvre, where I had spent five hours, shivering, admiring, sneezing & drawing, the day before, when the weather was so intensely hot, that every body foretold a thunderstorm, though there was not a cloud visible. I got to the Rue de Pigalle, about three o'clock, and was directed to the *entre-sol*, where I found Madame de Genlis sitting on a littered sofa, in great deshabille, and a young lady of pleasing appearance, writing at a little table opposite, which with her chair, the only one in the room, filled up the whole width of the apartment, long, narrow, and lighted by one window at the end, in face of the door by which I entered. The young lady rose, gave me her chair, and disappeared; Madame de Genlis also rose, seemed very much disconcerted at being taken by surprise, made me a thousand apologies for receiving me in her study, instead of her *salon*, and asked me "what o'clock it was?" I replied, "three." She assured me, she had thought it was only one. We soon got into conversation, but the subjects were not very interesting.—The advantages of the climate of France over that of England.—The insalubriousness of coal fires.—The subject of fuel treated *a fond*.—The facility of communication between the two coun-

tries. The expediency of an yearly trip to Normandy or Brittany in summer, in order to recover from the fatigues of a London winter, better than among the dews and damps of an English *campagne*.—At last three common-place topics (which I should have cut very short, had it not behoved me to follow, in all humility, the lead of my elders and betters) gave way to matter of more interest—the occupations of Madame de Genlis. She mentioned having completed the painted herbal, of all the plants mentioned in the Bible, which had been her pursuit for nearly five years. I expressed a wish to see the collection:—"Je ne l'ai plus; c'est le Roi qui l'a." I observed, perhaps foolishly enough, "Sa Majeste a du etre bien flattee d'un pareil hommage."—"Il n'a pas ete question d'hommage; je le lui ai vendu. Je l'aurais pu vendre plus cher, si j'avois voulu l'envoyer chez l'etranger; mais j'ai mieux aime en etre moins bien payee, et le savoir dans la possession du Roi de France; il me l'a paye mille francs." This appeared to me a very trifling sum for a series of original paintings, by so celebrated a hand. I observed, that the British Museum possessed the *Insects* of Surinam, painted by Madame Merian, for which three thousand guineas had been paid. Madame de Genlis observed, that it was not difficult to paint as well as Madame Merian, and that she had been offered 15,000 francs for the work in question. She told me she had just completed a botanical work, on rather a fanciful plan—*La Managerie de Flore*, a collection of portraits of all the flowers that bear the names of animals—fox-glove, oreille d'ours, patte de grue, &c. &c.—She is now engaged in a work of Emblems; (her great talent seems to lie in elegant and fanciful associations of sentiment with material objects;) each page contains the portrait of a flower,

possessing some property which makes the subject of the motto, or *ame de la devise*; puns on the names of the flowers, such as *les soucis*, *les pensees*, *les immortelles*, are not admissible.—

A great acquaintance with botany has enabled Madame de Genlis to discover more than 300 specimens of plants, each possessing a peculiarity which may be likened to a thought or a sentiment. I fear I do not explain clearly what I do but half understand.— I did not say to Madame de Genlis what Napoleon said to the Persian ambassador, when his Eastern Excellency began to compliment him in the oriental style, with a long string of floral similes—“*tenez; parlons d'affaires, je n'aime pas beaucoup les fleurs.*” I do love flowers very much, but I do not know how to talk scientifically about them, and am aware how easily a practised eye distinguishes the silence of ignorance from the silence of modesty, and how unsatisfactory it is for those who talk well, to speak on any subject to an uninitiated audience.

We entered the republic of letters via Dr. Darwin's Loves of the Plants. I mentioned some peculiarities of the author's character and habits, which seemed to amuse Madame de Genlis; and had occasion to name Mr. Day, whom I characterised as a man who had devoted great talents to the improvement of youth—“*un de vos confreres, Madame.*” Madame de Genlis was as little gratified as Louis the Fifteenth, when Voltaire ventured to say to him, in his box at the Theatre Français, “*Trajan est-il content?*” With much vivacity of manner, not unminged with asperity, she demanded, “*Comment cela?—je ne le connais pas, qu'a-t-il donc écrit?*”—and seemed as much surprised at being brought into a parallel with Mr. Day, as Roland le Furieux, when he hears that Angelique has fallen in love with

Medor, *un homme de rien*, whom nobody knows.

“*Medor est le vainqueur!*  
Je n'ai point encor  
Entendu parler de Medor.”

I had made *un mechant pas, mais il n'y avait pas moyen de reculer*, so I went on talking about Mr. Day and Dr. Darwin with steady composure, though I felt myself color a little, which never happens to me *a propos* of nothing. We spoke of Madame de Genlis's own works:—I never praise an author, except by showing, by brief quotations from the least prominent parts of his book, how attentively I have read him, remembering Dr. Johnson's speech to a lady: “*Madam, consider what your praise is worth, before you cram me with it.*” I said that I had adopted from the *Souvenir de Felicie* the practice of committing to paper the account of whatever conversations and events interested me, without keeping a regular journal. Madame de Genlis observed, that such a habit was laudable and useful, if people kept to truth, not if they write like Lady ——— who has filled her book with ridiculous and improbable falsehoods, concerning all the people she mentions:—“*For instance, she has made me say a number of things which I never uttered, and for the sake of antithesis; and in order to make a piquant melange of elegance, luxury, and devotion, she has given an account of the room in which I received her, all according to her own lively imagination: she speaks of the elegance of my bed—allow me to describe it to you. There are no curtains, for since my childhood I have never slept with any, nor allowed any of my pupils to do so; the bedstead is of very ordinary mahogany, without any ornaments; the counterpane is of blue silk, very old and shabby, not torn indeed, but extremely faded; my room*

was in a very great litter, as it always is, stuffed up with the things necessary to my employments. I am always busy; when I am not writing or printing, I amuse myself with a thousand little ornamental works, in hair, in paper, or in wicker-work. These resources are of the greatest use to a woman, and are never to be despised, whatever her capacity or talents may be. You cannot imagine how many friends I have made, by giving away trifles of my own work; I am extremely handy, and in three or four lessons from the people who make these things to sell, can arrive at a facility of imitating whatever I see done." I mentioned that Lady——says that Madame de Genlis told her she knew twenty-one trades, by either of which she could earn her bread—"I do not recollect to have said that, but I am sure I know many more than twenty-one."—Madame de Genlis looked much younger than I expected; I have heard it said that she is near eighty, but she does not look more than sixty. She seems full of health and vivacity, paints miniatures and does fine work without spectacles, and does not seem at all bent by age, though she lounges very much; her carriage is not graceful, or her manner, for a French-woman, particularly gracious. I should not think she had ever been handsome or pretty; her complexion is dark, her eyes have a very keen expression, her cheek bones are prominent, and her nose rather large. She had on an ordinary cap of worked muslin, with a border of the same, a wrapping-gown of black silk, carelessly put on, and an old shawl of crimson merino. She sat on her sofa ensconced in letters, her guitar peeped from under a heap of books, papers, boxes, &c.; the little table before mentioned groaned under a miscellaneous pile of all sorts of things, most uncomfortably accumulated—among others I noticed a little instrument, a sort of miniature harp, not intended to render any sound, but merely to have always within reach, to practise the movements of the hand, so as to keep it active and pliant; this is of Madame de Genlis' invention. Round the room were hung a few drawings framed; I noticed a water-colored view of the Duke of Orleans' villa at Twickenham, and a conversation piece, representing the family of that prince.

When I rose to depart, Madame de Genlis did not request me to repeat my visit, nor did she, during our visit, once allude to the play which I presented to her.—Thus end the illusions of vanity! With this sacrifice of self-love at the shrine of truth, I conclude the narrative of my first and only visit to Madame de Genlis, an event that has left impressed on my mind the truth of an observation of the sage of Litchfield, when he says, "generally speaking, the best part of an author is to be found in his book."

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## Poetry.

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### EVENING.

'Midst a rich show of clouds, the day  
 Sets slowly, like some honor'd friend,  
 Whom, as he parts upon his way,  
 A faithful farewell train attend.  
 The night comes on with silent pace,  
 The sounds of busy life decay;  
 Like ocean waves, that ebb and flow,  
 The mingled murmurs melt away.  
 The first few stars begin to peep,  
 The birds have ceas'd their melody,  
 And slumber settles, soft and deep,  
 On childhood's quickly closing eye.  
 At this dear hour to rove alone,  
 Beside the brooks the lances along,  
 When slowly creeps the infant moon  
 The many-woven clouds among;  
 While on the stream of quiet bliss

The passive spirit floats supine,  
 Dreaming of love, and joy, and peace—  
 Enchanting eve, the gift is thine !  
 This is the hour—the hour of rest,  
 By sages lov'd, by poets sung,  
 When 'midst the stillness of the breast,  
 The gates of thought are open flung ;  
 When grief, and wrong, and worldly ill,  
 Touch'd by the magic hour, are flown,  
 As some meek-hearted mother stills,  
 With gentle voice, her infant's moan :  
 When cares and pleasures unrefined,  
 Day's motely scenes of toil and glee,  
 Retire, and leave th' exorcis'd mind,  
 One still and dim vacuity.  
 And clearer through the silent void  
 Is heard the voice of truth supreme,  
 And brighter, 'mid the gloom descried,  
 The torch of wisdom sheds its beam.  
 Then the strong soul, unfetter'd, wings,  
 Where'er she lists, her flight sublime,  
 Through earthly or eternal things,  
 Through good and ill, through space and  
 time.  
 O'er early errors heaves the sigh,  
 Looks downward, through unfolding  
 years,  
 And broods on coming grief and joy,  
 With tranquil hopes, and chasten'd fears.  
 Then the great Spirit of the Past,  
 Comes, with his rainbow flag unfurl'd,  
 Whose folds, far spread, round all things  
 cast  
 A light, " that is not of this world ;"  
 And the rapt soul, in vision views,  
 Her early friends, and joys, and fears,  
 Trick'd in his nameless, glorious hues,  
 Like visitants from other spheres.  
 Then too, the heart is at its play,  
 The strings of love draw closer then,  
 And thoughts, dear thoughts, that slept by  
 day,  
 Come to the lonely heart again !  
 This is the hour, the peaceful hour,  
 By sages and by bards approv'd,  
 When Hope and Memory bleed their pow'r  
 And they who love us, most are lov'd.

M

## A TYROLESE WAR SONG.

*From the German.*

Come, Sons of the Hill ! leave the cha-  
 mois and roe,

For the harvest lies thick on the valley  
 below ;  
 Bavaria and ~~Germany~~ have branded their  
 might ;  
 The slave and the tyrant are harness'd for  
 fight.  
 Then, gather ye here in the mist and the  
 snow.  
 On the tower of your strength, o'er the  
 heads of the foe—  
 Should the flash of your bright arms be  
 seen from your shroud,  
 It will seem only lightning that breaks  
 from the cloud.  
 Should the sound of your watchword be  
 heard in the night,  
 They will think it the echo of winds from  
 the height ;  
 And the clash of your feet, as you rush to  
 the plain,  
 Will be heard as a winter brook, swell'd  
 with the rain.  
 And gather, ye eagles, ye wolves of the  
 hill ;  
 The banquet is set, you shall revel your  
 fill ;  
 Come down like the whirlwind, come down  
 like the flood,  
 For the reapers are gone to the harvest of  
 blood.

## LOVELY WOMAN.

I've rock'd me on the quivering mast  
 Through seas all chafed and foam'd ;  
 I've braved the toiling of the storm  
 From dawning day till gloamin ;  
 I've girdled round the good green earth,  
 In search of pleasure roamin—  
 And scorn'd the world to smile with thee,  
 Loved, loving, lovely woman.  
 The farmer ploughs the pleasant land ;  
 The merchant ploughs the ocean ;  
 The soldiers' steeds gore-footed snort,  
 Through warfare's wild commotion ;  
 And princes plot, and peasants moid,  
 From morn, till dewy gloamin,  
 To win thee—heaven's divinest gift—  
 Sweet, willing, witty woman.  
 The savage in the desert drear  
 The lion's lair exploring ;  
 The king who rules, the sage who charms,  
 The nation's round adoring ;  
 The bard, who 'neath the bright moon meets  
 The dew-hair'd muses roamin ;—

All seek to win thee to their will  
Wise, witty, lovely woman.

C.

## TO A PIMPLE ON TOM'S NOSE.

THICK red that blossom is alas!  
And thrice red has it been:  
Red in the grape, red in the glass,  
Red on thy nose 'tis seen.  
Ah Tom, at that red, red, red blot  
Thy well-wishers bewail,  
They say the redness of that spot,  
'Tis makes thy poor wife pale.

Thomas the Itchymer.

## GENERAL EPOCHS.

WITHIN THE LAST  
FIFTY YEARS.

	Year.
Partition of Poland, -	1772
Commencement of the American War, -	1775
Declaration of American Independence, -	1776
Meeting of Deputies at London, for Parliamentary Reform, -	1789
Recognition of American Independence, -	1782
Call of the States-general of France, -	1788
Taking of the Bastille, -	1789
French Republic proclaimed Louis XVI. guillotined -	1792
French Declaration of War against England and Holland, -	1793
Robespierre guillotined -	1794
The Bank of England suspended its payments in Cash, -	1797
Bonaparte made Consul -	1799
Battle of Marengo, -	1800
Peace of Amiens, -	1802
War renewed between England and France, -	1803

Bonaparte crowned Emperor, -	1804
Battle of Austerlitz, -	1805
Battle of Trafalgar, -	1805
Battle of Jena, -	1806
Battle of Friedland, -	1807
Peace of Tilsit, -	1807
Copenhagen and Danish Fleet surrender, -	1807
Napoleon seizes Ferdinand at Bayonne, -	1808
Battle of Corunna, -	1808
The Jubilee on account of his Majesty King George 3d entering the fiftieth year of his reign, -	1809
Battle of Wagram -	1809
Marriage of Napoleon with the Arch Duchess Maria Louisa, -	1810
Moscow burnt, and the French Armies destroyed, -	1812
Battle of Salamanca, -	1812
Battle of Vittoria, -	1813
Battle of Leipsic, -	1813
Paris surrendered to the Allies, -	1814
Treaty of Fontainebleau, -	1814
Treaty of Vienna, -	1814
Napoleon returns from Elba, -	1815
Battle of Waterloo, -	1815
Napoleon surrenders to the Bellerophon, -	1815
Treaty of Ghent, between England and America, -	1815
Death of George III. -	1820

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OR

## WEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

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"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

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### SKETCHES.

#### No. 1.

There is probably no ambition more generally diffused in the bosom of man, than the wish to become at one time or other an orator. He who has no immediate prospect of his talents for eloquence being called into requisition, is still often indulging some day dream of its future powers, and in his imagination conjures up a scene, where the fate of a community hangs on his eloquent lip, or the acts of a corporation are guided by his periods. Common sense it is true, generally represses the expression of such ideas, but in every-day life, there appears no weed so luxuriant, as every-day oratory.

When we call together a select party of friends, it is ten to one, but before the second bottle is circulated, a bumper is demanded by one of the guests, and although at first the words are few and it may be well chosen, yet in general this is the signal for speeches of that description which "neither Gods nor men are said to permit." Let it not be thought we disapprove of toasts, or of the kindly pledge which is offered during the meal; the grievance of which we complain, is the long round about, disjointed words, which precede a favourite toast or sentiment. The

sooner a man exhibits his intentions the better; and we will venture to say that there never was a great name exalted, or a low one raised, by all that on such occasions was ever uttered. It is not then the Book, but the preface we object to, not the mansion but the avenue which leads to it, not to the green and sunny island, but the threatening sea which surrounds it.—Every body knows how dull every party is before a toast is proposed. Until then the Punch is severely criticised, the lemons are pronounced sweet, the water warm, the mixture too strong—but at the name of a favourite nymph or the expression of a favourite sentiment, all these deteriorations are no longer heard of, the "once lov'd name" sweetens the beverage, and all is good humour, sociality and peace. Then the modest man attempts to be agreeable, the intelligent man now exerts his finest powers, and the marvellous man leans back on his chair, coughs twice, and begins "That puts me in mind of a story." The spirit of good fellowship hovers o'er the festive board. For weeks would our ancestors thus enjoy themselves, but now the sedes-runt is shortened.—If there is less drinking there is more waste of words, and frequently that one man may have an opportunity of exhibiting, the con-

versation of a delightful party is interrupted. If it is from such a school our oratory is to be recruited alas! for our oratory, its disciples probably think, that because Curran first spoke in public when half cut, it is only necessary to be half-cut to speak like Curran, forgetful, that without the ardent genius, the unbounded patriotism, and the splendid abilities of that orator, the incident which first gave him courage, would have blasted him for ever.

But it sometimes occurs, that those who indulge in speech-making, familiarly obtrude their talents in the company of men of whom they know nothing, and who are not inclined to hear them with that indulgence, or to make the allowances which they always meet with at home. The following occurrence which took place a few years since is a specimen of what the orator on such an occasion may be doomed to suffer :

My friend Richards was universally allowed to manifest considerable ability in proposing a bumper, and at times he would rise to a degree of energy in his declamation, which before the close of the evening attracted the admiration of the whole company. He was notwithstanding, deficient in every requisite which constitutes an accomplished and elegant speaker, altho' it would have required more strength of mind than he possessed, not to give credit to the compliments which more than once in his native city had been awarded him. While on a tour through France with an esteemed friend who was well acquainted with the affairs of the ——— regiment, they were both introduced at the mess, and received with the kindness, elegance and attention which only those who have been bred in a camp know how to throw into the common transactions of life. The Champagne sparkled, the wit

flashed, and the hearts of the visitors rapidly expanded : but their gratitude was turned into joy, when the "prosperity of their native city" was called for in a bumper ; this was too much. Richards arose, silence ensued, and he spoke as follows. "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, the honour you have conferred calls alike for my professions and my praise ; — assurance of real feeling for the honour done us, praise for the delicate manner that honor was introduced. 'Tis to you my friends, for I *will* call you so, our nation is indebted for all it possesses, 'tis to you our city owes her prosperity, 'tis to you we owe all that is dear to us ; and high as we may estimate the glories of other battles gained by British valour, to the field of Waterloo, history shall ever point as to the most glorious of her records. On that day my fellow citizens, remember with delight, that no men distinguished themselves more than the gentlemen before me, and they only feel anxious, that, to convince you of this you would give them an opportunity of repeating to you, that admiration, which now I so imperfectly repeat for them." Having thus concluded he sat down, impatiently anticipating a compliment from an officer who had risen at the other end of the table. This gentleman expressed his thanks for the speech he had just heard, but begged to inform the gentleman who spoke "that *their* regiment did not join until SIX WEEKS AFTER THE BATTLE!"

Sophos, A CHARACTER.

FELIX, QUI POTUIT RERUM COGNOSCERE CAUSAS.

Virg. Georg. II.

A certain king once offered a reward to him who should discover :

new pleasure ; but I think my ingenious friend Sophos is more worthy of such a recompence who has invented a successful method of not only mitigating pain but of converting it into a source of enjoyment. As in this "vale of tears" the recurrence of painful objects is greatly more frequent than of occasions for enjoying any single pleasure whatever, especially a new one, so he that can teach us to disarm the former wholly of their power to annoy us, and even turn them to account of amusement is much more worthy of our gratitude than he who merely may have added another to the short list of our pleasures. The secret of my worthy friend's art is to philosophize on all the evils which befall him ; or, in other words, when any thing unfortunate happens to him, instead of fixing his attention on the irritating or painful qualities of the accident and yielding his mind passively to the fretful sensations which would be produced in other men, he looks upon it as an *experiment* in the matter with which it is connected, and gathers from it, not a lesson of patience, for he endeavours to feel no uneasiness, but an addition to his knowledge of things and of men.—Unlike all other great discoveries this one was effected by design and not by accident ; but it has this character which is common to them all, that men wonder after it is announced how a thing so much needed and seemingly so very obvious should never have been thought of before. Some indeed may pretend that it is not new and may bring forward examples of its having been used several thousand years ago ; but this is no more than what may be said of all the discoveries of modern science, some obscure glimmerings of which being here and there perceptible in the milky way of scientific record which the learned can trace upon the dark

expanse of antiquity. It is he who recognises in a fact the importance of a general principle and makes it the centre of a system to enlighten all objects within its range, who is rightfully its discoverer,—not he who may have seen and used it once or twice for a particular purpose, and then thrown it aside as a thing of no farther or more general interest or utility. In this way is my friend the discoverer of this great charm for quenching all the evils of Pandora's box ;—but I must now unfold to you the history of its discovery ; and this I do with the more readiness because along with it you will likewise have the manner in which he makes use of it.

When a mere boy, you must know, my friend was extremely inquisitive and wished to understand the reason of every thing which fell under his observation. So far indeed did he indulge this turn of his mind that he has often voluntarily submitted to a good deal of danger and pain to acquire an experimental and personal knowledge of any thing which interested his fancy as curious. Once, having witnessed the execution of a malefactor, he became exceedingly desirous to feel in his own person the sensations of strangulation. Accordingly he procured one of his companions, an urchin not older than himself, who volunteered to cut him down as soon as he was told to do so by the subject of the experiment. But poor Sophos unfortunately not being able to speak, was permitted by his companion to hang until his astonished Father unwittingly came upon them, who undid the noose just intime to save the young philosopher's life, and by doing so, to perform a signal service to the most important branch of all philosophy, that which instructs us in the art of *easy living*. When he came to himself after his experiment he did



not say that his feelings had been *painful* but very *curious*, and immediately committed a minute detail of them to the pages of his common-place book.

In his riper years he fell in love, more for the purpose, as he truly said, of analysing the passion in his own mind, and discovering how far it agreed with the many descriptions of it to be found in the writings of the poets and novelists than for gratifying his animality; though this too, being an experiment on human frames, he had in view as the ultimate part of his design. He found the traits of it, however, so very sagacious and so difficult to catch and analyse, that much time was occupied in making up his mind as to its real nature; so that his mistress who was more desirous of the *thing* than of the *mode*, and being wearied of tantalizing delays, set off one fine morning with Dennis O'Grady, a Captain in an Irish marching regiment, and left our philosopher to conclude his experiment upon the fair person of some other less impatient innamorata. This misfortune, however, was not permitted to ruffle his temper in the least. He now philosophized on the fickleness and warmth of the female constitution, and even felicitated himself on what had happened, inasmuch as he now had an opportunity of observing the phenomena of the decline and fall, as he formerly had of the rise and progress, of this passion; without which, as he wisely remarked, his knowledge of the matter would not have been complete. And from all he experienced on this occasion our philosopher thinks himself warranted among other things to maintain that the description of the symptoms of love as given by Sappho, viz. "the faltering voice, the burning blush, the languid eye, the sudden sweat, the tumultuous pulse; and at length the passion overbearing the spirits, a de-

liquium and mortal paleness," was not realized in his person, and is much disposed to think that it does not apply to many of the cases which occur in this cold climate and commercial country.

Advancing still farther in life and being rather sedentary in his habits as most philosophers are, and likewise (but this is under the rose) indulging pretty freely in wine, purely however for the laudable purpose of ascertaining distinctly the phenomena of intoxication, he became on one occasion a great martyr to gout. Unlike Franklin under similar circumstances (which by the bye shews the great superiority of our philosopher over him) the first visit of this distemper was very acceptable to Sophos. He had just read Sydenham's admirable description of this disease and ventured to entertain some doubts as to the accuracy of certain parts of it. In his account of it, which was taken from his own feelings, Sydenham says that the pain is sometimes similar to what you would experience if the joint of your great toe were suddenly and forcibly wrenched open and a boiling concentrated acid poured upon the lacerated parts at the very moment of their separation. Now Sophos had the hardihood to suspect that this picture was rather overcharged by our English Hippocrates; and wished, above all things, that Mrs. Gout, as Franklin facetiously calls her, would put it to the test of experiment in his own person. Accordingly one night about 12 o'clock she visited him in her sternest mood, and (oh the triumphs of philosophy!) while experiencing to the fullest extent the truth of Sydenham's simile, he leapt out of bed, like another Archimedes, and exclaimed in an extacy of joy "I have found it, I have found it, He is right, He is right!"

As a reward, however, of his fort-

tude and philosophy he experienced, at the same time the truth of another remark of this great physician, viz. that any sudden and highly excited passion, such as joy or fear, sometimes entirely removes this complaint; for, from that night to this, he has had no farther opportunity of philosophizing on this painful destemper.

Like all other men of this age Sophos must needs be a politician. The taxes are the great national evil of which we are now complaining, and to them also has Sophos directed his attention. But he pays them all cheerfully because he regards their present magnitude and weight as a beautiful experiment on the durability and self-adjusting power of the British constitution. During the war while the debt and taxes were accumulating he witnessed with infinite delight the experiment made of how much a brave and generous people would do and suffer for the preservation of their liberties; and rejoiced, with a truly British heart, in those splendid successes of our arms which deprived our enemies of the power to annoy us, and gave Great Britain a name which all nations must reverence, and none but the brave can emulate, in the ages which are to follow. But at the peace he could not but be sensible that the debt and taxes which were accumulated during the war, gave an undue and dangerous preponderancy to the crown over the other branches of the constitution; which, if long submitted to, might, in the hands of a weak or profligate minister, from a means of preservation during war, become a destroyer during peace, of our noblest privileges. But he waits with an enlightened tranquillity the result of the experiment.— He saw the progress of self-adjustment begin at the general peace, and just now predicts the beautiful issue of it. He sees the nominal value of the pro-

duce of land and stock falling every day. From this he anticipates great things; and though he rents a small Sabine farm himself, he submits to his losses with the greatest cheerfulness. He foresees that the farmers will not long be able to pay their stipulated rents; and that the landlords of course cannot much longer both pay their taxes and support their present expensive establishments. He calculates that their selfishness is greater than their costliness and knows full well that as, by their votes in parliament, they have the power in their own hands, they will use it much more readily to reduce the former than to curtail the latter. Away go the taxes therefore; the undue influence of the crown arising therefrom, will be proportionally diminished; and the constitution now raised off its level by the unsafe elevation of one of its supports, will gradually and peaceably resume its ancient equipoise, affording as heretofore the blessings of peace and protection to a free and prosperous people.

Thus does my old friend live the quietest and easiest of men. As a tree derives its nourishment and strength not only from the mild dews of heaven but from the beating rains which are dashed against it by the tempest, so does he convert every accident which befalls him, prosperous as well as adverse, to the advancement of his knowledge and the promotion of his happiness. And although if pushed too far, the system on which he has founded, and by which he has secured his happiness may sometimes expose him in ridiculous lights, yet there is much in it which we would do well among other things to avail ourselves of, if we would have an easy and comfortable passage through this chequered and transitory scene.

W M

## PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.—

LORD NORTH—MR. FOX—MR.  
PITT—MR. BURKE.

*Lord North.*

A very expressive word in our language, —which describes an assemblage of many real virtues, of many qualities approaching nearly to virtue, and an union of manners at once pleasing and commanding respect, —the word “gentleman,” was never applied to any person in a higher degree, or more generally, than it was to lord North, and to all he said or did in the house of commons.

His lordship did not aspire to the higher eloquence, but the house never possessed a more powerful debater; nor could any one avail himself of the strong part of a cause with greater ability, or defend itself weak, with greater skill; no speaker was ever so conciliating, or enjoyed a greater proportion of the esteem and love of the house. Among his political adversaries he had not a single enemy. With an unwieldy figure and a dull eye, the quickness of his mind seemed intuition. “I,”—lord Sandwich once said to the Reminiscent,—“must have pen and ink, and write down, and ruminate: give lord North a bundle of papers, and he’ll turn them over,—perhaps, while his hair is dressing; and he instantly knows their contents and all their bearings.” His wit was never surpassed, and it was attended with this singular quality, that it never gave offence, and the object of it was sure to join with pleasure in the laugh. The assault of Mr. Adam on Mr. Fox, and of colonel Fullerton on lord Shelbourne, had once put the house into the worst possible humour, and there was more or less of savageness in every thing that was said:—Lord North deprecated the too great readiness to take offence which then seemed to possess the house. “One member,” he said, “who spoke of me, called me, ‘that thing called a minister:’—to be sure,”—he said, patting his large form,—“I am a thing; the member therefore, when he called me a thing, said what was true; and I could not be angry with him; but, when he added, that thing called a minister, he called me that thing, which of all things, he himself wished most to be, and therefore,” said lord North, “I took it as a compliment.”—These good-natured sallies dropped from him incessantly.—On his resignation, he should have retired: many

things, which may be defended cannot be applauded; the coalition between his lordship, and Mr. Fox, was of this description.

*Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt.*

On his first separation from the ministry, Mr. Fox assumed the character of a whig, and from that time,—uniformly advocated the cause of civil and religious liberty; on their broadest principles.

Almost the whole of his political life was spent in opposition to his majesty’s ministers. It may be said of him, as of lord North, that he had political adversaries, but no enemy. Good-nature, too easily carried to excess, was one of the distinctive marks of his character. In vehemence and power of argument he resembled Demosthenes; but there, the resemblance ended. He possessed a strain of ridicule and wit, which nature denied to the Athenian, and it was the more powerful as it always appeared to be blended with argument, and identified in a manner with it. The moment of his grandeur was, when,—after he had stated the argument of his adversary, with much greater strength than his adversary had done, and with much greater strength than any of his hearers thought possible,—he seized it with the strength of a giant, and tore and trampled on it to destruction. If, at this moment, he had possessed the power of the Athenian over the passions or the imaginations of his hearers, he might have disposed of the house at his pleasure,—but this was denied to him; and, on this account, his speeches fell very short of the effect, which, otherwise, they must have produced.

It is difficult to decide on the comparative merit of him and Mr. Pitt; the latter had not the vehement reasoning, or argumentative ridicule of Mr. Fox: but he had more splendour, more imagery, and much more method and discretion. In addition, he had the command of bitter contemptuous sarcasm, which stung to madness. It was prettily said by Mr. Gibbon,—“Billy’s painted galley will soon sink under Charles’s black collier:”—but never did horoscope prove more false;—Mr. Fox said more truly,—“Pitt will do for us, if he does not do for himself.”

Mr. Fox had a captivating earnestness of tone and manner; Mr. Pitt was more dignified than earnest: it was an observation of the reporters, in the gallery, that it required great exertion to follow Mr. Fox while he was speaking, none to remember what he had said; that it was easy and de-

lightful to follow Mr. Pitt, not so easy to recollect what had delighted them. It may be added that, in all Mr. Fox's speeches, even when he was most violent, there was an unquestionable indication of good-humour, which attracted every heart. Where there was such a seeming equipoise of merit the two last circumstances might be thought to turn the scale: but Mr. Pitt's undeviating circumspection,—sometimes concealed, but sometimes ostentatiously displayed,—tended to obtain for him from the prudent and the grave, a confidence which they denied to his rival; besides Mr. Pitt had no coalition, no India bill to defend.

Both orators were verbose: Mr. Fox by his repetitions,—Mr. Pitt by his amplifications. Mr. Grattan observed to the Reminiscent,—that no one heard Mr. Fox to advantage, who did not hear him before the coalition; or Mr. Pitt, who did not hear him before he quitted office. Each defended himself on these occasions, with surprising ability: but each felt he had done something that required defence:—the talent remained, the mouth still spoke aloud, but the swell of soul was no more. The situation of these eminent men at this time, put the Reminiscent in mind of a remark of Bossuet on Fencelon,—“Fencelon,” he said, “has great talents; much greater than mine; it is his misfortune to have brought himself into a situation, in which all his talents are necessary for his defence.”

On two occasions, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox may be thought to have brought into the field, something like an equality of force. When the attack was made on the coalition, Mr. Pitt had the king, Mr. Fox a great majority of the members of the house of commons on his side: when the regency was in question, Mr. Pitt had the same majority in the house, Mr. Fox had the heir-apparent:—the tug of war was great; but may it not be said, that, on each occasion, Mr. Fox facilitated by his own imprudence the victory of his adversary. “Give me,” said the cardinal de Retz to a person who had tauntingly observed to him, cardinal Mazarin's superiority over him,—“Give me the king but for one day and you'll see which has the real authority.”—Mr. Fox never had the king with him, even for a day.

The most astonishing display of talent by Mr. Pitt, witnessed by the Reminiscent was, when the catholic bill was first agitated

after his return to office. Narrow, and short, was the only plank on which he could stand: but there he placed himself; and he defended himself upon it with such ease and adroitness, that he was seldom touched by his adversaries, and had often the posture of a successful assailant.

### Mr. Burke.

Greatly inferior to either of these extraordinary men, if we are to judge of him by his speeches, as he delivered them,—but greatly superior to both, if we are to judge of him by his speeches, as he published them,—Edmund Burke will always hold an eminent rank among the most distinguished characters of this country. Estimating him by his written speeches, we shall find nothing comparable to him, till we reach the Roman orator. Equal to that great man in dialect, in imagery, in occasional splendour, and in general information;—exceeding him in political wisdom, and the application of history and philosophy to politics, he yields to him in grace and taste, and even in that which was not the forte of Cicero, in discretion. A philosophical review of his speeches and writings, keeping his politics, as his inferior gift, in the back ground, might serve for the subject of a useful and interesting discussion.

What particularly distinguished Mr. Burke from the Greek and Roman orator, and from his contemporary rivals, was his frequent admixture of coarse and low expressions, even into his most splendid passages. The effect of it was sometimes great, and then redeemed them; but they sometimes deformed and disgusted. “The Venus of Phidias,” Wilkes used to say, “was so lovely, that the Athenians called her the Venus of roses: Lovely too, speaking generally, is the Venus of Burke, but she sometimes is the Venus of Whisky.”

In familiar conversation, the three great men, whom we have mentioned, equally excelled: but even the most intimate friends of Mr. Fox complained of his too frequent ruminating silence. Mr. Pitt talked;—and his talk was fascinating. A good judge said of him, that he was the only person he had known, who possessed the talent of condescension. Yet his loftiness never forsook him; still, one might be sooner seduced to take liberties with him, than with Mr. Fox. Mr. Burke's conversation was rambling, but splendid, rich and instructive beyond comparison.

## THE TOP OF A STAGE.

An humorous actor in, I forget what piece, says, "I have seen a great deal of high life and of low life,—high life from the top of a stage coach when I was guard, and low life when I was waiter in a cellar." Without following this wag in these opposite scenes of life, or descending quite as low in search of adventures, we will take a view of life from the coach top; and, since "all the world's a stage," let us journey a little while in this conveyance. And hear, oh! my dear country, how superior art thou to any other place in the world, in thy horses, in thy conveyance, and in thy mode of travelling; for whilst cords and cart horses, wicker baskets or moving mountains, jack boots and wooden shoes are emblems of the slavery of France, light cattle, stylish carriages, swift conveyances, and buoyant hearts, cry, "*vive l'Angleterre!*" in every line of feature and appointments.

In France, you are eyed by a Douanier, enrolled in the police book, *muni d'un passeport*, and put under the command of the conducteur and his huge dog; whereas in Old England, all is liberty and frolic, tight traces, and cattle flying over the ground, as though they were attached to freedom's car! Where is the Englishman, whose heart did not bound on seeing the British Stage Coach, with four sporting like horses, after sojourning long abroad? If there live such a man, he is no patriot, and the country can spare him. As for myself, I was ready to jump, from the exhilaration of spirits which the mail coach and the *natale solum* produced on my landing after even a short absence.—But to my story.

I threw myself into a light coach for Bath; but perceiving at the first stage a sickly soldier returned from India, who appeared to suffer from the cold, I exchanged places with him, and took

the roof; being well provided with bang-up coat, overalls, camel's hair gloves, a travelling cap, and a lighted cigar in my mouth.

I took my seat immediately behind coachee; who said, on my mounting the roof, "That's your sort, your honor; you're a good gentleman to take it on that ere poor man; he seems as if his work was done, as we say; the game's pretty nigh up with him: poor fellow. I made him drink a glass of rum and milk just now." (Speaking to his old leader) „ Will you, Ginger? you little devil! I'll take the shine out of you afore I've done with you. See how mettlesome" (addressed to me,) "we be! you may travel many a mile, master, and not sit behind four better nags. Go along there, Rover; steady, old Darby; vy, you're all in high spirits, no lack of corn, in spite of the corn bill. Yep, yep, my merry ones."

"But I say, master, (giving me a knowing look,) you mustn't be barking in soft nonsense to my partner's ear, (alluding to a pretty girl by the side of him,) it's a pleasure for a coachman to have such a bit of blood by the side of him; it makes the road so lightsome." (To the girl) "I hope you sit easy, Miss, and that 'ere coat of mine keeps you varm. Lots of coats we've got, and lots of fun, and all at your service. Law bless your roguish black eyes." (wagging his head, and doublethonging the wheeler.) "Yep, yep; that's your sort; carry on, Nimrod. We don't go to sleep on the road, my pretty maid."—"Don't talk such nonsense," said the girl, pleased at the same time with coachee's attentions "Nonisence;" repeated coachee; "why you're enough to make a bishop, or a judge talk nonsense. I know many a duke as would like to talk nonsense to you; ah! that they would; and you'd do honour to any man." Well done,

coachee, though I am your coachman, I am not your flatterer.

"I say, master," turning to me, "a'n't she a stylish one? Mine and I should like—(to the lady.) "Will you, Ginger?" "how I should like such a handsome lass for a wife! she should always have the reins at home, and I'd keep her as a little Queen." (The Girl) "What a quizzer you are?" "Quizzer! whip me, if I wouldn't spoil the fellow's singing who'd quiz you; you know that you are as nice a concern as any in England." The girl laughed, adding "Oh you coachmen are almost as bad as the soldiers; you are a parcel of gay deceivers." "Not a bit replied coachee, "we are as true as the needle to the pole." Whether he meant the coach-pole of the North, I know not; doubtless the idea came from the *compass* of his imagination; but if he was limited as to habit, he was by no means so as to amatory nonsense.

He insinuated, in the course of his coach-box courtship, what a happy life that of a coachman was, and told her in fact that it was next to that of a nobleman; "for," said he, "what can a Lord or Duke do more, than drive his four-in hand all day, and carry on all night, boozing and singing merry songs, hunting songs for instance, and *dublin tender*, and joking and frolicking, and taking a touch at cards now and then, and never being without a pretty gal, (as he pronounced it) to sweeten life's journey. Then I keeps my bull dog and my pair of terriers; and once in a way takes a holiday, for bull baiting and badger baiting; and I can lay in bed, or gamble all Sunday, and care for nobody' I have always my pocket full of ready cash, and that's more than many a prince can say; and I does no work, and that's more than half the nobility can say; for some of 'em do some very dirty work.

I never know to be drilled or commanded like a soldier, nor to be led by the nose like the tog of a minister, nor to be turned off at a minute's notice, like your Parliamentary whips, nor to go a Job in the state chariot, nor to go cap in hand canvassing for votes, or for a place or pension. No, I know my work, and am master of it; and, if the passengers are generous to me, I thanks 'em; if they ban't, they may be——," "Come up, old Windsor," (spoken to the wheeler.)

"Well, if I gets nothing by the regular passengers, I helps myself with the lifts; says nothing about *ages*, no more than our married quality, and so we carry on. As for company, I keeps the best in the land—Didn't young Wildairs, the Baronet's son, send his apprentice to live on this box, and treat me like a brother? and when I drove the lion coach, had'n't I Dukes and Lords, for my daily companions?" "Yep, yep."—"And proud of driving, and of dressing, and of looking like myself (for my reader must know that coachee was a great *swell*, as he calls it.) And then the pretty gals as I've drove!" (To me) "Sir, I beg your pardon, take care of that 'ere bag as hangs by your side; there's a game cock of mine in it; and I'm to match him next week for ten guineas; But I say, my dear, don't be cruel; you may do worse than take me."

Here he pulled up in prime style, and called about him like a ruffian lord. "I say, Jem Ostler, come, look sharp, do'n't go to sleep." (To me) "Now, Master, you shall see a pair of leaders, worth a cool hundred a piece, and the wheelers bought out of a ruined Baronet's stables. Many a buck have I seen done up, and brought to a standstill, whilst I carry on just the same." "I say, Mary: I dare say your name's Mary, you looks so mild."—"No," said the girl on the box, "N's Sally."

"that's prime; that was the name of my first love (a very pretty stale trick in love making this name fancying); and you shall be "Sally of our alley." "But, charmer, I say, what shall I treat you to? Will you have a doctor, or a glass of mulled wine, or some lamb's wool, or a comforter, or a drop of Jackey?" The girl took the mulled wine as being most gen—teel. "I say, continued he, "sarve my young lady here, old copper nose, and I'll pay for it, and I'll treat you to a yard of tape for yourself."

"Wo, ho, my fiery steeds; that's your sort!—All right, Joe? (Off we goes again! Fresh as fire! That's your life, Sally!"

Thus did he carry on courting Sally, until the end of his day's drive. I could not help laughing at his conceit in comparing his life with that of our dashing, sporting nobility; but when I was informed that he had spent a fortune before he came of age, and then took to what he was fittest for—the coach-box: that he was a married man and a gay deceiver, and that he was what the ostler called "up to any thing," I began to consider the likeness was greater than I at first was aware of; for, from high to low life, there is but one step, when their pleasures, their pursuits, and their dissipation so strongly resemble each other; and, in short, I discovered that a man who should take a moralizing frame of mind along with him, might find exercise for it every where; not more as a Hermit in London than as a

HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

### THE NAVY LIEUTENANT.

To the wealthy merchant who views his stately vessel, calmly and undisturbedly ride over the world of waters, without fear, or uncertainty, as when arriving safely into a friendly port, the reign of peace must be welcome in-

deed. To the warrior reposing beneath his laurels, in ease and affluence, and restored with an ample fortune to the bosom of his family and his paternal acres, the olive branch must bloom in full luxuriance.

Not so with the bold sons of the deep, or with the climate-struck, disbanded military heroes, who, depending on war for honour and existence, must now suspend the sword in gloomy uselessness, and retire to the shade, to ruminate on past deeds of peril and hardihood, poorly requited, flitting in remembrance on the wing of time, and chronicled only by a quarterly half pay list, which is to provide for the once gay naval or military man, unfit for, yet reduced to the rank of an humble citizen, and bound perhaps by love and Hymen, to a fair bride, and an increasing brood of children.

These truths never struck me so forcibly as at the conclusion of the last war, when our streets, our parks, and our public places of rendezvous, were so crowded with the metamorphosed defenders of their country, that I could scarcely put my head out of my door, without meeting some of my many acquaintances in the land and sea service, wandering about in altered circumstances and garbs.

Here, the darling of the ball-room, who once shone and fluttered in rich furs and plumage, bearded and whiskered, embroidered, armed and perfumed, accoutred from head to foot as a splendid hussar, and followed to the field of fight by ladies' sighs and patriots' prayers, sauntered solitarily in the half worn tunic, with boots and spurs which no longer crossed the war-horse's flanks, whistling with empty pocket and vacant mind.

There, at the door of a coffee-house, was posted the bold dragoon, whom I had fled from, but a few months before, to preserve my bones entire, so

curiously was he impelling his curriole along the streets, and training his prancing steeds, the unconquered at the bottle as in the plains of glory. There takes he now his stand, or lounges on the bench with a ten-times-read newspaper, a circumscribed income, and his time heavily hanging on his hands, denuded of all the trappings of his profession, and of all the importance attached to them.

On the same bench in St. James's Park. I beheld there duced tactician, who, but a short time before, would lecture you for hours on the extended column, the movement in echelon and the flank surprised, seated by a son of Neptune, bearing his honored scars and disappointments with the same equanimity; the one discussing the cheapness of obscure eating-houses, the other musing on the past dream of life: a grey great-coat supplying the embroidered uniform of the former; an author-like, faded suit of mourning replacing the sword, epaulette, and rakish hat of the latter.

Hundreds of these characters did I meet with in my morning walks; but we must now come from the exterior garb to the interior habit, and pass from the occupation and pastime of retired valour to his home and his altered life.

Not to mention the din and strife of war, nor the gay mess-room roar, the sparkling glass, the tar's tavern banquet, foaming with friendship, and hospitality, and willingly paid for, with dearly earned services—with prize money, the price of the bravest blood, the barrack scenes of mirth and conviviality, the ball, parade, the sets on board ship, manned yards, &c. I shall come to a scene in private life, as it occurred to myself: and as far as it serves to illustrate the truth that peace enricheth not all, though it still has its characteristic sweets.

"You don't know me, my worthy friend," said Lieutenant Crosstree to me, as he rose with a sigh from a seat in Kensington Gardens. "When I saw you last, it was at an entertainment given on board our ship after our return from the taking of Genoa; and you did me the favour to dine with me the next day at the Fountain."

I immediately remembered his features, his hospitality, his wounds, his services, and his former situation, and squeezing his hand warily and cordially betwixt both of mine, I was about to speak, when he prevented me by adding, "Times, my dear ——— are altered; but our hearts are always the same: if you'll condescend—" "Fie," interrupted I; "the term is inadmissible: I shall be proud and happy to follow you any where." "If you'll condescend," repeated he, "to come to my humble birth, we'll yet see if there is not one shot in the locker to treat a friend; and if we pass from claret and Madeira to malt liquor and grog, our cup will still foam with a hearty welcome and sparkle with kindness; we will share it with a proud spirit, and a contented heart; looking down on the ambitious man and the miser from our poor cabin."

"I'm married too, my friend," continued he: "one scrape was never enough for me; but you'll see a good woman in my Elizabeth, aye and a poor man's friend. I mean no allusion to you, but only that I love that quality in her. Bless her heart! she's as generous as a Jack Tar just receiving his pay after a long cruise; yet, she always minds her own weather-helm, and looks to the main chance. She is brave and steady, and has no pride and nonsense about her. But come," concluded he, taking me by the arm, "you shall do me the pleasure to see my birth, and to share in what half-pay can provide."



So saying, he took me off from the gate, and brought me perspiring, after an hour's sharp walk, to a retreat in the vicinity of the Kent road.—“Here,” said he, we may bring up. I dare say you are tired; but you shall have some refreshment in the twinkling of a handspike.”

I now beheld a lovely woman dressed in a black silk gown, one chubby babe in a cradle, and another tottering with an uncertain step, to embrace its father's knees. The room was remarkably neat and clean; the table was covered with linen making into shirts; and in one corner of the apartment sat a widow in full weeds, hemming and mending some handkerchiefs. I bowed respectfully to both ladies.—The countenance of the wife was lit up by a smile: that of the widow was imprinted with deep lines of melancholy.

“That's the widow of my brave merchant, Jack Hatchway, as gallant an officer as ever fought a ship; but, heaven bless her, we mustn't dwell upon that subject, else we shall be aground. She makes us happy by her company; we're all of the same crew! and come what will we shall row in the same boat.” The widow dropped a tear: the Lieutenant's colour went and came; he put out his hand to the sharer of his roof; and then breaking away with an altered countenance o'er-shadowed by regretful and fond remembrance, “come, Bess,” said he, “we have got our bottle of wine and some soft tack; rout it out; and if we come to old Sir John Barleycorn and the can of grog after dinner we can't help it; it's not banyan day, my boy: come Bessy, make my friend welcome, and make Mrs. Hatchway a little cheerful, for 'grieving's a folly' after all.”

I now sat down in silent admiration of this interesting little group, and be-

gan to share their food fare. How hallowed was this humble roof by manly and tender feeling! the wife of my friend's bosom, the widow of his bosom friend! his little innocents, a hearty welcome, and a tranquil mind! Show me the palace that can boast as much. His hospitable attentions to the widow, and the perfect sisterhood which prevailed betwixt her and his wife, were admirable.

In the course of our conversation, Crosstree enquired for whom the shirts and handkerchiefs were making.—“For poor Ben, the midshipman of your watch,” replied she: “I know, he was a great favourite of yours; and, poor fellow, he expects to be made immediately, and to sail with the channel fleet.” “That's a good girl,” cried my friend, getting up and embracing his wife: “a favour done to my friend, is all the same as if it were done to myself.”

“Poor Ben,” continued he, “has been very unlucky. He lost his whole kit twice, once by the blowing up of his ship, and once by being wrecked. Besides, he has been hit for killing a worthlesman, and I know that he shared all his prize money with Willbourn, a brother midly of his; and he took Sal Williams out of jail too; for he's as brave and as generous a heart as ever stepped between stem and stern. I saw that fellow as cool as a cucumber, when he was only fifteen years old, in the hottest fire I ever was in in my life.

“But I say, who bought the linen?” “Mrs. Hatchway lent him the money out of her half-year's pension, and we are both rigging him out as fast as we can.” “Bless her eyes,” exclaimed Crosstree, with a jewel of the first water standing in his; “it's always the poor that helps the poor; but Ben will pay her honourably, I'll be bound for it; and such a deed is

scored up aloft besides, and that's better than all other registers.—Come, heave a head though, and see if dinner a'n't ready. I wish it were better; but I'll answer for the welcome."

We sat down to a very hearty meal, served up with neatness and sweetened by the welcome of the heart. The poor Lieutenant pushed about the pot a little too freely, but with so much mirth that there was no resisting him. To contribute the more to our entertainment, he sung us some admirable sea songs, and Mrs. Crosstree played some Spanish airs on the guitar, and accompanied them in a very pleasing voice.

She is the daughter of a naval captain, with no other fortune than a fine person and an amiable mind; but my friend seems as contented and happy as if he were the most independent man in Europe. In fact, independence does by no means belong to riches; but to a well-governed mind, which shapes a steady course between pride and humility, betwixt economy and enjoyment. I consider the Lieutenant far more independent than titled thousands with rent-rolls of the first magnitude, but whose vices, or whose want of self-control expose them to daily degradations, and plunge them into splendid misery.

Let us here take our leave of the Lieutenant, wishing him a steady and prosperous sail through the voyage of life; may poor Ben make his fortune and requite the widow ten-fold; and may the Soldier's and the Sailor's widow never want such a friend as brave Crosstree in the hour of affliction or necessity!

#### THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

#### VULGARITY OF SLANG.

I have lain, till very lately, under a great misapprehension respecting that figurative and highly significant language peculiar to

certain orders of society, and which passes under the damnatory appellation of Slang. Strange! through what unsuspected crevices the light of knowledge bursts in on man's mind! 'Lend me your ears' for a few moments, while I introduce my discovery of the beauty, elegance, and classical propriety of Slang, by a brief relation of the circumstances which attended the discovery.

'Nocte pluit toto;' that is to say, it was a complete drencher; and I had tired out my friend's hospitality in waiting to tire out the rain, till finding that his patience and his table had become exhausted, while the storm evinced no disposition to abate, I was forced to take the street, and scamper through it. The stilet fluid soon penetrated to my skin; and as the virtues of brandy on such occasions are well understood, I stepped into the first public-house that I found open, for a sustaining cordial. The company here appeared to consist of Englishmen in low stations in life, yet to me their discourse was in a great measure intelligible. It was not, like that of some pedants whom I have heard,

English on Greek and Latin,  
Like fustian heretofore or satin,

but it was English pieced and patched with something that seemed homogeneous, yet was not such English as I had ever heard before. In short it was called Slang. I hate reserve; it is my maxim to suit myself to the company in which I happen to be; so I quickly entered this, to me, new sphere of being, and by the time that Aurora, like a young widow, had cast off her sables and weepers, and arrayed herself in a somewhat less doleful suit of grey, with here and there bright specks of blue and stars, like turquoise and brilliants, peeping out and betraying an inward gaiety that would fain have made a more decisive appearance, I had acquired a tolerable proficiency in the phraseology of my companions, and could, like Prince Hal, 'drink with any tinker in his own language.'—The break of day, summoning to their repose the greater part of the nocturnal spirits with whom I had been 'sounding the very bass string of humility,' I took my departure, and hastened to my lodgings, that I might revolve the occurrences of the past hours, and extract from them something which might sweeten those that were yet to come.

My first reflections were on the significance

tion and origin of the new words which I had picked up among the inmates of the the public house; and it was not long before I discovered that instead of being, as I had been used to consider them, arbitrary inventions, designed to conceal from uninitiated ears particular and secret subjects of discourse, they were in reality ingenious and elegant terms either immediately derived from other languages, or judiciously used to express some metaphor too profound and exquisite for superficial observers, and therefore mistaken for unmeaning or mystical sounds. The truth of this I shall establish by a critical explanation of some of the words and phrases learned in the course of my initiation.

'This,' said the waiter to a coachman, casting at the same time an envious eye on the latter's great coat, which, ample, thick and shaggy, enveloped him from the eyes to the heels, 'ah! this is a fine piece of *toggery*.' An unlearned Englishman would have called it by its simple British title, a great coat: but our publican's waiter, a learned Thuban, disdaining such homely terms, has reference to the Latin vocabulary, and with a slight alteration, perfectly allowable in such an erudite person, names the vestment after the *toga* of the ancient Romans.

'I hate so much *chaffing* about it,' said the landlord, 'I like to see the *blunt*.'

Now *chaffing* signifies that kind of idle superfluous verbiage, in which, to say the truth, too many persons of all ranks are apt to indulge, and in which the sense or grain bears no proportion to the nonsense or *chaff*. I cannot sufficiently admire the propriety and elegance of this metaphor. It is classical too, and was suggested no doubt, by Bassanio's account of Gratiano's wit in the Merchant of Venice—'his reasons are two grains of wit hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.' As to the word *blunt*, which means *money*, it is certainly an anglicised pronunciation of the French word *blanc*. The Latin for cash is *argentum*: the French *l'argent*; and silver being white, the word *blanc*, broadly pronounced *blunt*, is very properly and figuratively introduced to signify current change in contradistinction to the *aurum*, which is yellow.

'And how is Ned?' said the well-clad charioteer to a grave-looking man who sat opposite. 'Ned,' replied the other, with

a very expressive turn of the eye and movement of the under-jaw, 'Ned, I am afraid is *on the cross*.' The origin of this phrase, which implies being a thief, is classical, and refers to the well-known punishment inflicted on thieves by both Greeks and Romans. Keeping in mind also, as it forcibly does, the miserable end of those malefactors, it serves as a kind of perpetual memento to the violators of the eighth article of the decalogue.

A nose is called a *conch*, a word which contains an illusion too subtle and too profound to strike any but a patient and discriminating investigator. I take much credit to myself for this discovery, as it is perfect and clear beyond all doubt. The word *conch* is borrowed from the science of Geometry, it having been ascertained by these acute observers, that the curve called the *conchoid* is the true line of beauty for this important feature. I have accordingly written a few stanzas on my fair Amaryllis's *conch*.

There is something which I cannot help being pleased with, in the phrase *fork it*, for the ordinary one of *hand it*. Perhaps it is taking too great a liberty with facts to name the human hand, which has five fingers or prongs, after a fork, which has but two or three at most; but I think I perceive in this expression an allusion to the maxim:

Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.

Which is as much as to say, that though you knock a man down with your fist, it is ten to one that he will get up again.

To be a thief, as I have before noted, is to be *on the cross*, but the ordinary word for 'to steal' is to *bone*. The origin of this expression is, I admit, a little doubtful; but anxious for the discovery of truth, I offer the result of the best consideration which I can give the matter; and if it do not satisfy the reader, it will probably suggest something that may enable another etymologist to disclose the real source of this invention. Before the Reformation, the right of administration of the personal estate and effects of every person deceased intestate, was claimed and exercised by the bishop or other ecclesiastic, within whose diocese or peculiar jurisdiction the *bona notabilia* of the defunct were situated, under the pretence of their being applied in *pious usus*. This application to pious purposes was soon, however, found to amount to little else than a cruel robbery of widows and orphans; and I am induced to think

that the authors of the Slang language had in mind these facts relative to the *bona stabilia*, when they gave the word *bone* to the fact of making an unwarrantable transfer of property.

Gin is called *ruin*, a word which conveys the essence of all the volumes which have ever been written on the fatal consequences of yielding to the odious habit of drunkenness; and what an admirable lesson to political economists, on the instability of a paper currency, is contained in the single word *flimsy*, for bank-note.—*Ogle* for eye, is obviously derived from the Latin *oculus*, with a glance at the French *œil*, but altered with much judgment and taste to accommodate English tongues, and accord with the ordinary terminations of English nouns

I am now arrived, I believe, at the end of my first lesson in the Slang language, of which I shall assuredly take the earliest opportunity of getting a more perfect knowledge. I doubt not, that what I have said will awaken, in many of your readers, the desire of investigating this subject; and should I succeed in my own endeavors, and find sufficient encouragement in the literary world, I shall perhaps enter very soon on the design of devising Grose's Slang Dictionary, and publishing a new edition, with additions and emendations, critical, etymological, and explanatory, by  
SCREVELIUS RADIX.

## Poetry.

### WOMAN, AND THE MOON.

I've oft been sorely puzzled and perplex'd,  
When thinking of the Sun, and Moon,  
and so on.  
To know what principle, when they were  
sex'd,  
Those who first fix'd their gender chose  
to go on;—  
I will not say that I've been ever vex'd,  
When this same thing I've chanc'd a  
thought to throw on,  
But it has given my reasoning power some  
pothor,  
Why we should He the one, and She  
the other!  
The Moon—and Woman; there may be  
I own

Points of resemblance, more than one  
or two:

Twenty, for aught I know, might soon be  
shown;

I'd state them—if I'd nothing else to do.  
But as I have, I'll leave the theme alone,—  
And yet, on second thoughts I'll give a  
few

Lest carping critics, who are apt to chatter,  
Should say I never thought about the mat-  
ter.

Imprimis—then; they both shine most at  
night,

The one on earth, the other in the sky;—  
I may say both reflect a borrowed light,  
But this, perhaps, the Ladies would deny.  
And they, I own, have an undoubted right  
To know what charms they borrow, or  
buy;—

Besides, whenever any thing is bought,  
And paid for—'tis the owner's, as it ought.

But, passing this discussion as a theme  
Too delicate to dwell on—I must say  
That whether both dispense a borrow'd  
gleam,

Or not, there's much resemblance in the  
ray

Which shines from each; though beauti-  
ful the beam,

It is not steady, like the light of day,  
But an uncertain, fascinating splenour;—  
A little roolish too, when Man grows  
tender.

Another point of likeness, to my view,  
Being, I think, an accurate beholder,  
Is this:—when Ladies and when Moons  
are new,

They're both a little coy; but when  
get older,

They don't salute you, and then bid adieu,  
Both in a breath; but, grown a little  
bolder,

Are more disposed to give you time to ad-  
mire,

And are in no great hurry to retire.

Let's try again.—The Moon, it has been  
said,

Has a strange influence on folks half-  
crack'd;

And I have either heard, or somewhere  
read,

Of "Lunatic and Lover all compact,"  
Which seems as if 'twere thought by some  
ill-bred,

(Though sure such wretches should be  
straightway rack'd)

That 'tis not 'till Man's reasoning powers  
are gone,

Woman can claim his noddle as her own.

But this point of resemblance, though it  
might,

Strikes some as very striking, I just  
mention ;—

I should be sorry to be unpolite,

And still more sorry to excite dissention  
Among you love-sick swains, who, out of  
spite,

Would swear I had some sinister intention  
Their heads I leave to those who choose  
to win 'em,

'Tis no affair of mine what brains are in 'em.

Well—to proceed ;—I find I must make  
haste,

And not on every point of semblance  
pore,

Or I shall both my time and paper waste,  
And try my reader's patience, which is  
more.

For, when a joke is not quite to our taste,  
It's apt to make one feel a little sore ;—

Besides, it might be thought it was my aim  
To prove the Moon and woman are the  
same !

I therefore shall with brevity pass over

Various resemblances between the twin ;  
How both, when skies are clear, smile on  
a lover,

And leave him in the lurch in clouds  
and rain ;

As well as many a theme I might discover

In either's rise, or set, or wax, or wane ;

But as I might be prolix, I forbear ;—

Besides—I must their *difference* now com-  
pare.

The Moon and Woman differ then—in  
this ;

The first is true to Nature, and its laws ;

It never leaves its sphere,—nor does amiss,—

It apes no artful wiles—asks no applause,

In all its changes—still unchang'd it is

In loveliness and beauty, from this cause,

Since first created it has cheated no Man ;

I fear we cannot say all this for Woman.

Again—the Moon sheds her impartial beam

On rich, and poor, with just the same  
delight :—

Youth, beauty, ugliness, and age all seem

The same to her—to each her smiles are

bright ;

She sometimes may withdraw her gentle

gleam,

But not capriciously, still less in spite.—

I doubt much if these qualities are common

With her to whom we give the name of  
Woman.

I might, if I had time and inclination,

And were not fearful of exciting riot:

Give other instances of variation,

Which some would smile, and more, per-  
haps, would sigh at :

I give but one defying disputation—

Woman are—talkative ! the Moon is—  
quite !

Were there no other cause, I must opine

This proves the moon *not* feminine !

### ON SPRING.

(From Anacreon.)

The stormy winter's now away,  
Spring has brought the lengthened day ;  
At whose approach, the graces wear,  
Rosy garlands in their hair.

The swelling seas forget to roar,  
And smiling gently kiss the shore.  
The sportive duck in wanton play  
Now dives, now rises into day.

The clouds are gone, perhaps in showers  
They fall, just to enliv'n the flowers.  
Now verdure covers all the earth,  
And olives gender into birth.

The swelling grapes enrich the vine,  
And thus do promise plenteous wine,  
Choice draught already I do think,  
I'm quaffing off a hearty drink.

C. G. J.

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# THE LITERARY MELANGE,

OR

## WEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

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### SKETCHES.

#### No. 2.

Humanity is incapable of long enduring, either intense Grief, or intense Pleasure. In the former, the o'erfraught heart is broken, in the latter, the mind is enfeebled, and he who was once a *Man* soon becomes unworthy of the name. Violent Grief is seldom of long duration; and to it after its first o'erflowings, consolation is most easily administered.

Never had there been more joy in Athens, than at the marriage of Damon and of Daphne; never did the affection of years, appear more happily rewarded; never was the attachment of childhood, crowned more gloriously, by the ripened affection of maturer age. The beauty of the Bride, the magnificent gifts she had presented the Goddess Diana, that she might be permitted to leave her service, were not more talked of, than the elegance of the Bridegroom, and the splendor of the dyed garments in which he was attired. The Garlands which hung in front of the house were richer than ever had been seen before, and the wild asparagus, with its prickly leaves twined amid the wreaths of roses, was considered by the shrewd old ladies, as an emblem of those joys and sor-

rows, in which the happy couple were destined to participate. Next morning they were awoke, by the songs of the young men and maids, which were full of the Bride's praises, and the most envious, allowed that the praises were not undeserved. Six months passed on, and their spring of bliss seemed to usher in a summer of calmer, but of no less endearing enjoyment. Love seemed to have left the habitation of the Gods, that he might witness the felicity of Damon and of Daphne. But alas! over the path of Life, sorrows are scattered as well as joy. Damon fell sick, and in a few days expired in the arms of his beloved wife. She tore her hair—she threw away all her rich jewels and ornaments, she wrapped herself in sable garments, and sat the pale and wretched image of despair. When the body was removed, she followed it to the sepulchre, and neither persuasion nor entreaty could tear her from it. There she stood, wringing her hands and tearing her hair, resolved to die by the side of him, whose life was dear to her as her own. Her friends had now retired, and in the damp tomb, by the light of a solitary lamp, while the time slowly passed on she marked not its progress. It happened that about this period, a conspiracy had been dis-

covered, in which the youth of several noble families, were implicated, and suffered capital punishment. The bodies of three of the ringleaders, were hanging at a short distance from the sepulchre under the guardianship of a soldier. This punishment was considered so disgraceful, that formerly, on a similar occasion, the friends of the Culprits, had, during the night, stolen the bodies and interred them privately. To prevent in future such an occurrence, a law was passed that should a body be stolen, when placed under the care of a soldier, that soldier should immediately be hung in its place.

The Guardian of the dead, attracted by the light of the sepulchre, drew eagerly towards it, and never had he seen loveliness so interesting. The tears still flowed from the dark eyes of Daphne, and her deep sighs, and throbbing bosom, witnessed the intensity of her suffering. But the night was cold, and after having gazed for a long time with rapture on a creature so lovely and in tears, he at last bethought himself of a bottle of wine and a portion of bread which he carried along with him. His pity had been long awakened, and the first draught of the wine, encouraged him to ask, if she would drink? Worn about in body and mind, and melted with such unexpected kindness, she accepted his offer, and the light danced again in her eyes, and her sighs were less frequent, and the soldier, seeing all this continued to talk kindly to her, and persuaded her to eat and to live. The mourning Daphne took the cordial, and looked kindly in the soldier's face, while the music of her voice was so fascinating, that the soldier began to rejoice in the fair creature thus restored to animation; and he approached nearer, and began to talk amorously, and the wine was

so bright, and the lady so fair, and the soldier so handsome, that when he talked of love Daphne was pleased to hear it, and long before day light appeared, and in that very place they agreed, to marry in the morning. But now the soldier recollected his duty, and not without anxiety returned to where he had left the three bodies.—To his utter astonishment and dismay one of the bodies had been stolen, and under the conviction that his own must supply its place, he ran with wild affright to take farewell of the Lady in the sepulchre. She received the information with sorrow, especially when the soldier declared, that rather than submit to such a degrading punishment, he would immediately kill himself. But the Lady whose love was as ardent now, as her Grief had formerly been, suggested, what immediately put an end to their calamity. She desired the soldier, to take the body of her late husband, and place it on the gallows instead of the conspirator's. The suggestion was promptly acted on, and the next day witnessed the nuptials of Daphne and the Soldier.

## REVIEW.

### *Halidon Hill; a Dramatic Sketch.*

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

*Ecce iterum Crispinus!* The ink of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, is scarcely dry and lo! forth from the press, bearing the redoubted name of Sir W. Scott, comes, **HALIDON HILL.**

*Halidon Hill* is a dramatic sketch, very properly so called, for it is nothing more; written in two acts, and designed, as we are informed, to illustrate military antiquities, and the manners of chivalry. We are not the less pleased with this very spirited sketch

because we think that the general character of the manners of chivalry are but little illustrated by it ; nor does it seem to us a matter of import, whether it was or was not designed for the stage. The author, however, seems to anticipate the possibility of an attempt, on the part of the managers of our theatres, to produce it on the stage ; and he declares that if this takes place, it shall be solely at the peril of those who make such an experiment. This disclaimer does not very well accord with the motto borne on the title-page: *Knights, Squires, and Steeds shall enter on the stage.*

But we think that the managers of our theatres will not undertake such costly peril, as might seriously alarm the maiden bashfulness of our apprehensive writer ; for the only part of this drama, which seems calculated to produce much effect on the stage—the scene in which the Abbot appears—is not very probable. We should make this assertion, even if it had actually occurred. But it seems that Lord Byron and Sir W. S., may write dramas and disclaim that responsibility which less popular writers are obliged to court ; while they may reap the advantage of whatever success attends the experiment of the managers.—The following is a *Programme* of the piece.

The scene opens with the arrival of Adam de Vipont, a Knight Templar, under the guidance of the Prior of Maison-Dieu, (after an absence of 12 years in the wars of Palestine) before Haldon Hill, which is occupied by the Regent Douglas. Sir Alan Swinton, a knight of gigantic stature and great prowess, relates to Vipont the reduced number of his followers, and the loss of his four sons in a feud with the Gordons, the vengeance taken for their deaths, and the increased power of the present youthful head of the Gordons.

The army of England, under King Edward, is desered, and the Scottish leaders, being summoned to meet the Regent, disagree about the array of battle. In the midst of their quarrel, intelligence arrives that the English army is within a mile of their position. Even then their madness continues, and they brawl about the lead of the van. Advised by Swinton, they retire to debate in the Regent's tent ; but the knight is himself excluded, on account of the small number of his followers. Young Gordon, not knowing him, resolves to remain with him. On learning his name from Vipont, he is with difficulty restrained from rushing, sword in hand, on the man by whom his father fell. Maxwell issues from the Regent's tent, announcing that all is confusion and uproar within ; and Gordon learns that Swinton is the only man in the host, who can put the Scottish army on an equality with the enemy. The Regent and Chiefs now come forth, and Douglas finds a remedy for their contention about the command of the van, in the senseless expedient of waiting the attack of the enemy, as the army stands on the hill, utterly exposed to the English arrow-shot. The madness of this resolve is shown by Swinton, who asks permission to lead a body of horse to attack the English bowmen, and implores the chiefs to lay aside their feuds in this hour of need. Douglas denies this request, and calls for the youths who expect knighthood from his sword. When Gordon is named, he refuses to be knighted by any but Sir Alan Swinton. The Lords Lennox and Maxwell, recommended the consideration of Swinton's counsel ; but the Regent tauntingly replies, that he may attack the English bowmen, with his ' fair threescore horsemen.' Gordon, however, declares his resolution to join him with all his followers. Gordon and Swinton are entirely reconciled.



and in Hob Hattely, a notorious cattle reaver, Swinton finds a guide to a flank attack on the English.

In Act II. while the English chiefs are impatiently waiting the sounding of the charge, the Abbot of Walthamstow enters, to demand certain tithes withheld from his house by Lord Chandos; and, on the entrance of the King, informs him that Chandos had termed his grace a rat-catcher. Chandos, in return, tells the King that the Abbot had declared it was sinful in the King's chaplain to have caught up a secular weapon, and so to have secured the life and liberty of Edward, when he was in great peril from Swinton in a night attack; and that the chaplain's soul is therefore in purgatory. The King questions the Abbot sharply, who is glad to compound with Chandos for his tithes, so he will take off the King. Chandos immediately sees, in front of the army, that which induces Edward to command the attack to be made instantly. Great havoc is made by the English bowmen, when Swinton and Gordon are descried rushing forward from a thicket under the hill, and the King rushes out crying

—— to the rescue  
Lords, to the rescue! ha, St. George, St. Edward.

Swinton and Gordon are victorious over the English vanguard; and Gordon relates his love, and the accomplishments of the lady of whom he is enamoured. Vipont enters, and they learn that no aid is sent to them from the main army. Swinton would fain provide for the safety of Gordon by sending him to the Regent; but he refuses to go, and they once more charge the enemy. They fall, desperately wounded—the English pass over them, and they see the flight of their countrymen. —Swinton dies.—Edward enters attended by the British leaders and Bahol, the pretender to the Scottish crown.

Gordon rushing on them with Vipont, is made prisoner, and immediately after sinks down and dies.

There is something grand in the devoted spirit in which Gordon follows Swinton, surrendering his hereditary hatred to the exigencies of his country. But the incident, as related, seems altogether beyond our nature. It were indeed a sublime spectacle, to behold a young man performing the last pious offices, and closing, with a friendly hand, the dying eyes of him by whom his father fell: but that man is not the individual to whom he would in any situation, much less in the midst of carnage, discourse of the power possessed by his mistress to move the feelings by her skill in music.

The clamor made by the Abbot for his tithes, in the front of two armies on the very point of engaging, is altogether improbable. And this incident is the more objectionable, not only as it involves none of those sublime sentiments which accompany the other, as proper to the sacrifice of deadly hatred; but as it borders on the ridiculous.

We shall insert a few extracts for the gratification of our readers:—

—— when I parted hence for Palestine,  
The brows of most were free from grizzled hair.

PRIOR.

Too true alas! But well you know, in Scotland,  
Few hairs are silver'd underneath the helmet;  
'Tis crows like mine which hide them.—  
'Mongst the laity,  
War's the rash reaper, who thrusts in his  
Before the grain is white. [suckle

After Swinton has related to Vipont the feud between his house and that of Gordon, he proceeds:—

—— yet, in earnest,  
I pray, De Vipont, you would join the  
Gordon.  
In this high battle. 'Tis a noble youth,  
So fame doth vouch him,—amorous, quick,  
and valiant;

Takes knighthood, too, this day, and well  
may use

His spur too rashly in the wish to win them,  
A friend like thee beside him in the fight,  
Were worth a hundred spears, to rein his  
valor

And temper it with prudence:—'tis the  
aged eagle

Teaches his brood to gaze upon the sun,  
With eye undazzled.

VIPONT.

Alas, brave Swinton! Wouldst thou train  
the hunter

That soon must bring thee to the bay?

Your custom,

Your most unchristian, savage, fiend-like  
custom,

Binds Gordon to avenge his father's death,

SWINTON.

Why, be it so! I look for nothing else:

My part was acted when I slew his father,  
Avenge my four sons—Young Gordon's  
sword, [there

If it should find my heart, can ne'er inflict  
a pang so poignant as his father's did.

But I would perish by a noble hand,  
And such will his be if he bear him nobly,  
Nobly and wisely on this field of Halidon.

When Vipont retires with Gordon  
to make known the name of Swinton,  
the latter looking after them exclaims:

'Tis a brave youth. How blush'd his  
noble cheek,

While youthful modesty, and the embar-  
rassment

Of curiosity, combined with wonder,  
And half suspicion of some slight intended,  
All mingled in the flush; but soon 'twill  
deepen

Into revenge's glow. How slow is Vipont!  
I wait the issue, as I've seen spectators  
Suspend the motion even of the eye-lids,  
When the slow gunner, with his lighted  
match,

Approach'd the charged cannon, in the act  
To waken its dread slumbers.—Now 'tis out;  
He draws his sword, and rushes towards me,  
Who will not seek nor shun him.

Enter GORDON, withheld by VIPONT.

VIPONT.

Hold, for the sake of heaven!—O, for the  
sake

Of your dear country, hold!—Has Swinton  
slain your father, [side,

And must ye therefore be yourself a parri-  
And should recorded as the selfish traitor,  
Who in her hour of need, his country's cause

Deserts, that he may wreak a private wrong  
Look to yon banner—that is Scotland's  
standard; [neral

Look to the Regent—he is Scotland's ge-  
Look to the English—they are Scotland's  
foemen! [land,

Bethink thee, then, thou art a son of Scot-  
And think on nought beside.

GORDON.

He hath come here to brave me!—O!  
Unhand me!

Thou can'st not be my father's ancient friend.  
That stand'st 'twixt me and him who slew  
my father.

VIPONT.

You know not Swinton. Scarce one pas-  
sing thought [soul

Of his high mind was with you; now, his  
Is fix'd on this day's battle. You might  
slay him [drawn.—

At unawares before he saw your blade  
Stand still, and watch him close.

Enter MAXWELL, from the Tent.

SWINTON.

How go our councils, Maxwell, may I ask?

MAXWELL.

As wild, as if the very wind and sea  
With every breeze and every billow battled  
For their precedence.

SWINTON,

[spirit;  
Most sure they are possess'd! Some evil!  
To mock their valor, robs them of discretion—  
Fie, fie, upon't!—O that Dunfermline's  
tomb

Could render up The Bruce! that Spain's  
red shore

Could give us back the good Lord James  
of Douglas! [terror,

Or that fierce Randolph, with his voice of  
Were here, to awe these brawlers to sub-  
mission.

VIPONT (to GORDON.)

Thou hast perused him at more leisure now.

GORDON.

I see the giant form which all men speak of,  
The stately port—but not the sullen eye,  
Not the blood-thirsty look, that should be-  
long

To him that made me orphan. I shall need  
To name my father twice ere I can strike  
At such grey hairs, and face of such com-  
mand;

Yet my hand clutches on my falchion-hilt,  
In token he shall die.

When Gordon and Swinton are  
about to commence their attack on

the English bows, the following scene takes place:—

LENNOX.

Farewell, brave friend!—and farewell,  
noble Gordon,  
Whose sun will be eclipsed even as it rises!  
The Regent will not aid you.

SWINTON.

We will so bear us, that as soon the blood-  
hound  
shall halt, and take no part, what time his  
is grappling with the deer as he stand still,  
And see us overmatch'd,

LENNOX.

Alas! thou dost not know how mean his  
pride is,  
How strong his envy,

SWINTON.

[him.

Then will we die, and leave the shame with  
[Exit LENNOX.

VISCONT (to GORDON.)

What ails thee, noble youth? What means  
this pause?—

Thou dost not rue thy generosity?

GORDON.

I have been hurried on by a strong impulse,  
Like to a bark that scuds before the storm,  
Till driven upon some strange and distant  
coast,

[forgiven?

Which never pilot dream'd of.—Have I not  
And am I not still fatherless!

SWINTON.

Gordon, no;

For while we live, I am a father to thee.

GORDON.

[not be,

Thou, Swinton?—no! that cannot, can-  
SWINTON.

Then change the phrase, and say, that  
while we live,

[therless,

Gordon shall be my son.—If thou art fa-  
Am I not childless too? Bethink thee,

Gordon,

[fire,

Our death-feud was not like the household  
Which the poor peasant hides among its  
embers,

To smoulder on, and wait a time for waking.  
Ours was the conflagration of the forest,

Which, in its fury, spares nor sprout nor  
stem,

Hoar oak, nor sapling—not to be extin-  
Till Heaven, in mercy, sends down all her  
waters,

ever;

But, once subdued, its flame is quenched for  
And Spring shall hide the track of devastation,

With foliage and with flowers.—Give me  
thy hand.

GORDON.

My hand and heart!—And freely now—  
to fight!

We had marked several passages  
for extraction, but our press of matter  
this week forbids us to insert them.

### *Bracebridge Hall; or the Humorists.*

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

2 vols. 8vo.

No sooner has Mr. W. Irving made himself deservedly popular in Britain, and acquired that reputation which mixes much pleasure with our expectations of a new work from him, than he prepares to leave us; bearing with him, across the depths of the Atlantic, the good wishes of all who can be conciliated by an amiable disposition, or interested in the fate of genius. Were all American and British authors actuated by a spirit conciliatory as that which breathes in the writings of Mr. W. I., much acrimony and much violence would be spared; and many a prejudice would be softened, which we lament to see yet flourishing in rancorous vigor, and maturing the seeds of future bickerings and long-lived animosities. We are grieved to learn, from an authority so respectable as Mr. I., that though among all the liberal and enlightened minds of his countrymen—among all those which eventually give a tone to national opinion—there exists a cordial desire to be on terms of courtesy and friendship—there exists, unfortunately in those very minds, a distrust of reciprocal good-will on the part of England. Mr. I. intimates, indeed, pretty plainly, that there is danger of being suspected of regarding Great Britain with a partial eye: not, surely, by those liberal and enlightened minds of whom he writes—but in such terms as would induce us to despair of

our deriving justice from their being one or the other. For ourselves, we wish for peace; we can smile at the vehemence of certain transatlantic writers, and we trust that Mr. L., who has had ample opportunities of studying the national temper, will inform his countrymen, that they must not judge the genuine feelings of Britons by the effusions of a raillery, or the bitterness of a spleen, which are no more indicative of the disposition, than they are of the literature, of Britain; and which, in fact, afford about as correct a criterion of the latter, as the caricatures in a print shop give to the rest of Europe, of the state of the fine arts in this country.

Whatever may be the reception of Mr. L's opinions in his native land, here, at least, they will be taken favorably. If not a just pride, at least a pardonable self-love, enlists all our prejudices in the cause of a man who thinks well of us; but who, in truth, stands not in need of our prejudices, to insure a favourable opinion of his productions. He is, in fact, a very pleasing writer, using an agreeable and somewhat elegant style; and if we find him occasionally gossiping and prosing, it must be confessed he does both very pleasantly.

Many of our readers are already familiarly acquainted with Geoffrey Crayon. We shall therefore proceed, without further comment on the author's manner, to give an account of these volumes.

In his first chapter the author brings forward the effect produced on his mind by English scenes, in order to excuse himself if he should be found indulging on trivial themes, or indulging in over-sensitiveness for any thing antique and obsolete. He then conducts us to the seat of the Bracebridge family, mentioned in his 'Sketch Book,' where a gathering of relations and friends had

commenced to celebrate the marriage of the squire's second son, a captain in the army, to his father's ward, the fair Julia Templeton. We have the characters of the inhabitants, guests, and neighbours of the Hall, their manners and occupations, and descriptions of such scenery as is yet to be found about some of our ancient manor-houses. The incidents are few and simple; but the volumes have yet a tinge of the romantic, of the Sir Roger de Coverley kind. A few tales are introduced, which are supposed to be narrated by some of the characters at the Hall. The first of these personages, whom we shall introduce to our readers, is the busy man:—

By no one (says Geoffrey Crayon) has my return to the Hall been more heartily greeted than by Mr. Simon Bracebridge, or Master Simon, as the squire most commonly calls him. I encountered him just as I entered the park, where he was breaking a pointer; and he received me with all the hospitable cordiality with which a man welcomes a friend to another one's house. He is a brisk old bachelor-looking little man; the wit and superannuated beau of a large family connexion; and the squire's factotum. I found him, as usual, full of bustle; with a thousand petty things to do, and persons to attend to, and in chirping good humor; for there are few happier beings than a busy idler; that is to say, a man who is eternally busy about nothing.

I visited him, the morning after my arrival; in his chamber, which is in a remote corner of the mansion, as he says he likes to be by himself, and out of the way. He has fitted it up in his own taste, so that it is a perfect epitome of an old bachelor's notions of convenience and arrangement. The furniture is made up of odd pieces from all parts of the house, chosen on account of their utility in the way of sitting some corner of his apartment; and he is very eloquent in praise of his favorite elbow chair, from which he takes occasion to digress into a catalogue of modern chairs, as having degenerated from all dignity and comfort of high-backed antiquity.

Adjoining to his chamber is a small cabinet, which he calls his study. Here are some hanging shelves, of his own construe-

gem, on which are several old works on hawking, hunting and farriery, and a collection or two of poems and songs of the reign of Elizabeth, which he studies out of compliment to the squire; together with the *Novellists' Magazine*, the *Sporting Magazine*, the *Racing Calendar*, a volume or two of the *Newgate Calendar*, a book of peerage, and another of heraldry.

His sporting dresses hang on pegs in a small closet; and about the walls of his apartment are hooks to hold his fishing-tackle, whips, spurs, and a favourite fowling-piece, curiously wrought and inlaid, which he inherits from his grandfather.—He has also a couple of old single-keyed futes, and a fiddle, which he has repeatedly patched and mended himself, affirming it to be a veritable Cremona; though I have never heard him extract a single note from it that was not enough to make one's blood run cold.

From this little nest his fiddle will often be heard, in the stillness of mid-day, drop-wisly sawing some long-forgotten tune; for he prides himself on having a choice collection of good old English music, and will scarcely have any thing to do with modern composers. The time, however, at which his musical powers are of most use, is now and then of an evening, when he plays for the children to dance in the hall, and he passes among them and the servants for a perfect Orpheus.

His chamber also bears evidence of his various avocations; there are half-copied sheets of music; designs for needlework; sketches of landscapes, very indifferently executed; a camera lucida; a magic lantern, for which he is endeavouring to paint glasses; in a word, it is the cabinet of a man of many accomplishments, who knows a little of every thing and does nothing well.

After I had spent some time in his apartment, admiring the ingenuity of his small inventions, he took me about the establishment, to visit the stables, dog-kennel, and other dependencies, in which he appeared like a general visiting the different quarters of his camp; as the squire leaves the controul of all these matters to him, when he is at the Hall. He inquired into the state of the horses; examined their feet; prescribed a drench for one, and bled for another; and then took me to look at his own horse, on the merits of which he dwelt with great prolixity, and

which, I noticed, had the best stall in the stable.

The next is *the widow* :—

Notwithstanding the whimsical parade made by Lady Lilycraft on her arrival, she has none of the petty statchiness that I had imagined; but, on the contrary, she has a degree of good-nature, & simple-heartedness, if I may use the phrase, that mingles well with her old-fashioned manners and harmless ostentation. She dresses in rich silks, with long waist; she rouges considerably, and her hair, which is nearly white, is frizzed out, and put up with pins. Her face is pitted with the small-pox, but the delicacy of her features shows that she may once have been beautiful; and she has a very fair and well-shaped hand and arm, of which, if I mistake not, the good lady is still a little vain.

I have had the curiosity to gather a few particulars concerning her. She was a great belle in town between 30 and 40 years since, and reigned for two seasons with all the insolence of beauty, refusing several excellent offers; when, unfortunately, she was robbed of her charms and her lovers by an attack of the small-pox. She retired immediately into the country, where she some time after inherited an estate, and married a baronet, a former admirer, whose passion had suddenly revived; 'having,' as he said, 'always loved her mind rather than her person.'

The baronet did not enjoy her mind and fortune above six months, and had scarcely grown very tired of her, when he broke his neck in a fox-chase, and left her free, rich, and disconsolate. She has remained on her estate in the country ever since, and has never shown any desire to return to town, and revisit the scene of her early triumphs and fatal malady. All her favourite recollections however, revert to that short period of her youthful beauty. She has no idea of town but as it was at that time; and continually forgets that the place and people must have changed materially in the course of half a century. She will often speak of the toasts of those days as if still reigning; and, until very recently, used to talk with delight of the royal family, and the beauty of the young princes and princesses. She cannot be brought to think of the present king otherwise than as an elegant young man, rather wild, but who danced a minuet divinely; and before he came to the

caprice, would often mention him as the sweet young prince.

She talks also of the walks in Kensington Garden, where the gentlemen appeared in gold-laced coats and cocked hats, and the ladies in hoops, and swept so proudly along the grassy avenues; and she thinks the ladies let themselves sadly down in their dignity, when they gave up cushioned head-dresses, and high-heeled shoes. She has much to say too of the officers who were in the train of her admirers; and speaks familiarly of many wild young blades, that are now, perhaps, hobbling about watering-places with crutches and gouty shoes.

Whether the taste the good lady had of matrimony discouraged her or not, I cannot say; but though her merits and her riches have attracted many suitors, she has never been tempted to venture again into the happy state. This is singular too, for she seems of a most soft and susceptible heart; is always talking of love and conjugal felicity; and is a great stickler for old-fashioned gallantry, devoted attentions, and eternal constancy, on the part of the gentlemen. She lives, however, after her own taste. Her house, I am told, must have been built and furnished about the time of Sir Charles Grandison: every thing about it is somewhat formal and stately; but has been softened down into a degree of voluptuousness, characteristic of an old lady very tender-hearted and romantic, and that loves her ease. The cushions of the great arm-chairs, and wide sofas, almost bury you when you sit down on them.—Flowers of the most rare and delicate kind are placed about the rooms and on little japanned stands; and sweet bags lie about the tables and mantle-pieces. The house is full of pet dogs, Angora cats, and singing birds, who are as carefully waited upon as she is herself.

She is dejected in her living, and a little of an ascetic, living on white meats, and little lady-like dishes, though her servants have substantial old English fare, as their looks bear witness. Indeed they are so indulged, that they are all spoiled; and when they lose their present place, they will be fit for no other. Her ladyship is one of those easy, temperate beings that are always doomed to be much liked, but ill served by their domestics, and cheated by all the world.

Much of her time is passed in reading novels, of which she has a most extensive

library, and has a constant supply from the publishers in town. Her education in this line of literature is immense; she has kept pace with the press for half a century. Her mind is stuffed with love-stories of all kinds, from the stately armoirs of the old books of chivalry, down to the last blue-covered romance, reeking from the press; though she evidently gives the preference to those that came out in the days of her youth, and when she was first in love.—She maintains that there are no novels written now-a-days equal to Pamela and Sir Charles Grandison; and she places the Castle of Otranto at the head of all romances.

She does a vast deal of good in her neighbourhood, and is imposed on by every beggar in the county. She is the benefactress of a village adjoining her estate, and takes an especial interest in all its love affairs. She knows of every courtship that is going on; every love-lorn damsel is sure to find a patient listener and a sage adviser in her ladyship. She takes great pains to reconcile all love-quarrels, and should any faithless swain persist in his inconstancy, he is sure to draw on himself the good lady's violent indignation.

Then comes General Harbottle:—

He is, as Master Simon observed, a soldier of the old school, with powdered head, side locks, and pigtail. His face is shaped like the stern of a Dutch man of war, narrow at top, and wide at bottom, with full rosy cheeks and a double chin; so that, to use the cant of the day, his organs of eating may be said to be powerfully developed.

The general, though a veteran, has seen very little active service, except the taking of Seringapatam, which forms an era in his history. He wears a large emerald in his bosom, and a diamond on his finger, which he got on that occasion; and whoever is unlucky enough to notice either, is sure to involve himself in the whole history of the siege. To judge from the general's conversation, the taking of Seringapatam is the most important affair that has occurred for the last century.

On the approach of Waslike times on the continent, he was rapidly promoted to get him out of the way of younger officers of merit; until, having been hoisted to the rank of general, he was quietly laid on the shelf. Since that time his campaigns have been principally confined to watering places where he drinks the waters for a slight touch

of the liver, which he got in India; and plays whist with old dowagers, with whom he has flirted in his younger days. Indeed he talks of all the fine women of the last half century, and, according to hints which he now and then drops, has enjoyed the particular smile of many of them.

He has seen considerable garrison duty, and can speak of almost every place famous for good quarters, and where the inhabitants give good dinners. He is a diner out of first-rate currency, when in town; being invited to one place, because he has been seen at another. In the same way he is invited about the country seats, and can describe half the seats in the kingdom, from actual observation; nor is any one better versed in court gossip, and the pedigrees and intermarriages of the nobility.

As the general is an old bachelor, and an old beau, and there are several ladies at the Hall, especially his quondam flame Lady Jocelyne, he is put rather upon his gallantry. He commonly passes some time therefore, at his toilette, and takes the field at a late hour in the morning, with his hair dressed out and powdered, and a rose in his button hole. After he has breakfasted, he walks up and down the terrace in the sunshine, humming an air, and hemming between every stave, carrying one hand behind his back, and with the other touching the ground with his cane, and then raising it up to his shoulder. Should he, in these morning promenades, meet any of the elder ladies of the family, as he frequently does Lady Lillycraft, his hat is immediately in his hand, and it is enough to remind one of those courtly groups of ladies and gentlemen, in old prints of Windsor Terrace, or Kensington Garden.

He talks frequently about 'the service,' and is fond of humming the old song,

Why, soldiers, why,  
Should we be melancholy, boys?  
Why, soldiers, why,  
Whose business 'tis to die!

I cannot discover, however, that the general has ever run any great risk of dying, excepting from an apoplexy, or an indigestion. He reviews all the battles on the continent, and discusses the merits of the commanders, but never fails to bring the conversation, ultimately, to Tipoo Sahib, and Seringapatam. I am told that the general was a perfect champion at drawing-rooms, parades, and watering places, during the late war; and was looked to with hope and confidence

by many an old lady, when labouring under the terror of Bonaparte's invasion.

He is thoroughly loyal, and attends punctually on levees when in town. He has treasured up many remarkable sayings of the late king, particularly one which the king made to him on a field day, complimenting him on the excellence of his horse. He extols the whole royal family, especially the present king, whom he pronounces the most perfect gentleman and best whist-player in Europe. The general swears rather more than is the fashion of the present day; but it was the mode in the old school. He is, however, very strict in religious matters, and a staunch churchman. He repeats the responses very loudly in church, and is emphatical in praying for the king and the royal family.

At table his loyalty waxes very fervent with his second bottle, and the song of 'God save the king' puts him into a perfect ecstasy. He is amazingly well contented with the present state of things, and apt to get a little impatient at any talk about national ruin and agricultural distress. He says he has travelled about the country as much as any man, and has met with nothing but prosperity; and to confess the truth, a great part of his time is spent in visiting from one country seat to another, and riding about the parks of his friends. 'They talk of public distress,' said the general this day to me, at dinner, as he smacked a glass of rich burgundy, and cast his eyes about the ample board; 'they talk of public distress, but where do we find it, sir? I see none. I see no reason any one has to complain. Take my word for it, sir, this talk about public distress is all humbug!'

In the chapter intitled *English Country Gentleman*, there is much matter worthy of very serious attention, and we strongly recommend one part of it to the consideration of those among our countrymen who, in this season of the diminution of incomes arising from land, meditate carrying off their reduced rents to be spent in a foreign land.

I do not know a more desirable condition of life, than that of an English gentleman, of sound judgement and good feelings, who passes the greater part of his time on a hereditary estate in the country. From the excellence of the roads and the rapidity and exactness of the public conveyances, he is

enabled to command all the comforts and conveniences, all the intelligence and novelties of the capital while he is removed from its hurry and distraction. He has ample means of occupation and amusement within his own domains; he may diversify his time by rural occupations, by rural sports, by study, and by the delights of friendly society collected within his own hospitable halls.

Or if his views and feelings are of a more extensive and liberal nature, he has it greatly in his power to do good, and to have that good immediately reflected back upon himself. He can render essential service to his country, by assisting in the disinterested administration of the laws; by watching over the opinions and principles of the lower orders around him; by diffusing among them those lights which may be important to their welfare; by mingling frankly among them, gaining their confidence, becoming the immediate auditor of their complaints, informing himself of their wants, making himself a channel through which their grievances may be quietly communicated to the proper sources of mitigation and relief; or by becoming, if need be, the intrepid and incorruptible guardian of their liberties—the enlightened champion of their rights.

All this can be done without any sacrifice of personal dignity, without any degrading arts of popularity, without any truckling to vulgar prejudices, or concurrence in vulgar clamor; but by the steady influence of sincere and friendly council, of fair, upright, and generous deportment. Whatever may be said of English mobs, and English demagogues, I have never met with a people more open to reason, more considerate in their tempers, more tractable by argument in the roughest times, than the English. They are remarkably quick at discerning and appreciating whatever is manly and honorable. They are by nature and habit methodical and orderly: and they feel the value of all that is regular and respectable. They may occasionally be deceived by sophistry, and excited into turbulence by public distresses and misrepresentations of designing men; but open their eyes, and they will eventually rally round the land-marks of steady truth, and deliberate good sense. They are fond of established customs, they are fond of long established names, and that love of order and quiet which characterises the nation, gives a vast influence to the descendants

of the old families, whose forefathers have been lords of the soil from time immemorial.

It is when the rich and well-educated and highly-privileged classes neglect their duties, when they neglect to study the interests, and conciliate the affections, and instruct the opinions, and champion the rights of the people, that the latter become discontented and turbulent, and fall into the hands of demagogues: the demagogue always steps in where the patriot is wanting. There is a common high-handed cant among the high-feeding, and as they fancy themselves, high-minded men, about putting down the mob; but all true physicians know that it is better to sweeten the blood, then attack the tumor, to apply the emollient rather than the cautery. It is absurd in a country like England, where there is so much freedom, and such a jealousy of right, for any man to assume an aristocratic tone, and to talk superciliously of the common people. There is no rank that makes him independent of the opinions and affections of his fellow men, there is no rank nor distinction that severs him from his fellow-subject; and if, by any gradual neglect or assumption on the one side, and discontent and jealousy on the other, the orders of society should really separate, let those who stand on the eminence beware that the chasm is not mining at their feet. The orders of society in all well constituted governments are mutually bound together, and important to each other: there can be no such thing in a free government as a vacuum; and whenever one is likely to take place, by the drawing off of the rich and intelligent from the poor, the bad passions of society will rush in to fill up the space, and rend the whole asunder.

Though born and brought up in a republic, and more and more confirmed in republican principles by every year's observation and experience, yet I am not insensible to the excellence that may exist in other forms of government, nor to the fact that they may be more suitable to the situation and circumstances of the countries in which they exist: I have endeavoured rather to look at them as they are, and to observe how they are calculated to effect the end which they propose. Considering, therefore, the mixed nature of the government of this country, and its representative form, I have looked with admiration at the manner in which the wealth and influence



and intelligence were spread over its whole surface: not as in some monarchies, drained from the country, and collected in towns and cities. I have considered the great rural establishments of the nobility, and the lesser establishments of the gentry, as so many reservoirs of wealth and intelligence distributed about the kingdom, apart from the towns, to irrigate, freshen, and fertilise the surrounding country. I have looked upon them too, as the august retreats of patriots and statesmen, where, in the enjoyment of honorable independence and elegant leisure, they might train up their minds to appear in those legislative assemblies whose debates and decisions form the study and precedents of other nations, and involve the interests of the world.

I have been both surprised and disappointed, therefore, at finding, that on this subject I was often indulging in an Utopian dream, rather than a well-founded opinion. I have been concerned at finding that these fine estates were too often involved, and mortgaged, or placed in the hands of creditors, and the owners exiled from their paternal lands. There is an extravagance, I am told, that runs parallel with wealth; a lavish expenditure among the great; a senseless competition among the aspiring; a heedless, joyless dissipation, among the upper ranks, that often beggars even these splendid establishments, breaks down the pride and principles of their possessors, and makes too many of them mere place-hunters, or shifting absentees. It is thus that so many are thrown into the hands of government; and a court which ought to be the most pure and honourable in Europe, is so often degraded by noble, but importunate time-servers. It is thus, too, that so many become exiles from their native land, crowding the hotels of foreign countries, and expending upon thankless strangers the wealth so hardly drained from their laborious peasantry. I have looked upon these latter with a mixture of censure and concern. Knowing the almost bigoted fondness of an Englishman for his native home, I can conceive what must be their compunction and regret, when, amidst the sun-burnt plains of France, they call to mind, the green fields of England; the hereditary groves which they have abandoned, and the hospitable roof of their fathers, which they have left desolate, or to be inhabited by strangers. But retrenchment is no plea for an abandonment of country.—They have risen with the

prosperity of the land; let them abide its fluctuations, and conform to its fortunes. It is not for the rich to fly because the country is suffering; let them share, in their relative proportion, the common lot; they owe it to the land which has elevated them to honour and affluence. When the poor have to diminish their scanty morsel of bread; when they have to compound with the cravings of nature, and study with how little they can do, and not be starved; it is not then for the rich to fly, and diminish still farther the resources of the poor, that they themselves may live in splendor in a cheaper country. Let them rather retire to their estates, and there practise retrenchment. Let them return to that noble simplicity, that practical good sense, that honest pride which forms the foundation of true English character, and from them they may again rear the edifice of fair and honorable prosperity.

On the rural habits of the English nobility and gentry; on the manner in which they discharge their duties on their patrimonial possessions, depend greatly the virtue and welfare of the nation. So long as they pass the greater part of their time in the quiet and purity of the country, surrounded by the monuments of their illustrious ancestors, surrounded by every thing that can inspire generous pride, noble emulation, and amiable and magnanimous sentiment; so long they are safe, and in them the nation may repose its interests and its honor. But the moment that they become the servile throngers of court avenues, and give themselves up to the political intrigues, and heartless dissipations of the metropolis, that moment they lose the real nobility of their natures, and become the mere leeches of the country.

That the great majority of nobility and gentry in England are endowed with high notions of honour and independence, I thoroughly believe. They have evidenced it lately on very important questions, and have given an example of adherence to principle, in preference to party and power, that must have astonished many of the venal and obsequious courts of Europe. Such are the glorious effects of freedom, when infused into a constitution. But it seems to me that they are apt to forget the positive nature of their duties, and to fancy that their eminent privileges are only so many means of self-indulgence. They should recollect, that in a constitution like that of England, the titled orders are intended to be a use.

ful as they are ornamental, and it is their virtues alone that can render them both. Their duties are divided between the sovereign and the subject; surrounding and giving lustre and dignity to the throne, and at the same time tempering and mitigating its rays, until they are transmitted in mild and genial radiance to the people. Born to leisure and opulence, they owe the exercise of their talents, and the expenditure of their wealth, to their native country. They may be compared to the clouds; which, being drawn up by the sun, and elevated in the heavens, reflect and magnify his splendor; while they repay the earth, from which they derive their sustenance, by returning their treasure to its bosom in fertilising showers.

## PINE ARTS.

### WILKIE'S BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

The composition of this charming picture is delightfully fascinating.—The blindfolded rustic, the hero of the piece, is nearly in the middle of the picture. He is moving slowly and cautiously forward, putting out his *feelers* (alias hands) as he makes his way: and of which the left is just about to touch the head of a wretch, shrinking like a snail into his shell; while above him, an elderly man presses backward, drawing in his breath, and hollowing his body, and squeezing, in the act of retreat, a couple of children, one of whom screams lustily from the pressure, and the other looks with increased earnestness at the critical progress of the blinded man. A young girl of sixteen, with a piece of black velvet run through the hair, is leaning against the chimney piece, and looking archly over her left shoulder, as if she should have no objection to be blindfolded next. Still lower down to the

left, in the foreground of the piece, is a group pretty actively engaged—one female in particular, has fallen into a trap, between two men, of whom the upper, stately rogue, is smothering her with kisses. Above them, is perhaps the most characteristic figure of the whole. We see a man crawling along the wall, with arms and feet, like a great black spider, measuring his distance as he crawls, and enjoying the agility and dexterity of his movements. A little girl in a corner, hiding her face with her apron, is a most happy thought; exhibiting one of those touches of human nature, in the knowledge of which Wilkie has no equal.

A young woman, on the ground, with her right arm extended, links this group to that on the opposite side of the picture very artfully and successfully. The opposite, or left group, exhibits a man with a feather in his hat, and two females, very beautifully intertwined with each other. Two luckless boys have tumbled over a chair: one seems to have broken his shin, and is making a hideous face; the other has escaped, and laughs aloud. The legs of these lads are done to the life. But the man immediately in the foreground, kneeling down, and extending his left arm, about to touch the blindfolded hero, is perfect of his kind. He tells the story as much as any of his comrades. His gaiters, coat, head, and hand, are delightfully characteristic. The background contains a few straggling figures, all interested in what is going on. The ceiling, wainscoat, and furniture, exhibit a beautiful study of appropriate accessories; and in looking at this joyous group, one longs to doff the straight-laced garment of sober years, and to mingle where so much 'mirth and innocence' seem to prevail.

## Poetry.

## ODE TO SCANDAL.

Mark yonder weeping maid,  
Sadly deserted laid,  
Beside that mournfull willow:  
There, every day, in silent woe,  
She bids her tears incessant flow,  
And every night forlornly pining,  
Mute, on her lily hand reclining,  
Bedews her waking pillow.

Sweet girl! She was once most enchanting-  
ly gay,  
Each youth own'd her charms, and acknow-  
ledg'd their sway.  
No arts did she use to acquire every grace,  
'Twas good humour alone that enlivened  
her face,—  
Pure nature had leave in her actions to  
speak.  
The spirit of youth gave the blush to her  
cheek;  
And her looks uninstructed her thoughts  
would impart,  
For her eyes only flash'd from the wrath of  
of her heart:  
Herself undesigning, no scheme she sus-  
pected,  
Ne'er dreaming of ambush, defence she  
neglected;  
With the youth that she loved, at the moon's  
silver hour,  
In confidence tender, she stole to the bower  
There he hoped his designs to have basely  
obtain'd,  
But she spurned at the insult her virtue  
sustain'd;  
And he, in revenge for his baffled endeavour  
Gave a hint.—'Twas enough—she was  
ruined for ever!  
A thousand kind females the story augment-  
ed,  
Each day, grinning Envy additions invented  
'Till insatiate Malice had gained all her  
ends,  
Had robb'd her of character,—happiness—  
friends.

And now, poor maid, alone,  
Shun'd as a pest, she makes her moan,  
And in unheard despair,  
Yields, all resigned, to soul-consuming  
care;  
And oftentimes her maddening brain  
Turns with its feverish weight of pain,

And then a thousand childish things,  
The pretty mad one rudely sings!  
Or mute on the pathway she gazes,  
And weeps as she scatters her daisies;  
Or else in a strain, more distractedly  
loud, [fancy,  
She chaunts the sad thoughts of her  
And shivers and sings of her cold shroud  
Alas! alas! poor Nancy!  
Nay, weep not now—'tis now too late  
Thy friendship might have stopp'd her  
fate.

Rather now hide thy head in conscious  
shame,  
Thy tongue too blabb'd the lie that  
damn'd her fame.

Such are the triumphs SCANDAL claims,  
Triumphs derived from ruin'd names:  
Such as to generous minds unknown,  
And honest minds would blush to own.  
Nor think, vain woman, while you  
sneer

At others' faults that you are clear;  
No—turn your back—you undergo  
The malice you to others show;  
And soon, by some malicious tale o'er-  
thrown,

Like Nancy, fall, unpitied and unknown.  
Oh! then, ye blooming fair, attend;  
And take kind CANDOUR for your friend;  
Nor forfeit for a mean delight,  
That power o'er Man that's your's by  
right.

To WOMAN every charm was given,  
Designed by all indulgent Heaven,  
To soften care;  
For ye were formed to bless mankind,  
To harmonize and sooth the mind:  
Indeed, indeed, ye were.

But when, from these sweet lips we  
hear  
Ill nature's whisper, Envy's sneer,  
Your pow'r that moment dies:  
Each coxcomb makes your name his  
sport,  
And fools, when angry, will retort  
What men of sense despise.

Leave then, such vain disputes as these,  
And take a nobler road to please,  
Let CANDOUR guide your way;  
So shall you daily conquests gain,  
And Captives, happy in your chain,  
Be proud to own your sway.

## MANSLAUGHTER.

'Twas somewhere on the Sussex shore,  
A hundred years ago or more,

It might be Westham, Pevensey, or Bourn;  
Yet God forbid my muse should lie,  
I know not which it was, not I,  
'Twas some place where the quality sojourn.

No matter then the name o' th' place,  
Perhaps 'twould prove a wild goose  
chase,  
In search o' th' truth to either town to ride;  
The story's good, let that suffice,  
You need not be so over nice,  
I swear the actors are not much belied.

A prisoner, long in dungeon vile,  
In that damned place yclep'd the jail,  
Had lain for stealing Old 'Squire Quorum's brogues;  
A worthy magistrate was he,  
As any in those parts you'd see,  
The terror of all Breeches-stealing rogues.

Anon the day of trial comes,  
Their worshipfuls were on their Bums,  
And all the Court in silence sat;  
The Jury sworn, the culprit brought  
To know if he could offer aught  
In mitigation of what he'd been at.

But he, poor wretch, had nought to  
say,  
'Twas not his speechifying day,  
He did but plead not guilty of the sin;  
And now the Jury were sent out,  
To know if there remained a doubt  
With any one,—what verdict to bring in.

Now 'tis much doubted in this nation,  
If men born free of corporation,  
Are any wiser than we common hogs;  
But I ne'er doubted 'bout the case,  
For men who always are in place  
Are keen of sense, oh! wond'rous witty  
dogs.

The Brogues were new, so was the  
crime,  
No theft like this at any time,  
Had e'er within the town detected been;  
The foreman hemm'd, but nothing said,  
Each worthy juror shook his head,  
Not e'en a smile through all the group was  
seen.

Now closely shut within their room,  
They ponder'd on the pris'ner's doom,  
But could not all in one opinion meet,  
Some thought 'twas wilful murder  
quite,  
Some swore 'twas ravishment outright;  
But all declared the crime was wond'rous  
great.

And now the foreman's brows unbend,

Soon all their troublings have an end;  
His wisdom hit the right nail on the head;  
MANSLAUGHTER is the crime! he cried;  
It is Manslaughter! each replied,  
And into court they speedily were led.

Where mister foreman, after three low bows,  
Gives in their verdict, and the Court allows;  
And in the records of that Court, no doubt,  
The ground-work of my tale may be trac'd  
out.

## Varieties.

### HINTS FOR A MORAL CATECHISM.

Q. What are friends made of?—A.  
Persons who can please or serve each  
other.

Where can I get them?—Every  
where, if you have rank, influence, or  
money.

Will they break?—Unless they mu-  
tually bend, they must break very soon.

What are enemies made of?—The  
most bitter of friends.

What are they good for?—To  
weary us of earth, and make us endeavor  
to fit ourselves for heaven.

What does 'Enough' mean?—A  
little more than we have.

Where can I get it?—I never  
knew any body who had it.

What is experience made of?—Ob-  
servation on other people's mistakes,  
and the remembrance of suffering from  
our own.

What is it good for?—To make  
disappointment bearable.

What is love?—An illusion—a  
dream, from which we awake dissatis-  
fied. Important, only, when it con-  
cerns ourselves—ridiculous when we  
observe it in others.

Can it be bought?—No.; but  
though extremely precious it is ge-  
nerally thrown away. When it is of-  
fered, it is genuine; when asked, the  
commodity rendered will generally be

found to be gratitude.

Where does it come from?—Heaven. If pure, it mounts thither again. It is too exquisite for earth, and seldom rests on it long.

What is courage made of?—The fear of contempt.

What is it good for?—Self-preservation, and the protection of others.

What is justice?—The principle and cause of all virtue, as light is the principle and cause of all colour.

Can it be bought?—Yes, but it is very dear.

What is politeness?—The art of avoiding to give unnecessary pain.

What is flattery?—The art of deceiving others, in order to ingratiate ourselves in their opinion.

What is hope made of?—Our wishes. It dances before our path, but fades when we attempt to grasp it; like the rainbow, which seems to rest on earth, but is only the creation of our vision.

What is disappointment made of?—Hope.

Where can I get it?—Every where, if you take imagination and passion for your guides.

What is pity?—The uneasy sensation we feel when we look at suffering.

What is it good for?—Nothing—unless accompanied by active benevolence.

What is mischief?—The wit of fools.

What is punning?—The folly of wit.

What is a repartee?—That which it is clever to think, and wise to suppress.

What is revenge made of?—The seed of injury, sown in a rank soil.

What is it good for?—To people the dominions of Satan.

What is resentment?—The natural consequence of injury.

What is it good for?—To terrify evil minds into the bounds of decency.

Where can I find it?—Wherever you have repulsed tenderness, insulted

misery, offended vanity, thwarted passion, or irritated self-love.

What is wedded happiness made of?—Mutual forbearance, tenderness, and respect.

Is it dear?—It cannot be dear at any price.

Will it break?—When it is broken by death, it is rejoined in heaven.

What is beauty?—A key to the heart of the beholder, the apology for many follies, and the inducement to many more.

Can I buy it?—Not the thing itself, but you may buy the person who has it.

What are romances made of?—Stories of people who never lived, chronicles of things never done, and relations of words never spoken.

What are they good for?—To soften the heart, amuse the fancy, and refine the taste.

What are reviews?—Books which are written by the friends or enemies of people who have written other Books, and which praise or blame them accordingly.

How can I get into them?—You must write a good deal better or worse than other people.

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# THE LITERARY MELANGE,

OR

## WEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 5. WEDNESDAY, 17th JULY, 1822. PRICE 3d.

### YOUTH OF GENIUS.

Genius, that creative part of art which individualises the artist, belonging to him and to no other,—is it an inherent faculty in the constitutional dispositions of the individual, or can it be formed by the patient acquisitions of art?

Many sources of genius have indeed been laid open to us, but if these may sometimes call it forth, have they ever supplied its want? Could Spenser have struck out a poet in Cowley, Richardson a painter in Reynolds, and Descartes a metaphysician in Mallebranche, had they not borne that vital germ of nature, which, when endowed with its force, is always developing itself to a particular character of genius? The accidents related of these men have occurred to a thousand, who have run the same career; but how does it happen, that the multitude remain a multitude, and the man of genius arrives alone at the goal?

The equality of minds in their native state is as monstrous a paradox, or a term as equivocal in metaphysics, as the quality of men in the political state. Both come from the French school in evil times; and ought, therefore, as Job said, "to be eschewed." Nor can we trust to Johnson's defini-

tion of genius, "as a mind of general powers *accidentally* determined by some particular direction," as this rejects any native aptitude, while we must infer on this principle that the reasoning Locke, without an ear or an eye, could have been the musical and fairy Spenser.

The virtuous and contemplative Boyle imagined that he had discovered in childhood that disposition of mind which indicated an instinctive ingenuousness; an incident which he relates, evinced, as he thought that even then he preferred aggravating his fault, rather than consent to suppress any part of the truth, an effort which had been unnatural to his mind. His fanciful, yet striking illustration may open our inquiry. "This trivial passage"—the little story alluded to—"I have mentioned now, not that I think that in itself it deserves a relation, but because as the sun is seen best at his rising and his setting, so men's native dispositions are clearest perceived whilst they are children, and when they are dying. These little sudden actions are the greatest discoverers of men's true humours."—That the dispositions of genius in early life presage its future character, was long the feeling of antiquity. Isocrates, after much previous observation

of those who attended his lectures, would advise one to engage in political studies, exhorted another to compose history, elected some to be poets, and some to adopt his own profession. He thought that nature had some concern in forming a man of genius; and he tried to guess at her secret by detecting the first energetic inclination of the mind. This principle guided the Jesuits.

In the old romance of King Arthur, when a cowherd comes to the king to request he would make his son a knight—"It is a great thing thou askest," said Arthur, who inquired whether this entreaty proceeded from him or his son? The old man's answer is remarkable—"Of my son, not of me; for I have thirteen sons, and all these will fall to that labour I put them; but this child will not labour for me, for any thing that I and my wife will do; but always he will be shooting and casting darts, and glad for to see battles, and to behold knights, and always day and night he desireth of me to be made a knight." The king commanded the cowherd to fetch all his sons; they were all shapen much like the poor man; but Tor was not like any of them in shape and in countenance, for he was much more than any of them. And so Arthur knighted him. This simple tale is the history of genius—the cowherd's twelve sons were like himself, but the unhappy genius in the family who perplexed and plagued the cowherd and his wife and his twelve brothers, was the youth averse to labour, but active enough in performing knightly exercises; and dreaming on chivalry amidst a herd of cows.

In reading the memoirs of a man of genius we often reprobate the domestic persecutions of those who opposed his inclinations. No poet but is moved with indignation at the recol-

lection of the Port Royal Society thrice burning the romance which Racine at length got by heart; no geometrician but bitterly inveighs against the father of Pascal for not suffering him to study Euclid, which he at length understood without studying. The father of Petrarch in a barbarous rage burnt the poetical library of his son amidst the shrieks, the groans, and the tears of the youth. Yet this neither converted Petrarch into a sober lawyer, nor deprived him of the Roman laurel. The uncle of Alfieri for more than twenty years suppressed the poetical character of this noble bard; he was a poet without knowing to write a verse, and Nature, like a hard creditor, exacted with redoubled interest, all the genius which the uncle had so long kept from her. Such are the men whose inherent impulse no human opposition, and even no adverse education, can deter from being great men.

If the youth of genius is apt to retire from the ordinary sports of his mates, he often substitutes others, the reflections of those favourite studies which are haunting his young imagination; the amusements of such an idler have often been fanciful. **ARIOSTO**, While yet a schoolboy, composed a sort of tragedy from the story of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, and had it represented by his brothers and sisters. **POPE** seems to have indicated his passion for *Homer* in those rough scenes which he drew up from *Ogilby's* version; and when **SIR WILLIAM JONES** at *Harrow* divided the fields according to a map of Greece, and portioned out to each school-fellow a dominion, and further, when wanting a copy of the *Tempest* to act from, he supplied it from his memory, we must confess that the boy **JONES** was reflecting in his amusements the cast of mind he displayed in his after-life, and that

felicity of memory and taste so prevalent in his literary character. FLO-RIAN'S earliest years were passed in shooting birds all day and reading every evening an old translation of the Iliad; whenever he got a bird remarkable for its size or its plumage, he personified it by one of the names of his heroes, and raising a funeral pyre consumed the body; collecting the ashes in an urn, he presented them to his grandfather, with a narrative of his Patroclus or Sarpedon. We seen here to detect, reflected in his boyish sports, the pleasing genius of the author of Numa Pompilius, Gonsalvo of Cordova and William Tell.

It is perhaps a criterion of talent when a youth is distinguished by his equals; at that moment of life with no flattery on the one side, and no artifice on the other, all emotion and no reflection, the boy who has obtained a predominance has acquired this merely by native powers. The boyhood of NELSON was characterized by events congenial to those of his after-days; and his father understood his character when he declared that "in whatever station he might be placed, he would climb, if possible, to the top of the tree." Some puerile anecdotes which Franklin remembered of himself, in association with his after-life, betray the invention, and the firm intrepidity, of his character; and even perhaps the carelessness of the means to obtain his purpose. In boyhood he was a sort of adventurer; and since his father would not consent to a sea-life, he made the river near him represent the ocean; he lived on the water, and was the daring Columbus of a school-boy's boat. A part where he and his mates stood to angle, in time became a quagmire. In the course of one day the boat was thought of a wharf for stones to stand on, and raised it with a heap of stones deposited there for the

building of a house. But he preferred his wharf to another's house; his contrivances to aid his puny labourers with his resolution not to quit the great work till it was effected, seem to strike out to us the decision and invention of his future character. But the qualities which attract the companions of a school-boy may not be those which are essential to fine genius. The captain or leader of his school-mates has a claim on our attention, but it is the sequestered boy who may chance to be the artist, or the literary character.

Is there then a period in youth which yields decisive marks of the character of genius? The natures of men are as various as their fortunes. Some, like diamonds, must wait to receive their splendor from the slow touches of the polisher, while others, resembling pearls, appear at once born with their beautiful lustre.

Among the inauspicious circumstances is the feebleness of the first attempts; and we must not decide on the talents of a young man by his first works. Dryden and Swift might have been deterred from authorship, had their earliest pieces decided their fate. Racine's earliest composition, which we know of by some fragments his son has preserved, to show their remarkable contrast with his writings, abound with those points and conceits which afterwards he abhorred; the tender author of *Andromache* could not have been discovered while exhausting himself in his wanderings from nature, in running after conceits as absurd and surprising as the worst parts of Cowley. Gibbon betrayed none of the force and magnitude of his powers in his "Essay on Literature," or his attempted *History of Switzerland*. Johnson's cadenced prose is not recognizable in the humble simplicity of his earliest years. Many authors have begun unsuccessfully the walk they



afterwards excelled in. Raphael, when he first drew his meagre forms under Perugino, had not yet conceived one line of that ideal beauty, which one day he of all men could alone execute.

Even the manhood of genius may pass by unobserved by his companions, and may, like Æneas, be hidden in a cloud amidst his associates. The celebrated Fabius Maximus in his boyhood was called in derision "the little sheep," from the meekness and gravity of his disposition. His sedateness and taciturnity, his indifference to juvenile amusements, his slowness and difficulty in learning and his ready submission to his equals, induced them to consider him as one irrecoverably stupid. That greatness of mind, unalterable courage, and invincible character Fabius afterwards displayed, they then imagined had lain concealed in the apparent contrary qualities. The boy of genius may indeed seem slow and dull even to the phlegmatic, for thoughtful and observing dispositions conceal themselves in timorous silent characters, who have not yet learnt their strength; nor can that assiduous love, which cannot tear itself away from the secret instruction it is perpetually imbibing, be easily distinguished from that pertinacity which goes on with the mere plodder. We often hear from the early companions of a man of genius that at school, he had appeared heavy and unpromising. Rousseau imagined that the childhood of some men is accompanied by that seeming and deceitful dulness, which is the sign of a profound genius; and Roger Ascham has placed among "the best natures for learning, the sad-natured and hard-witted child," that is, the thoughtful or the melancholic, and the slow. Domenichino was at first heavy and unpromising, and Passeri expresses his surprise at the accounts he received of the early life of this

great artist. "It is difficult to believe," he says, "what many assert, that from the beginning this great painter had a ruggedness about him, which entirely incapacitated him from learning his profession, and they have heard from himself that he quite despaired of success. Yet I cannot comprehend how such vivacious talents, with a mind so finely organized, and accompanied with such favourable dispositions for the art, would shew such signs of utter incapacity; I rather think that it is a mistake in the proper knowledge of genius, which some imagine indicates itself most decisively by its sudden vehemence, shewing itself like lightning, and like lightning passing away." A parallel case we find in Goldsmith, who passed through an unpromising youth; he declared he was never attached to the belles lettres till he was thirty, that poetry had no peculiar charms for him till that age, and indeed to his latest hour he was surprising his friends by productions which they had imagined he was incapable of composing. Hume was considered, from his sobriety and assiduity, as competent to become a steady merchant; of Johnson it was said that he would never offend in conversation, as of Boileau that he had no great understanding, but would speak ill of no one. Farquhar at college was a heavy companion, and afterwards combined, with great knowledge of the world, a light airy talent. Even a discerning parent or master has entirely failed to develop the genius of the youth, who was afterwards ranked among eminent men; and we ought as little to infer from early unfavourable appearances as from inequality of talent. The great Isaac Barrow's father used to say, that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children he hoped it might be Isaac, as the least promising; and dur-

ing the three years Barrow passed at the Charter-house, he was remarkable only for the utter negligence of his studies and his person. The mother of Sheridan, herself a literary female, pronounced early, that he was the dullest and most hopeless of her sons. Bodmer, at the head of the literary class in Switzerland, who had so frequently discovered and animated the literary youths of his country, could never detect the latent genius of Gesner; after a repeated examination of the young man, he put his parents in despair with the hopeless award that a mind of so ordinary a cast must confine itself to mere writing and accompts.

Some of these facts, we conceive, afford decisive evidence of that instinct in genius, that constitutional propensity in the mind sometimes, called organization, which has inflamed such a war of words by its equivocal term and the ambiguity of its nature; it exists independent of education, and where it is wanting, education can never confer it. Of its mysterious influence we may be ignorant; the effect is more apparent than the cause. It is, however, always working in the character of the chosen mind. In the history of genius, there are unquestionably many secondary causes of considerable influence in developing or even crushing the germ—these have been of late often detected, and sometimes carried even to a ridiculous extreme; but among them none seem more remarkable than the first studies and the first habits.

#### ON PEOPLE WITH ONE IDEA.

There are people who have but one idea: at least, if they have more, they keep it a secret, for they never talk but of one subject.

There is Major C——: he has

but one idea or subject of discourse, Parliamentary Reform. Now Parliamentary Reform is (as far as I know) a very good thing, a very good idea, and a very good subject to talk about: but why should it be the only one? To hear the worthy and gallant Major resume his favourite topic, is like law-business, or a person who has a suit in Chancery going on. Nothing can be attended to, nothing can be talked of but that. Now it is getting on, now again it is standing still; at one time the Master has promised to pass judgment by a certain day, at another he has put it off again and called for more papers, and both are equally reasons for speaking of it. Like the piece of pack-thread in the barrister's hands, he turns and twists it all ways, and cannot proceed a step without it. Some school-boys cannot read but in their own book: and the man of one idea cannot converse out of his own subject. Conversation it is not; but a sort of recital of the preamble of a bill, or a collection of grave arguments for a man's being of opinion with himself. It would be well if there was any thing of character, of eccentricity in all this; but that is not the case. It is a political homily personified, a walking common-place we have to encounter and listen to. It is a tune played on a barrel-organ. It is a common vehicle of discourse into which they get and are set down when they please, without any pains or trouble to themselves. Neither is it professional pedantry or trading quackery: it has no excuse. The man has no more to do with the question which he saddles on all his hearers than you have. This is what makes the matter hopeless. If a farmer talks to you about his pigs or his poultry, or a physician about his patients, or a lawyer about his clients, or a merchant about stock, or an author about him-

self, you know how to account for this, it is a common infirmity, you have a laugh at his expense, and there is no more to be said. But here is a man who goes out of his way to be absurd, and is troublesome by a romantic effort of generosity. You cannot say to him, "All this may be interesting to you, but I have no concern in it: you cannot put him off in that way. He has got possession of a subject which is of universal and paramount interest—and on that plea may hold you by the button as long as he chooses. His delight is to harangue on what nowise regards himself: how then can you refuse to listen to what as little amuses you? Time and tide wait for no man.

There are some who fancy the Corn Bill the root of all evil, and others who trace all the miseries of life to the practice of muffling up children in night-clothes when they sleep or travel. They will disclaim by the hour together on the first, and argue themselves black in the face on the last. It is in vain that you give up the point. They persist in the debate, and begin again—"But don't you see—?" These sort of partial obliquities, as they are more entertaining and original, are also by their nature intermittent. They hold a man but for a season. He may have one a year or every two years; and though, while he is in the height of any new discovery, he will let you hear of nothing else, he varies from himself, and is amusing undesignedly. He is not like the chimera at mid-night.

People of the character here spoken of, that is, who tease you to death with some one idea, generally differ in their favourite notion from the rest of the world; and indeed it is the love of distinction which is mostly at the bottom of this peculiarity. Thus one person is remarkable for living on a

vegetable diet, and never fails to entertain you all dinner-time with an invective against animal food. One of this self-denying class, who adds to the primitive simplicity of this sort of food the recommendation of having it in a raw state, lamenting the death of a patient whom he had augured to be in a good way as a convert to his system, at last accounted for his disappointment in a whisper—"But she ate meat privately, depend upon it." It is not pleasant, though it is what one submits to willingly from some people, to be asked every time you meet, whether you have quite left off drinking wine, and to be complimented or condoled with on your looks according as you answer in the negative or affirmative. Abernethy thinks his pill an infallible cure for all disorders.

A person once complaining to his physician that he thought his mode of treatment had not answered, he assured him it was the best in the world,—"and as a proof of it," says he, "I have had one gentleman, a patient with your disorder, under the same regimen for the last sixteen years!"—I have known persons whose minds were entirely taken up at all times and on all occasions with such questions as the Abolition of the Slave-Trade, the Restoration of the Jews, or the progress of Unitarianism.

I hate to be surfeited with anything, however sweet. I do not want to be always tied to the same question, as if there were no other in the world.—I like a mind more Catholic.

"I love to talk with mariners,  
That come from a far countree."

I am not for "a collision" but "an exchange" of ideas. It is well to hear what other people have to say on a number of subjects. I do not wish to be always respiring the same confined atmosphere, but to vary the scene, and get a little relief and fresh

air out of doors. Do all we can to shake it off, there is always enough of pedantry, egotism, and self conceit left lurking behind : we need not seal ourselves up hermetically in these precious qualities ; so as to think of nothing but our own wonderful discoveries, and hear nothing but the sound of our own voice. Scholars, like princes, may learn something by being *incognito*.— Yet we see those who cannot go into a bookseller's shop, or bear to be five minutes in a stage-coach, without letting you know who they are. They carry their reputation about with them as the snail does its shell, and sit under its canopy, like the lady in the lobster. I cannot understand this at all. What is the use of a man's always revolving round his own little circle ? He must, one should think, be tired of it himself, as well as tire other people. A well-known writer says with much boldness both in the thought and expression, that " a Lord is imprisoned in the Bastille of a *name*, and cannot enlarge himself into man : " and I have known men of genius in the same predicament.

There are persons, who without being chargeable with the vice here spoken of, yet " stand accountant for as great a sin : " though not dull and monotonous, they are vivacious mannerists in their conversation, and excessive egotists. Though they run over a thousand subjects in mere gaiety of heart, their delight still flows from one idea, namely, themselves. Open the book in what page you will, there is a frontispiece of themselves staring you in the face. They are still playing antics and keeping an incessant motion, to attract attention and extort your pittance of approbation. Whether they talk of the town or the country, poetry, or politics, it comes to much the same thing. If they talk to you of the town, its diversions, " its

palaces, its ladies, and its streets," they are the delight, the grace, and ornament of it. If they are describing the charms of the country, they give no account of any individual spot or object or source of pleasure but the circumstance of there being there. " With them conversing, we forget all place, all seasons, and their change." They perhaps pluck a leaf or a flower, patronise it, and hand it you to admire, but select no one feature of beauty or grandeur to dispute the palm of perfection with their own persons. Their rural descriptions are mere landscape back-grounds with their own portraits in an engaging attitude in front. They are not observing or enjoying the scene, but doing the honours as masters of the ceremonies to nature, and arbiters of elegance to all humanity. If they tell a love-tale of enamoured princesses, it is plain they fancy themselves the hero of the piece. If they discuss poetry, their encomiums still turn on something genial and unsophisticated, meaning their own style : if they enter into politics, it is understood that a hint from them to the potentates of Europe is sufficient. In short, as a lover (talk of what you will) brings in his mistress at every turn, so these persons contrive to divert your attention to the same darling object—they are, in fact, in love with themselves ; and like lovers, should be left to keep their own company.

## THE TRAVELLER

No. 1.

To the Editor of the *Literary Melange*.

SIR,

News being the saluting word with almost every description of the community, and it being the peculiar pro-

vince of your Melange to announce the literary news of the day, I shall take the liberty Sir to hand you a paper now and then for a short time, under the appellation of the Traveller, which though neither consisting of the fashions or the politics of the times, and though (as the title implies) these shall chiefly consist of descriptive remarks on our own country, *i. e.* on certain cities, towns, &c. in Great Britain, taken at the close of the year 1817, though never yet made public, and possibly may not seem news to any one, nevertheless I should be happy to think I could form a short series of interesting remarks worthy a place in your publication if from my common-place book and memory together I could be accurate in my descriptions.

From this short apologetical preamble Sir, you will perceive (as will your readers) that nothing great may be expected in this attempt, and that I will think myself sufficiently rewarded if these be found worthy of a perusal and can give any amusement, knowledge or profit to the reader.

I shall not here enter into the motives of the journey that led me to make these notes, but shall merely state that it was more for pleasure than profit, *ergo* the pleasure is the profit thereof.

Being much pleased on the visiting of Port-Glasgow and Greenock (the summer season being far advanced) the noise of the carpenters hammers, the stupendous skeletons of vessels, and the bustling manner of these towns, gave me indeed a far nobler opinion of them than I had previously supposed, and produced a relish for visiting other scenes. Dumbarton also, that considerable borough town.—After having ferried from the opposite shore I was shewn to the top of the Castle by one of the 20th Regt.

from whence I can scarcely point out a more picturesque scene; on the left to the north are the stupendous mountains of the highlands, in particular the gigantic peak of Benlomond and the town of Dumbarton, the latter of which, you completely o'ertop and it appears well on the fore-ground. To view a different part of the panorama, namely to look up the river, which is here of considerable breadth, the scene equally pleased me, I could discover Renfrew, Paisley, &c. a little more to the right, and on turning round the scenery behind equally gratified my curiosity. On the top of this fortress I was shewn a large round cairn of stones which the soldier told me Sir William Wallace reared that he might from thence view the country, from this we came down to the guard-house, where I was presented with a monstrous tall sword that I was told had been wielded by Wallace.

On turning from these sea ports to Paisley, I fancied it but dull and heartless and like to a Sunday, the people walking as saints (so great is the spirit of a sea-port to an inland town) in comparison to the two former of them, though of much greater extent, its abbey, however, is certainly worthy of the historian or antiquary, (and now there is an elegant County Jail, House of Correction, Barracks for foot soldiers, &c. erected here) here also, in almost every street, we have the noisy shuttle heard at every other door and window instead of the carpenters tools, and which gave me singular gratification.

Kilmarnock too, a large and populous town and (like Irvine which has a fine harbour) is much handsomer than I had any idea of, all of which sights, as you may perceive, paved the way, and was but a prelude to more extensive ones.

From this short introductory sketch Sir, you will see my manner is not to dwell long in one place, and to give but a bird's eye view of the scenes as it were, though perhaps too brief an account of the subject in hand—your readers however may think the account of such common topics but too long, and perhaps you may thing it long enough for your paper when you have more important matter. In my next you will find me in Glasgow.

I am Sir,  
Yours respectfully,  
THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE  
NORTH GEORGIA GAZETTE.

To the EDITOR of the Winter Chronicle.

SIR,

I do not know whether you take cognizance of such matters as I am now to address you upon; but if you do, I hope you will endeavour to remedy the grievance I complain of. However improbable it may seem to you in these times of somnolency I like to read for an hour or two, now and then, and even to write a little occasionally beyond the daily repetition of "moderate breezes and cloudy," and the formal assertion that we have been "employed as necessary."

Under these circumstances, added to the great scarcity of light, in our own cabins at this season, you will, I am certain, enter into my feelings of annoyance, at the innumerable disturbances to which our tables are subject; I allude to the habits which some members of our community have acquired in earlier life, and which they continue to practise daily, to the interruption of the more industrious, and to the absolute preclusion of all serious occupation. I have endeavoured to class these annoyances, or rather those who practise them, under separate heads, of which the first are the *Whistlers*, who, having a tolerable ear themselves, seem to forget that the rest of us have any ears at all, and are continually serenading us with "Molly, put the Kettle on," or the "Duke of York's March," with variations, to the utter discomfiture of

every reader within hearing. Of the *Whistlers* there are frequently more than one, and in that case the process is as follows: Whistler the first (whom I shall call A) commences a tune; Whistler the second (B) takes it up about the third or fourth bar, and accompanies him to the end of the stave, by which time A has exhausted his wind, and stopt to replenish his lungs. In the meantime B continues, and just as you are flattering yourself with a hope that *he* also will be soon winded, and allow you to pursue your employments, a third Whistler (C) at the other end of the table, unexpectedly opens his pipes, and takes a spell' at the bellows; soon after which A once more joins the concert with renewed vigour,—and so on *ad libitum*.

Second are the *Hummers*, who are closely allied to the first class, and are distinguished by employing the greater part of the day in humming songs, which they usually do out of tune, and *always* out of time. They are in general more sentimental than the Whistlers in their selection of tunes, confining themselves to the Irish melodies, or some plaintive Scotch ditty. Of these they will hum you a detached bar or two occasionally, in the most pathetic strain imaginable, and are particularly fond of filling up in this manner all the little intervals of time, which are not easily disposed of in any other way, such as while the ink is drying on one side of the paper, or while they are mending their pens, or warming their fingers: perhaps, Mr. Editor, you can recommend some mode of proceeding, by which it shall necessarily fall our that all our pens want mending, and all our fingers warming, exactly at the same instant. We could then all have our *hum* at the same time, and no disturbance would result, as at present, to any individual of the party.

The third class are the *Drummers*, who, to borrow a well-known joke from Joe Miller, were certainly born to make a great noise in the world. They have, like the Whistlers, a tolerable ear for music, and occupy a great deal of their time in drumming most musically with both hands upon the table; they usually join the Whistlers, to whom they may, indeed, be considered as an accompaniment. They have been lately practising a new mode of drumming which is performed by placing the wrist upon the table, and then bringing the nails of each finger, beginning with the little one in quick succession, one after the other,

upon the wood, or what is considered more sonorous and musical, upon a hard-covered book, which they keep by them *shut* for the purpose. I beg leave strongly to recommend this mode, as infinitely more neat and gentleman-like than the other, which consists in merely thumping the table, unmercifully with both hands, like a common drummer, and making the candlesticks and ink-stands dance a hornpipe. Perhaps these first three classes might be employed with advantage for a couple of hours daily in whistling, humming, and drumming to the ship's companies, when they take exercise: and a convenient spot for practising their arts might be selected in the neighbourhood of the boat-house, or the green ravine.

Fourth in order are the *Bangers*, who never bring a book or a desk, or any thing else to the table, without banging it down with all their might and main, to the sad derangement of all weak nerves, and the production of many an unintentional pot-hook in their neighbour's writing. This practice would seem intended to announce the arrival of the said Bangers, as if they had exclaimed, "Behold, I say! I am actually going to write!" Such an event which, it must be confessed, is singular enough in itself, and of vital importance to us all, might, I should think, be announced with full as much effect, and with much less disturbance to others, by all the Bangers being furnished with a conical cap and bells, such as is described to have been worn by Counsellor Puzzlewell on a certain occasion; the jingle of the bells would give ample notice of their approach, and save our table many a lusty thump which even the strongest of them cannot stand without shaking.

The fifth class consists of the *Blowers*, so called from the frequency with which they blow their noses, when nature requires no such operation. By constant practice they have attained such perfection in that noisy art, that it is now really a public nuisance. It resembles the sound of a ferryman's conch, or a news-boy's horn, and being repeated at regular and mechanical intervals, completely distracts your attention. There is a custom on board some of our ships, of sending buglemen to practise at the bowsprit-end, that they may not disturb anybody else. The same situation would be an eligible one for these unnatural and preposterous nose-blowers, who might there be indulged in their propensity to pull

their own noses, without annoying their neighbour's ears. Having already exceeded the limits of a letter, I am under the necessity of concluding, without having half finished my list, and shall, perhaps, resume the subject at some future time, should I see occasion to do so. In the meantime I remain, Mr. Editor,

Your obedient Servant,

Z.

## REVIEW.

*Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voyage from St. Helena. The Opinions and Reflections of Napoleon, on the most important events of his life and Government, in his own words.* By BARRY E. O'MEARA, Esq., his late Surgeon. 2 vols.

Among the books which have appeared in the present day, perhaps not one is more calculated to excite contrary opinions than that now before us. No individual has more divided the opinions of society, than the subject of it: to none has more lavish praise, or more vehement censure been applied; the strongest prejudices and partialities of which our nature is capable, have been arrayed for and against him. National feelings, and those of party, have alike been excited on his account. He, on whom the fate of so many empires has now sleeps under the boughs of a willow, in a lone island of the Atlantic Ocean. But if the storm in which he rode, seems to have subsided for a time, there are those who at least in imagination, hear the wings of the tempest sounding fearfully at no remote distance; and the faces of men, looking to the horizon on every side with anxiety, gather an expression of dread and apprehension. The elements of empire are yet in motion. Principles of formidable power have been called into action, which, though apparently for a time



suspended, may at a moment the least looked for, again break forth in full and tremendous activity. Whether the publication of this book, by Mr. O'Meara, is calculated to work mischief in the ferment it will probably create, we cannot venture to pronounce; but we may affirm, that no enemies of tranquility will accuse him of having thrown pacificatory oil over the troubled waters.

We regard it as an unquestionable certainty, that the far greater number of the readers of this book will be materially influenced in the formation of their estimate of its merits and demerits, by the bias of their political opinions. The enemies of the family now reigning in France, those persons who tenaciously think Bonaparte was a great and good man, and the parties most inimical to the ministers of the crown, here in England, will find much in the pages of Mr. O'Meara that will gratify their partialities. For ourselves, in the very outset of our career, we disclaimed all interference with political subjects. That we have party feelings, it would be both absurd and untrue to deny. But it so happens, that we can say all that is necessary, relative to the book of Mr. O'Meara, without discussing it on political grounds.—With respect to Bonaparte, we must confess that we are not true party men; for to this moment we cannot comprehend how it is possible for several illustrious characters, with whom we have the honour to accord on the chief political tenets of their party, to reconcile admiration and esteem for the character of Bonaparte, with the liberal principles they profess.

We are bound in candor to state, that in these volumes Bonaparte is more than once introduced attempting to justify the death of the Duke D'Enghien. But we think the blot rests on him in all its foulness.

We shall now proceed to lay before our readers some specimens of the contents of these volumes. Our accompanying remarks will be few, as we reserve our comment for the close of our extracts, which our readers must be eager to peruse: we must premise, however, that the publication of a book written as this is, betokens no little hardihood in the author, in whom we cannot discern an impartial narrator. It seems, however, that on the very first opportunity that occurred after the arrival of Sir H. Lowe on the island, that officer was insulted by Bonaparte:

The following day Sir Hudson Lowe landed, and was installed as governor, with the customary forms. A message was then sent to Longwood, that the new governor would visit Napoleon at nine o'clock on the following morning. Accordingly, a little before that time, Sir Hudson Lowe arrived in the midst of a pelting storm of rain and wind, accompanied by Sir George Cockburn and followed by his numerous staff. As the hour fixed upon was rather unseasonable, and one at which Napoleon had never received any person, intimation was given to the governor on his arrival, that Napoleon was indisposed, and could not receive, any visitors that morning. This appeared to disconcert Sir Hudson Lowe, who, after pacing up and down before the windows of the drawing-room for a few minutes, demanded at what time on the following day he could be introduced; two o'clock was fixed upon for the interview, at which time he arrived, accompanied as before by the admiral, and his staff. They were at first ushered into the dining room, behind which was the saloon, where they were to be received. A proposal was made by Sir George Cockburn to Sir Hudson Lowe, that the latter should be introduced by him, as being, in his opinion, the most official and proper manner of resigning to him the charge of the prisoner; for which purpose, Sir George suggested, that they should enter the room together. This was acceded to by Sir Hudson Lowe. At the door of the drawing-room stood Novarre, one of the French valets, whose business it was to announce the names of the persons introduced. After waiting a few minutes, the door was opened and the governor called for. As soon as the word governor, was



pronounced, Sir Hudson Lowe started up and stepped forward so hastily, that he entered the room before Sir George Cockburn was well apprized of it. The door was then closed, and when the admiral presented himself, the valet, not having heard his name called, told him that he could not enter. Sir Hudson Lowe remained about a quarter of an hour, with Napoleon, during which the conversation was chiefly carried on in Italian, and subsequently the officers of his staff were introduced.—The admiral did not again apply for admittance.

If this was not a studied insult, we are at a loss to imagine what can be considered as one. Soon after this occurrence, he asked Mr. O'Meara if he took any fees for attending sick people on the island, and seemed surprised when an answer was returned in the negative :—

'Corvisart,' said he, 'notwithstanding his being my first physician, possessed of great wealth, and in the habit of receiving many rich presents from me, constantly took a Napoleon for each visit he paid to the sick. In your country, particularly, every man has his trade: the member of parliament takes money for his vote, the ministers for their places, the lawyers for their opinion.'

A coarser or more intolerable insult than the following, as related by Bonaparte himself, p. 47. cannot be imagined :—

'During the short interview that this governor had with me in my bed-chamber,' continued he, 'one of the first things which he proposed was, to send you away, and to take his own surgeon in your place. This he repeated twice; and so earnest was he to gain his object, that although I gave him a most decided refusal, when he was going out he turned about and again proposed it. I never saw such a horrid countenance.—He sat on a chair opposite to my sofa, and on the little table between us there was a cup of coffee. His physiognomy made such an unfavourable impression on me, that I thought his looks had poisoned it, and I ordered Marchand to throw it out of the window; I could not have swallowed it for the world.'

'It appears,' added he, afterwards, 'that this governor was with Blücher, and is the writer of some official letters to your go-

vernment, descriptive of part of the operations of 1814. I pointed them out to him, the last time I saw him, and asked him, *Est-ce vous, Monsieur?* He replied, 'Yes.' I told him that they were *pleines de faussetés et de sottises*. He shrugged up his shoulders, appeared confused, and replied, '*J'ai cru voir cela.*' If, continued he, 'those letters were the only accounts he sent, he betrayed his country.'

That Sir Hudson Lowe might well think some vigilance necessary, may be inferred from the following note in Mr. O'Meara's diary :—

Informed by Cipriani, that in the beginning of 1815 he had been sent from Elba to Leghorn, to purchase 100,000 francs worth of furniture for Napoleon's palace. During his stay he became very intimate with a person named \* \* \*, who had a \* \* \* at Vienna, from whom a private intimation was sent to him, that it was the determination of the congress of Vienna to send the emperor to St. Helena, and even had sent him a paper containing the substance of the agreement, a copy of which he gave to Cipriani, who departed instantly for Elba, to communicate the information he had received to the emperor. This, with the confirmation which he afterwards received from M \* \* \* A \* \* and M \* \* \* at Vienna, contributed to determine Napoleon to attempt the recovery of his throne.

At p. 93 we have another proof of his wish to affront the governor :—

He then said, 'that governor came here yesterday to annoy me. He saw me walking in the garden, and in consequence I could not refuse to see him. He wanted to enter into some details with me, about reducing the expenses of the establishment. He had the audacity to tell me that things were as he found them, and that he came up to justify himself: that he had come up two or three times before to do so, but that I was in a bath. I replied, 'No, Sir, I was not in a bath, but I ordered one on purpose not to see you. In endeavouring to justify yourself, you make matters worse.' He said that I did not know him; that if I knew him, I should change my opinion, 'Know you, Sir,' I answered, 'How could I know you? People make themselves known by their actions; by commanding in battles. You have never commanded in battle. You have never

commanded any but vagabond Corsican deserters, Piedmontese and Neapolitan brigands. I know the name of every English general who has distinguished himself, but I never heard of you except as a *scrivino* [clerk] to Blucher, or as a commandant of brigands. You have never commanded, or been accustomed to men of honor.' He said, that he had not sought for the employment. I told him that such employments were not asked for; that they were given by governments to people who had dishonored themselves. He said, that he only did his duty, and that I ought not to blame him, as he only acted according to his orders. I replied, 'So does the hangman. He acts according to his orders. But when he puts a rope round my neck to finish me, is that a reason that I should like that hangman, because he acts according to his orders? Besides I do not believe that any government could be so mean as to give such orders as you cause to be executed.' I told him, that if he pleased, he need not send up any thing to eat.—That I would go over and dine at the table of the brave officers of the 53d.; that I was sure there was not one of them who would not be happy to give a plate at the table to an old soldier. That there was not a soldier in the regiment who had not more heart than he had. That in the iniquitous bill of parliament, they had decreed that I was to be treated as a prisoner, but that he treated me worse than a condemned criminal, or a galley slave, as those were permitted to receive newspapers and printed books, which he deprived me of.' 'I said, 'You have power over my body, but none over my soul. That soul is as proud, fierce, and determined, at the present moment, as when it commanded Europe.'—I told him that he was a *barro Siciliano*, and not an Englishman; and desired him not to let me see him again until he came with orders to dispatch me, when he would find all the doors thrown open to admit him.

I asked him, if the king of Prussia was a man of talent. 'Who,' said he, 'the king of Prussia?' He burst into a fit of laughter. 'He a man of talent! The greatest blockhead on earth. A Don Quixote in appearance. I know him well. He cannot hold a conversation for five minutes. Not so his wife. She was a very clever, fine woman, but very unfortunate. He then conversed for a considerable time about the Bourbons.—'They want,' said he, 'to introduce the

old system of nobility into the army. Instead of allowing the sons of peasants and laborers to be eligible to be made generals, as they were in my time; they want to confine it entirely to the old nobility, to *emigres* like that old blockhead Montchenu; you have seen all the old nobility of France before the revolution. Such were all the race, and such they have returned, ignorant, vain, and arrogant as they left it. They were the cause of the revolution, and of so much blood-shed; and now, after twenty-five years of exile and disgrace, they return loaded with the same vices and crimes for which they were expatriated, to produce another revolution. I know the French. Believe me, that after six or ten years, the whole race will be massacred, and thrown into the Seine.'

'To give you an instance of the general feeling in France towards the Bourbons, I will relate to you an anecdote. On my return from Italy, while my carriage was ascending the steep hill of Tarara; I got out and walked up, without any attendants, as was often my custom. My wife, and my suite, were at a little distance behind me. I saw an old woman, lame, and hobbling about with the help of a crutch, endeavouring to ascend the mountain. I had a great coat on, and was not recognized. I went up to her and said, Well, *ma bonne*, where are you going with a haste which so little belongs to your years?—What is the matter? '*ma foi*,' replied the old dame, 'they tell me the emperor is here, and I want to see him before I die.' Bah, bah, said I, what do you want to see him for? What have you gained by him? He is a tyrant as well as the others. You have only changed one tyrant for another, Louis for Napoleon. '*mais, monsieur*, that may be; but, after all, he is the king of the people, and the Bourbons were the kings of the nobles. We have chosen him, and if we are to have a tyrant, let him be one chosen by ourselves.' 'There,' said he, 'you have the sentiments of the French nation expressed by an old woman.'

The account of Moreau's death, as coming from Bonaparte, is well worthy of quotation.

"In the battle before Dresden, I ordered an attack to be made upon the allies by both flanks of my army. While the manoeuvres for this purpose were executing, the centre remained motionless. At the distance of about from this to the outer gate,

which they were built. This, together with the violence of the wind, rendered every effort to extinguish the fire ineffectual.— I myself narrowly escaped with life. In order to show an example, I ventured into the midst of the flames, and had my hair and eye-brows singed, and my clothes burnt off my back; but it was in vain, as they had destroyed most of the pumps, of which there were above a thousand; out of all these, I believe that we could only find one that was servicable. Besides, the wretches that had been hired by Rostopchin ran about in every quarter, disseminating fire with their matches; in which they were but too much assisted by the wind. This terrible conflagration ruined every thing.— I was prepared for every thing but this.— It was unforeseen, for who would have thought that a nation would have set its capital on fire? the inhabitants themselves however, did all they could to extinguish it, and several of them perished in their endeavours. They also brought before us numbers of the incendiaries with their matches, as amidst such a population we never could have discovered them ourselves. I caused about two hundred of these wretches to be shot. Had it not been for this fatal fire, I had every thing my army wanted; excellent winter quarters; stores of all kinds were in plenty; and the next year would have decided it. Alexander would have made peace, or I would have been in Petersburg." I asked if he thought that he could entirely subdue Russia. "No," replied Napoleon; "but I would have caused Russia to make such a peace as suited the interests of France.— I was five days too late in quitting Moscow. Several of the generals," continued he, "were burnt out of their beds. I myself remained in the Kremlin until surrounded with flames. The fire advanced, seized the Chinese and Indian warehouses, and several stores of oil and spirits, which burst forth in flames and overwhelmed every thing. I then retired to a country house of the Emperor Alexander's, distant about a league from Moscow, and you may figure to yourself the intensity of the fire, when I tell you, that you could scarcely bear your hands upon the walls or the windows on the side next to Moscow, in consequence of their heated state. It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames; like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating

themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!!

## Poetry.

### THE ORPHANS.

My chaise the village inn did gain,  
Just as the setting sun's last ray  
Tipp'd, with refulgent gold, the vane  
Of the old church across the way.  
Across the way I silent sped,  
The time till supper to beguile;  
In moralizing o'er the dead  
That moulder'd round the ancient pile.  
There many a humble green grave show'd  
Where want, and pain, and toil did rest;  
And many a flattering stone I view'd  
O'er those who once had wealth possess'd.  
A faded beech its shadow brown  
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept,  
On which, though scarce with grass o'er-  
grown,  
Two ragged children sat and wept.  
A piece of bread between them lay,  
Which neither seem'd inclin'd to take;  
And yet they look'd so much a prey  
To want, it made my heart to ache.  
"My little children, let me know  
"Why you in such distress appear;  
"And why you wasteful from you throw  
"That bread, which many a one would  
cheer?"  
The little boy, in accents sweet,  
Replied, while tears each other chas'd:  
"Oh! Ma'am, we've not enough to eat;  
"Oh! if we had, we would not waste.  
"But sister Mary's naughty grown,  
"And will not eat, whatever I say;  
"Though sure I am the bread's her own,  
"For she has tasted none to-day."  
"Indeed", the wan, starv'd Mary said,  
"Till Henry eats, I'll eat no more:  
"For yesterday I got some bread;  
"He's had none since the day before."  
My heart did swell, my bosom heave,  
I felt as though depriv'd of speech;  
Silent I sat upon the grave,  
And press'd the clay-cold hand of each.  
With looks that told a tale of woe,  
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,  
The Shivering boy then nearer drew,  
And did his simple tale impart.

I observed a group of persons collected together on horseback. Concluding that they were endeavouring to observe my manoeuvres, I resolved to disturb them, and called to a captain of artillery, who commanded a field battery of eighteen or twenty pieces: "Jettez une douzaine de boulets à la fois dans ce group là, peutêtre il y en a quelques petits généraux." (Throw a dozen of bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it.) It was done instantly. One of the balls struck Moreau, carried off both his legs, and went through his horse. Many more, I believe, who were near him, were killed and wounded. A moment before, Alexander had been speaking to him. Moreau's legs were amputated not far from the spot. One of his feet, with the boot upon it, which the surgeon had thrown upon the ground, was brought by a peasant to the king of Saxony, with information that some officer of great distinction had been struck by a cannon shot. The king, conceiving that the name of the person might perhaps be discovered by the boot, sent it to me. It was examined at my head-quarters, but all that could be ascertained was, that the boot was neither of English nor of French manufacture. The next day we were informed that it was the leg of Moreau. It is not a little extraordinary," continued Napoleon, "that in an action a short time afterwards, I ordered the same artillery officer, with the same guns, and under nearly similar circumstances, to throw eighteen or twenty bullets at once into a concourse of officers collected together, by which General St. Priest, another Frenchman, a traitor and a man of talent, who had a command in the Russian army, was killed, along with many others. Nothing," continued the Emperor, "is more destructive than a discharge of a dozen or more guns at once amongst a group of persons. From one or two they may escape; but from a number discharged at a time, it is almost impossible. After Ealing, when I had caused my army to go over to the sale of Lobau, there was for some weeks, by common and tacit consent on both sides between the soldiers, not by any agreement between the generals, a cessation of firing, which indeed had produced no benefit, and only killed a few unfortunate sentinels.—I rode out every day in different directions. No person was molested on either side. One day, however, riding along with Oudinot, I stopped for a moment upon the

edge of the island, which was about eighty toises distant from the opposite bank, where the enemy was. They perceived us, and knowing me by the little hat and grey coat, they pointed a three-pounder at us. The ball passed between Oudinot and me, and was very close to both of us. We put spurs to our horses, and speedily got out of sight. Under the actual circumstances, the attack was little better than murder, but if they had fired a dozen guns at once they must have killed us.

The following is Bonaparte's account of the burning of Moscow.

I was in the midst of a fine city, provisioned for a year, for in Russia they always lay in provisions for several months before the frost sets in. Stores of all kinds were in plenty. The houses of the inhabitants were well provided, and many had even left their servants to attend upon us. In most of them there was a note left by the proprietor, begging the French officers who took possession to take care of their furniture and other things; that they had left every thing necessary for our wants, and hoped to return in a few days, when the emperor Alexander had accommodated matters, at which time they would be happy to see us. Many ladies remained behind. They knew that I had been in Berlin and Vienna with my armies, and that no injury had been done to the inhabitants; and moreover, they expected a speedy peace. We were in hopes of enjoying ourselves in winter quarters, with every prospect of success in the spring.—Two days after our arrival, a fire was discovered, which at first was not supposed to be alarming, but to have been caused by the soldiers kindling their fires too near the houses, which were chiefly of wood. I was very angry at this, and issued very strict orders on the subject to commandants of regiments and others. The next day it had advanced, but still not so as to give serious alarm. However, afraid that it might gain upon us, I went out on horseback, and gave every direction to extinguish it. The next morning a violent wind arose, and the fire spread with the greatest rapidity. Some hundred miscreants, hired for that purpose, dispersed themselves in different parts of the town, and with matches which they concealed under their cloaks, set fire to as many houses to windward as they could, which was easily done, in consequence of the combustible materials of

"Before my father went away,  
 "Entic'd by bad men e'er the sea,  
 "Sister and I did nought but play;  
 "We liv'd beside yon great ash tree.  
 "But then poor mother did so cry,  
 "And look'd so chang'd I cannot tell;  
 "She told us that she soon should die,  
 "And bid us love each other well.  
 "She said, that when the war was o'er  
 "Perhaps we might our father see;  
 "But if we never saw him more,  
 "That God our Father then would be.  
 "She kiss'd us both, and then she died!  
 "And we no more a mother have!  
 "Here, many a day we've sat and cried  
 "Together on poor mother's grave.  
 "But when my father came not here,  
 "I thought if we could find the sea,  
 "We should be sure to meet him there,  
 "And once again might happy be.  
 "We hand in hand went many a mile,  
 "And ask'd our way of all we met;  
 "And some did sigh, and some did smile,  
 "And we of some did victuals get.  
 "But when we reach'd the sea, and found  
 "'Twas one great water round us spread;  
 "We thought that father must be drown'd,  
 "And cried, and wish'd we both were dead.  
 "So we return'd to mother's grave,  
 "And only long with her to be;  
 "For Goody when this bread she gave,  
 "Said father's ship was lost at sea.  
 "Then since no parent here we have,  
 "We'll go and search for God around:  
 "Oh! Madam, can you tell us where  
 "That God, our father, may be found?  
 "He lives in heaven, mother said;  
 "And Goody says that mother's there:  
 "So, if she knows we want his aid,  
 "I think, perhaps, she'll send him here."  
 I clasp'd the prattlers to my breast,  
 And cried, "Come both and live with me;  
 "I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest  
 "And will a second mother be.  
 "And God shall be your father still;  
 "'Twas he in mercy sent me here,  
 "To teach you to obey his will,  
 "Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

### VARIETIES.

#### ARCTIC MISERIS.

(From the North Georgia Gazette.)

Going out in a winter morning for the purpose of taking a walk, and be-

fore you have proceeded ten yards from the ship, getting a cold bath in the cook's steep hole \*.

When on a hunting excursion, and being close to a fine deer, after several attempts to fire, discovering that your piece is neither primed nor loaded, while the animal's four legs are employed in carrying away the body.

Setting out with a piece of new bread in your pocket on a shooting party, and when you feel inclined to eat it, having occasion to observe that it is so frozen that your teeth will not penetrate it.

Being called from table by intelligence that a wolf is approaching the vessels, which, on closer inspection, proves to be a dog; on going again below, detecting the cat in running off with your dinner.

Returning on board your ship after an evening visit in a contemplative humour, and being roused from a pleasing reverie by the close embrace of a bear.

Sitting down in anticipation of a comfortable breakfast, and finding that the tea, by mistake, is made of salt water.

### OLD COMICAL.

\* A hole in the ice for steeping salt meat, &c.

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OR

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### SKETCHES.

No. 3.

#### THE TIGER.

The circumstances detailed in the following narration, are as fresh as yesterday in my memory, and are still remembered with an interest, which nothing else I have ever witnessed can produce.

After an uncommonly protracted voyage, our regiment arrived at Bombay, in the hottest season of the year 1819; and many of the officers and men, unaccustomed to the burning atmosphere, soon became victims to the frightful cholera, which both amongst the Europeans and natives, raged with exterminating violence.—I had not been ten days on shore, when I was attacked by this dreadful distemper, and along with those of two brother officers, my name was inserted in the sick list, and we were together sent to the hospital. What would be the issue of the attack, was generally ascertained in three days, and altho' my case, was certainly one of the severest, after this period the complaint receded, but left the patient in a state of such extreme debility, that he could not turn himself in bed nor stretch to a glass of rice-water

which was placed before him. Altho' the hospital servants were as attentive as I could expect or hope for, how often did I wish, that my mother from whom I had parted ten months before, had only been with me, that just for once, she might gently lay my head on the pillow. My cure was considerably retarded, by my anxiety to join the detachment of our regiment at Poonah, and this anxiety became insupportable, when my two fellow sufferers, having rapidly recovered, came to bid me farewell. At last the surgeon permitted me to walk in the shade around the house, which having accomplished with assistance, I determined next day, and contrary to his advice, to proceed in a palanquin, borne by six natives, towards head-quarters. Our path at first, winded along shore, and when the sea breeze occasionally played with the light muslin curtain of the palanquin, I was delighted with the magnificent scene. A shimmering summer ocean, was spread out in motionless serenity before me; and in the distance, the hazy blue island of Salsette seemed suspended in the air with its rugged outline. During the second days journey, our pathway suddenly diverged to the right, and ascending the high ground, which rises a short distance from the shore, the sea became

undistinguishable. The scene now before us was by no means uninteresting. An immense range of high mountains, which runs parallel with the shore, enclosed us on all sides, and a wonderful variety of flowers and shrubs and trees—while some of the latter were adorned with the most delicious fruit, a tempting fountain played amid this wilderness of sweets; and I exclaimed, “Oh, if there be an Elysium on earth, it is this—it is this!”

Instead of becoming fatigued with the journey, I found my strength rapidly returning; and I inhaled the cool mountain air with inexpressible delight. In the morning of the fourth day, after the commencement of our journey, I observed that the shrubs were frequently branching down upon the path, and that my palanquin bearers were apparently proceeding with considerable difficulty. Their conversation became more animated, and altho’ I did not understand it, it was easy to perceive that a matter of interest and alarm was discussed. I was not left long in doubt. In a moment my palanquin was dashed to the ground, and the receding footsteps warned me too truly, that the whole of my companions had deserted me. After the descent of the palanquin the breeze at intervals still breathed gently around me, and wafting for a moment the thin curtain from its side, I saw an enormous tiger with his glaring eyes fixed upon me. The curtain fell, but only again to rise; and then I observed the mouth of the dreadful animal covered with blood, and its aspect of horror was heightened by an awful grin, which seemed as if called up for the occasion, by his certainty of prey. I lifted up my soul in prayer, and became more composed. Again the breeze removed the curtain, and again the gaze of the awful animal met mine.

I now found my strength decaying,

and after having made two unsuccessful efforts to reach my sword, which was the only weapon I carried, I sunk into a state of horror which I shall never forget. I knew most certainly my situation, for I fixed my eyes frequently on the waving curtain and shuddered to recollect what lay within a few yards of me: but at times my mind would wander to scenes of youth, and with my early friend, methought I stood on the brink of a precipice, I thought he pushed me over, and in falling I saw below me an agitated sea—but again, when I fixed my eye steadily it was only the waving curtain of the palanquin. Now, I stood by a mighty waterfall, and gazed upon it with serenity; but suddenly the ground below me gave way, and with a rushing noise I was hurried onward. The noise was only the wind breathing *among* the hard leaves of the plants around me. I thought I gazed upon the sun but its color was so bright and so red that I could not look long on it—but no. The breeze had raised the curtain and the bloody aspect of the animal was again revealed. How long I remained in this deplorable state I cannot learn. Now I thought I heard the long low growl which is always heard before the Tiger leaps on his prey. The sound died away. Again I heard it, accompanied with shouts and other noises. It was not long before the curtain of the palanquin was raised, and I trembled when I observed, that one of the men who had carried me to the place, was standing near me, in a direct line betwixt the monster and myself. I could not speak to warn him of his danger, but I placed my finger on my lip and remained immoveable. He smiled, and departed. What was my astonishment when I found my next visitor was Capt. A. who was one of the officers lately confined with me in the hospital.

My finger was still on my lip, and I endeavoured to *look* a warning to him of his danger, to my surprise he laughed heartily and exclaimed "What, are *you* afraid too? This Tiger which has alarmed you all so much, was *shot* by me yesterday morning."

A VIEW of COUNTRY LIFE DURING THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE;—ITS MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.—RURAL CHARACTERS.

The mansion houses of the country-gentlemen were in the days of Shakespeare, rapidly improving both in their external appearance, and in their interior comforts. During the reign of Henry the Eighth, and even of Mary, they were, if we except their size, little better than cottages, being thatched buildings, covered on the outside with the coarsest clay, and lighted only by lattices; when Harrison wrote, in the age of Elizabeth, though the greater number of manor-houses still remained framed of timber, yet he observes, "such as be latelie builded, are comonlie either of bricke or hard stone, or both; their roomes large and comelie, and houses of office further distant from their lodgings." The old timber mansions, too, were now covered with the finest plaster, which, says the historian, "beside the delectable whitenesse of the stuffe itselfe, is laied on so even and smoothlie, as nothing in my judgment can be done with more exactnesse;" and at the same time, the windows, interior decorations, and furniture were becoming greatly more useful and elegant. "Of old time our countrie houses," continues Harrison, "instead of glasse did use much lattisee, and that made either of wicker or fine rifts of oke in chekerwise. I read also that some of the better sort,

in and before the time of the Saxons, did make panels of horne instead of glasse, and fix them in woodden calmes. But as horne in windows is now quite laid downe in everie place, so our lattices are also growne into lesse use, because glasse is come to be so plentifull, and within a verie little so good cheape if not better then the other.—The wals of our houses on the inner sides in like sort be either hanged with tapisterie, arras worke, or painted cloths, wherein either diverse histories, or hearbes, beasts, knots, and such like are stained, or else they are seeled with oke of our owne, or wainescot brought hither out of the east countries, whereby the roomes are not a little commanded, made warme, and much more close than otherwise they would be. As for stoooves we have not hitherto used them greatlie, yet doo they now begin to be made in diverse houses of the gentry.—Likewise in the houses of knights, gentlemen, &c. it is not geson to behold generally their great provision of Turkie worke, pewter, brasse, fine linen, and thereto costly cupbords of plate, worth five or six hundred or a thousand pounds, to be deemed by estimation."

The house of every country-gentleman of property included a neat chapel and a spacious hall; and where the estate and establishment were considerable, the mansion was divided into two parts or sides, one for the state or banqueting-rooms, and the other for the household; but in general, the latter, except in baronial residences, was the only part to be met with, and when complete had the addition of parlours; thus Bacon, in his Essay on Building, describing the household side of a mansion; says, "I wish it divided at the first into a hall, and a chappell, with a partition betweene; both of good state and big



ness: and those not to goe all the length, but to have, at the further end, a winter, and a summer parler, both faire: and under these roomes a faire and large cellar, sunke under ground: and likewise, some privie kitchins, with butteries and pantries, and the like." It was the custom also to have windows opening from the parlours and passages into the chapel, hall, and kitchen, with the view of overlooking or controlling what might be going on; a trait of vigilant caution, which may still be discovered in some of our ancient colleges and manor-houses, and to which Shakespeare alludes in King Henry the Eighth, where he describes His Majesty and Butts the physician entering at a window above, which overlooks the council-chamber. We may add, an illustration of this system of architectural espionage, that Andrew Borde, when giving instructions for building a house in his *Dictarie of Health*, directs "many of the chambers to have a view into the chapel:" and that Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, in a letter, dated 1573, says, "if it please Her Majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner-time, at a window opening thereunto"

The hall of the country-squire was the usual scene of eating and hospitality, at the upper end of which was placed the orsille or high table, a little elevated above the floor, and here the master of the mansion presided, with an authority, if not a state, which almost equalled that of the potent baron. The table was divided into upper and lower messes, by a huge saltcellar, and the rank and consequence of the visitors were marked by the situation of their seats, above, and below, the saltcellar; a custom which not only distinguished the relative dignity of the guests, but extended likewise to the

nature of the provision, the wine frequently circulating only above the saltcellar, and the dishes below it, being of a coarser kind than those near the head of the table. So prevalent was this uncourteous distinction, that Shakespeare, in his *Winter's Tale*, written about the year 1604 or 1610, designates the inferior orders of society by the term "*lower messes*."

The luxury of eating and of good cooking were well understood in the days of Elizabeth, and the table of the country-squire frequently groaned beneath the burden of its dishes; at Christmas and at Easter especially, the hall became the scene of great festivity; "in gentlemen's houses, at Christmas," says Aubrey, "the first dish that was brought to table was a boar's head, with a lemon in its mouth. At Queen's Coll. Oxon. they still retain this custom, the bearer of it bringing it into the hall, singing to an old tune an old Latin rhyme, *Apri caput defero*, &c. The first dish that was brought up to table on Easter-day was a red-herring riding away on horseback; i. e. a herring ordered by the cook something after the likeness of a man on horseback, set in a corn salad.—The custom of eating a gammon of bacon at Easter (which is still kept up in many parts of England) was founded on this, viz. to shew their abhorrence of Judaism at that solemn commemoration of our Lord's resurrection."

Games and diversions of various kinds, such as mumming, masquing, dancing, loaf-stealing, &c. &c. were allowed in the hall on these days; and the servants, or heralds, wore the coats of arms of their masters, and cried '*Largesse*' thrice. The hall was usually hung round with the insignia of the squire's amusements, such as hunting, shooting, fishing, &c.; but in case he were a justice of the peace, it assumed a more terrific aspect.—

"The halls of the justice of peace," observes honest Aubrey," were dreadful to behold. The skreen was garnished with corslets and helmets, gaping with open mouths, with coats of mail, launces, pikes, halberts, brown bills, bucklers."

The following admirable description of an old English hall, which still remains as it existed in the days of Elizabeth, is taken from the notes to Mr. Scott's poem of *Rokeby*, and was communicated to the bard by a friend; the story which it introduces, I have also added, as it likewise occurred in the same reign, and affords a curious though not a pleasing trait of the manners of the times; as, while it gives a dreadful instance of ferocity, it shows with what ease justice, even in the case of the most enormous crimes, might be set aside.

Littlecote-House stands in a low and lonely situation. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that spreads over the adjoining hill; on the fourth, by meadows which are watered by the river Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a thick grove of lofty trees, along the verge of which runs one of the principal avenues to it through the park. It is an irregular building of great antiquity, and was probably erected about the time of the termination of feudal warfare, when defence came no longer to be an object in a country-mansion. Many circumstances in the interior of the house, however, seem appropriate to feudal times. The hall is very spacious, floored with stones, and lighted by large transom windows, that are clothed with casements. Its walls are hung with old military accoutrements, that have long been left a prey to rust. At one end of the hall is a range of coats of mail and helmets, and there is on every side abundance of old-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with matchlocks. Immediately

below the cornice hangs a row of leathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak-table, reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffle-board. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an arm-chair of cumbrous workmanship, constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have been used by Judge Popham in the reign of Elizabeth. The entrance into the hall is at one end by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door, in the front of the house, to a quadrangle within; at the other it opens upon a gloomy stair-case, by which you ascend to the first floor, and, passing the doors to some bed-chambers, enter a narrow gallery, which extends along the back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden. This gallery is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bed-chambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has now made dingy and threadbare, and in the bottom of one of the bed-curtains you are shewn a place where a small piece has been cut out and sown in again; a circumstance which serves to identify the scene of the following story:

"It was a dark rainy night in the month of November, that an old midwife sat musing by her cottage fire-side, when on a sudden she was startled by a loud knocking at the door. On opening it she found a horseman, who told her that her assistance was required immediately by a person of rank, and that she should be hand-

somely rewarded, but that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret; and, therefore, she must submit to be blind-folded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bed-chamber of the lady. After proceeding in silence for many miles through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which, from the length of her walk through the apartment, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. When the bandage was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bed-chamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child, and, catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the back of the fire, that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and by its struggles rolled itself off upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife, and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spending some time in affording all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told that she must be gone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her own home; he then paid her handsomely, and departed. The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night; and she immediately made a deposition of the fact before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed; one was, that the midwife, as she sat by the bed-side, had, with a view to

discover the place, cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and sown it in again; the other was, that as she had descended the staircase, she had counted the steps. Some suspicions fell upon one Darrell, at that time the proprietor of Littlecote-House and the domain around it. The house was examined, and identified by the midwife, and Darrell, was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corrupting his judge, he escaped the sentence of the law; but broke his neck by a fall from his horse in hunting, in a few months after.—The place where this happened is still known by the name of Darrell's Hill: a spot to be dreaded by the peasant whom the shades of evening have overtaken on his way.

The usual fare of country-gentlemen, relates Harrison, was "four, five, or six dishes, when they have but *small resort*;" and accordingly, we find that Justice Shallow, when he invites Falstaff to dinner, issues the following orders: "Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William Cook." But on feast-days, and particularly on the festivals above-mentioned, the profusion and cost of the table were astonishing. Harrison observes that the country-gentlemen and merchants contemned butcher's meat on such occasions, and vied with the nobility in the production of rare and delicate viands, of which he gives a long list; and Massinger says, "Men may talk of *country-christmasses*—Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of carp's tongues, Their pheasant's drench'd with ambergris, the carcasses Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their feasts Were fests, compared with the city's."

It was the custom in the houses of the country-gentlemen to retire after

dinner, which generally took place about eleven in the morning, to the garden-bower or an arbour in the orchard, in order to partake of the banquet or dessert; thus Shallow, addressing Falstaff after dinner, exclaims, "Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where in an *arbour*, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth."

From the banquet it was usual to retire to evening prayer, and thence to supper, between five and six o'clock; for in Shakespeare's time, there were seldom more than two meals, dinner and supper; "heretofore," remarks Harrison, "there hath been much more time spent in eating and drinking than commonlie is in these daies, for whereas of old we had breakfasts in the forenoone, beverages, or nuntions after dinner, and thereto reare suppers generallie when it was time to go to rest. Now these od repasts, thanked be God, are verie well left, and ech one in manner (except here and there some yong hungrie stomach that cannot fast till dinner time) contenteth himselfe with dinner and supper onelie. The nobilitie, *gentlemen*, and merchantmen, especiallie at great meetings, doo sit commonlie till two or three of the clocke at afternoone, so that with manie is an hard matter to rise from the table to go to evening praier, and returne from thence to come time enough to supper."

The supper which, on days of festivity, was often protracted to a late hour, and often too as substantial as the dinner, was succeeded, especially at Christmas, by gambols of various sorts, and sometimes the squire and his family would mingle in the amusements; or retiring to the tapestried parlour, would leave the hall to the more boisterous mirth of their household; then would the BLIND HARPER, who sold his FIT of mirth for a

*groat*, be introduced, either to provoke the dance, or to rouse their wonder by his minstrelsy; his "matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwick, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at Christmas dinners and brideales." Nor was the evening passed by the parlour fire-side dissimilar in its pleasures; the harp of history or romance was frequently made vocal by one of the party. "We ourselves," says Puttenham, who wrote in 1589, "have written for pleasure a little brief romance, or historical ditty, in the English tong of the Isle of Great Britaine, in short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions, to be more commodiously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where the company shall be desirous to heare of old adventures, and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are those of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, Sir Bevy's of Southampton, Guy of Warwick, and others like."

The *posset* at bed-time, closed the joyous day, a custom to which Shakespeare has occasionally alluded; thus Lady Macbeth says of the "surfeited grooms," "I have drugg'd their possets;" Mrs. Quickly tells Rugby, "Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire;" and Page, cheering Falstaff, exclaims, "Thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house." Thomas Heywood also, a contemporary of Shakespeare, has particularly noticed this refection as occurring just before bed-time: "Thou shalt be welcome to beef and bacon, and perhaps a bag-pudding; and my daughter Nell shall pop a *posset* upon thee when

thou goest to bed."

We shall now pass forward to the delineation of one of great importance in a national point of view, that of the substantial Farmer or Yeoman, of whom Harrison has left us the following interesting definition:—This sort of people have a certaine preheminance and more estimation than labourers, and the common sort of artificers, and these commonlie live wealthilie, keepe good houses, and travell to get riches.—They are also for the most part farmers to gentlemen, or at the leastwise artificers, and with grazing, frequenting of markets, and keeping of servants (not idle servants, as the gentlemen doo, but such as get both their owne and part of their master's living) do come to great welth, in somuch that manie of them are able and doo buie the lands of unthriftie gentlemen, and oftensetting their sonnes to the schooles, to the universitics, and Ins of the court; or otherwise leaving them sufficient lands whereupon they may live without labour, doo make them by those meanes to become gentlemen: these were they that in times past made all France afraid. And albeit they be not called master, as gentlemen are, or sir as to knights apperteineth, but onelie John and Thomas, &c.: yet have they beene found to have doone verie good service: and the kings of England in foughten battels, were wont to remaine among them (who were their footmen) as the French kings did amongst their horsemen: the prince thereby shewing where his chief strength did consist."

The houses or cottages of the farmer were built in places abounding in wood, in a very strong and substantial manner, with not more than four, six, or nine inches between stud and stud; but in the open champaine country, they were compelled to use more flimsy materials, with here and there a

girding to which they fastened their splints, and then covered the whole with thick clay to keep out the wind. " Certes this rude kind of building," says Harrison, " made the Spaniards in queene Maries daies to wonder, but cheeflie when they saw what large diet was used in manie of these so homelie cottages, in so much that one of no small reputation amongst them said after this manner: ' These English (quoth he) have their houses made of sticks and durt, but they fare commonlie so well as the king.' Whereby it appeareth that he liked better our good fare in such coarse cabins, than of their owne thin diet in their prince-like habitations and palaces." The cottages of the peasantry usually consisted of but two rooms on the ground-floor, the outer for the servants, the inner for the master and his family, and they were thatched with straw or sedge; while the dwelling of the substantial farmer was distributed into several rooms above and beneath, was coated with white lime or cement, and was very neatly roofed with reed; hence Tusser, speaking of the farmhouse, gives the following directions for repairing and preserving its thatch in the month of May:

" Where houses be reeded (as houses have need)

Now pare of the mosse, and go beat in the reed:

The juster ye drive it, the smother and plaine,

More handsome ye make it, to shut off the raine."

To this curious delineation of the accommodation of the farmer, it will be necessary, in order to complete the sketch, to add a few things relative to his diet and hospitality. Contrary to what has taken place in modern times, the hours for meals were later with the artificer and the husbandman than with the higher orders of society; the farmer and his servants usually sitting

down to dinner at one o'clock, and to supper at seven, while the nobleman and gentleman took the first at eleven in the morning, and the second at five in the afternoon.

We shall close these characters, illustrative of rural manners, as they existed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James 1st. with a delineation of the *plain Country Fellow or down right Clown*, from the accurate pen of Bishop Earle, who has touched this homely subject with singular point and spirits.

“ A *plain country fellow* is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lye fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of *Nebuchadnezzar*, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talions none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee, and ree, better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects, but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoak, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grand-sire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastner on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copy-hold,

which he takes from his land-lord, and refers it wholly to his discretion: yet if he give him leave he is a good christian to his power, (that is) comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain, and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings in a good year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday, he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bag-pipe as essential to it as an evening prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices, but pride and ill husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hob-nail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning of a stack of corn or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but because it drowned the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.”

#### REVIEW.

*Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from St. Helena. The opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his Life and Government, in his own words.*—By BARRY E. O'MEARA, Esq., his late Surgeon. 2 vols.—Continued from our last.

Our readers will judge for themselves of the sincerity of Napoleon, in the following observations :—

*October 1st.*—Repeated to Napoleon what Sir Hudson Lowe had desired me on the 23d. He replied, 'I expect nothing from the present ministry but ill treatment.—The more they want to lessen me, the more I will exalt myself. It was my intention to have assumed the name of Colonel Meuron, who was killed by my side at Arcola, covering me with his body, and to have lived as a private gentleman in England, in some part of the country where I might have lived retired, without ever desiring to mix in the grand world. I would never have gone to London, nor have dined out. Probably I should have seen very few persons. Perhaps I might have formed a friendship with some *savans*. I would have rode out every day, and then returned to my books.' I observed, that as long as he kept up the title of majesty, the English ministers would have a pretext for keeping him in St. Helena. He replied, 'they force me to it. I wanted to assume an *incognito* on my arrival here, which was proposed to the admiral, but they will not permit it. They insist on calling me General Bonaparte. I have no reason to be ashamed of that title, but I will not take it from them. If the republic had not a legal existence, it had no more right to constitute me general than first magistrate. If the admiral had remained,' continued he, 'perhaps matters might have been arranged. He had some heart, and, to do him justice, was incapable of a mean action. Do you think,' added he, 'that he will do us an injury on his arrival in England?' I replied, 'I do not think that he will render you any service, particularly in consequence of the manner in which he was treated when he last came up to see you, but he will not tell any falsehoods; he will strictly adhere to the truth, and give his opinion about you, which is not very favorable.' 'Why so?' replied he, 'we were very well together on board ship. What can he say of me? that I want to escape, and mount the throne of France again? I replied, that it was very probable he would both think and say so. 'Bah,' replied Napoleon. 'If I were in England now, and a deputation from France were to come and offer me the throne, I would not accept of it, unless I knew such to be the unanimous wish of

the nation. Otherwise I should be obliged to turn *borreau*, and cut off the heads of thousands to keep myself upon it—oceans of blood must flow to keep me there.—I have made noise enough in the world already, perhaps too much, and am now getting old, and want retirement. These,' continued he, 'were the motives which induced me to abdicate the last time.' I observed to him, that when he was Emperor, he had caused Sir George Cockburn's brother to be arrested, when envoy at Hamburg, and conveyed to France, where he was detained for some years. He appeared surprised at this, and endeavoured to recollect it. After a pause, he asked me, if I were sure the person so arrested was Sir G. C.'s brother. I replied, that I was perfectly so, as the admiral had told me the circumstance himself. 'It is likely enough,' replied he, 'but I do not recollect the name. I suppose, however, that it must have been at the time when I caused all the English on the continent to be detained, because your government had seized on all the French ships, sailors, and passengers, they could lay their hands on in harbour, or at sea, before the declaration of war. I, in my turn, seized on all the English that I could find at land, in order to show them, that if they were all-powerful at sea, and could do what they liked there, I was equally so by land, and had as good a right to seize people on my element as they had on theirs. Now,' said he, 'I can comprehend the reason why your ministers selected him.'

At p. 173, we have B.'s opinion of the military policy of England, and of the Battle of Waterloo: which we give rather because they illustrate his own character, than for any intrinsic value in his observations :—

'The worst thing England has ever done,' continued he, 'was that of endeavouring to make herself a military nation. In attempting that, England must always be the slave of Russia, Austria, or Prussia, or at least subservient to some of them; because you have not a population sufficiently numerous to combat on the continent with France, or with any of the powers I have named, and must consequently hire men from some of them; whereas, at sea, you are so superior; your sailors are so much better, that you can always command the others with safety to yourselves and

with little comparative expense. Your soldiers have not the requisite qualities for a military nation. They are not equal in address, activity, or intelligence to the French. When they get from under the fear of the lash, they obey nobody. In a retreat they cannot be managed; and if they meet with wine, they are so many devils (*tanti diavoli*), and adieu to subordination. I saw the retreat of Moore, and I never witnessed any thing like it. It was impossible to collect or make them do any thing. Nearly all were drunk. Your officers depend on interest or money for promotion. Your soldiers are brave, nobody can deny it; but it was bad policy to encourage the military mania, instead of sticking to your marine, which is the real force of your country, and one which, while you preserve it, will always render you powerful. In order to have good soldiers, a nation must *always* be at war.

'If you had lost the battle of Waterloo,' continued he, 'what a state would England have been in! The flower of your youth would have been destroyed; for not a man, not even Lord Wellington would have escaped.' I observed here, that Ld. W. had determined never to leave the field alive. Napoleon replied, 'he could not retreat. He would have been destroyed with his army, if instead of the Prussians, Grouchy had come up.' I asked him if he had not believed for some time that the Prussians who had shown themselves, were a part of G.'s corps. He replied, 'certainly; and I can now scarcely comprehend why it was a Prussian division and not that of G.'—I then took the liberty of asking whether, if neither G. nor the Prussians had arrived, it would not have been a drawn battle.—Napoleon answered, 'The English army would have been destroyed. They were defeated at mid-day. But accident, or more likely destiny, decided that Ld. W. should gain it. I could scarcely believe that he would have given me battle; because if he had retreated to Antwerp, as he ought to have done, I must have been overwhelmed by the armies of 3 or 400,000 men that were coming against me. By giving me battle, there was a chance for me. It was the greatest folly to disunite the English and Prussian armies.—They ought to have been united; and I cannot conceive the reason of their separation. It was folly in W. to give me battle in a place, where, if defeated, all must have been lost, for he could not re-

treach. There was a wood in his rear, and but one road to gain it. He would have been destroyed. Moreover, he allowed himself to be surprised by me. This was a great fault. He ought to have been encamped from the beginning of June, as he must have known that I intended to attack him. He might have lost every thing. But he has been fortunate; his destiny has prevailed; and every thing he did will meet with applause. My intentions were, to attack and destroy the English army. This I knew would produce an immediate change of ministry. The indignation against them for having caused the loss of forty thousand of the flower of the English army, would have excited such a popular commotion, they would have been turned out. The people would have said, What is it to us who is on the throne of France, Louis or Napoleon; are we to sacrifice all our blood in endeavours to place on the throne a detested family? No we have suffered enough. It is no affair of ours,—let them settle it amongst themselves. They would have made peace. The Saxons, Bavarians, Belgians, Wirtenburghers, would have joined me. The coalition was nothing without England. The Russians would have made peace, and I should have been quietly seated on the throne. Peace would have been permanent, as what could France do after the treaty of Paris? what was to be feared from her?

'These,' continued he, 'were my reasons for attacking the English. I had beaten the Prussians. Before 12 o'clock I had succeeded. Every thing was mine, I may say, but accident and destiny decided it otherwise. The English fought most bravely doubtless, nobody can deny it.—but they must have been destroyed.

We give some accounts of the retreat from Moscow:—

I asked him, if in less rigorous climates the Poles were as good soldiers as the French. 'Oh, no, no. In other places the Frenchman is much superior. The commandant of Dantzic informed me, that during the severity of the winter, when the thermometer sunk 18 degrees, it was impossible to make the French soldiers keep their posts as sentinels, while the Pole suffered nothing. Poniatowsky,' continued he, 'was a noble character, full of honour and bravery. It was my intention to have made him king of Poland, had I succeeded in Russia.' I asked to what he



principally attributed his failure of that expedition. 'To the cold, the premature cold, and the burning of Moscow, replied Napoleon. I was a few days too late—I had made a calculation of the weather for fifty years before, and the extreme cold had never commenced until about the 20th of December, twenty days later than it began this time. While I was at Moscow, the cold was at three of the thermometer, and was such as the French could with pleasure bear; but on the march the thermometer sunk 18 degrees, and consequently nearly all the horses perished. In one night I lost 30,000. The artillery, of which I had 500 pieces was in a great measure obliged to be abandoned; neither ammunition nor provision could be carried. We could not make a reconnaissance, or send out an advance of men on horseback to discover the way, through the want of horses. The soldiers lost their spirits, fell into confusion and lost their senses. The most trifling thing alarmed them. Four or 5 men were sufficient to frighten a whole battalion.—Instead of keeping together, they wandered about in search of fire. Parties, when sent out on duty in advance, abandoned their posts, and went to seek the means of warming themselves in the houses. They separated in all directions, became helpless, and fell an easy prey to the enemy.—Others lay down, fell asleep, a little blood came from their nostrils, and sleeping, they died. In this manner thousands perished. The Poles saved some of their horses and artillery, but the French, and the soldiers of the other nations I had with me, were no longer the same men. In particular, the cavalry suffered. Out of 40,000, I do not think that 3,000 were saved. Had it not been for that fire at Moscow, I should have succeeded. I would have wintered there. There were in that city, about 40,000 citizens, who were in a manner slaves. For you must know that the Russian nobility keep their vassals in a sort of slavery. I would have proclaimed liberty to all the slaves in Russia, and abolished vassalage and nobility. This would have procured me the union of an immense and powerful party. I would either have made a peace at Moscow, or else I would have marched the next year to Petersburg.—Alexander was assured of it, and sent his diamonds, valuables, and ships to England. Had it not been for that fire, I should have succeeded in every thing. I beat them 2 days before, in a great action at Moskwa;

I attacked the Russian army of 250,000 strong, entrenched up to their necks, with 90,000, and totally defeated them. 70,000 Russians lay on the field. They had the impudence to say that they had gained the battle, though two days after I marched into Moscow.

### SKETCHES AND FRAGMENTS.

*By the Author of 'The Magic Lantern.'*

This little work appears to contain the unlaboured effusions of an elegant mind, expressed in pleasing and unaffected language. An entire sketch will enable our readers to judge for themselves of the manner in which it is written.

### THE RING.

Walking up St. James's Street a few days ago, I was attracted by some very beautiful specimens of bijouterie, displayed for sale in the window of a shop; and seeing a very curious antique ring, set in diamonds, labelled for a sum that I fancied beneath its value, I was tempted to purchase it. Examining my bargain while sitting in my easy chair after dinner, I dropped asleep, as is my usual custom; and the ring being the last subject of my thoughts, gave rise to the following dream. I thought that, while in the act of contemplating my new purchase, it thus addressed me—and, however unnatural and improbable it may seem, that an inanimate object should be gifted with the power of speech, yet, with the usual incoherence of a dream, all appeared to me perfectly correct.

'Do not undervalue me because this day I came into your possession for a comparatively trifling sum. Though you see me now with my lustre dimmed by age and want of care, time was that I wore a different aspect. In my fate you will see the lot of all sublunary grandeur, and I shall therefore relate to you my eventful history.

'I was purchased in Rome, where I was examined and admired by many a virtuoso; but a young Englishman, on his travels, no sooner saw me than he wished to possess me. Doubtful, however, of his own skill as a connoisseur, he determined on consulting a person considered a perfect judge in such matters; and, with all the unsuspecting openness of his countrymen, told my owner so. No sooner had he left the house,

than my master hastened to the virtuoso that the Englishman had named as the arbiter of my destiny; and having originally demanded double my value, he now offered a handsome douceur to the antiquary, if he could, by his commendations, ensure my sale to the young amateur. Those two precious Romans soon came to a perfect understanding; in a day or two the bargain was made, and I was consigned to the care of my new master. Though I disliked the cupidity of my late owner, and wished to leave him, still it was not without a pang that I bade adieu to the lovely cameos and intaglios that had been so long my neighbours in the same drawer; and the precious antique gems that had been so often in close contact with me, never appeared to possess so many charms as in the moment that I was torn from them for ever. My vanity, however, consoled me for the separation; for it had been cruelly wounded by having overheard my crafty countryman say, that he had two loles, one on a beryl, and another on a sardonyx, both far superior to me, who am, as you perceive, an agate, and that he heartily wished me off his hands, as no one but an Englishman would buy me.

My new master having looked at me with a carelessness that bespoke him as little interested as skilled in antiques, consigned me to his writing-box: where I lay side by side with many other articles of *virtu*, and surrounded by all the *gages d'amour* with which he had been favoured since he left college. Here I lay in inglorious obscurity for some time; for though my prison was frequently opened, to draw from it a fresh supply of money, I remained unnoticed. At length, by finding my cage moved about, I guessed that a change in my destiny was taking place, and I soon discovered, by the rumbling motion and rude jolts which I experienced, that I was leaving my native city, the once proud and imperial capital of the world. I shall pass over the grief which this parting caused me; nor shall I dwell on the *disagreements* that took place between my fellow-travellers and myself on the journey: our careless master had bestowed so little attention in packing us, that we frequently experienced some of the unpleasant rubs of life. The glass that covered a portrait fell a victim to one of the quarrels, and some beautiful Roman shells were shattered into fragments.

We proceeded to Florence, and thence to Paris, where we took up our abode;

and we had not been long there, when I observed that my prison was never opened, that my master exhibited certain symptoms of chagrin and impatience which boded something disagreeable. One day he seized my cage with a violence that threatened its annihilation, and flattered me with the hope of liberty: but the lock soon obeyed his hand; and from the frequent exclamations I heard him utter, of 'Cursed fool!' 'Stupid dupe!' 'Stingy father!' I guessed that something unusual had occurred, and I found he was writing to solicit from his father fresh supplies. His application failed of success, but brought him a recall. We soon bade adieu to Paris, and set out for England,—that country of whose wealth I had heard so much, and whose sons have been considered as the natural prey of the artful and designing.

The first gleam of light that visited me in England shone through the dusty panes of a window in the Custom House at Dover; where my prison was unceremoniously opened, and my companions and myself exposed to the view of a crowd of spectators, amidst a heap of clothes-bags, dressing-cases, *port-feuilles*, portmanteaus, china, artificial flowers, &c. &c. &c. Never shall I forget the scene that presented itself to me. The looks of inexorable rigidity of the custom-house officers,—the pale faces of the owners of the various properties, which told a piteous tale of sufferings past, and from which they had not yet recovered. The soiled dresses, mis-shaped hats and bonnets, and uncured ringlets falling over languid cheeks,—showed the ladies in no very favourable point of view; while the unshorn chins, and rumpled neckcloths of the gentlemen, betrayed that they had not escaped the disasters of the briny element. Each individual stood close to his or her property; and all personal suffering appeared to be forgotten in the anxiety which they felt to recover their possessions from the ruthless fangs of the custom-house officers. One lady was declaring that a piece of fine Mecklin lace, found in her band-box, was English manufacture; and another was insisting that a piece of French silk, which was discovered peeping through her pocket-hole, was merely the lining of her dress. Innumerable female voices, all speaking together, were heard around, making confusion doubly confused; while the gentlemen, who appeared less able to argue with the revenue officers, contented themselves with undervaluing their

properties, that the duties might be proportionally reduced. I made one reflection on the scene around me, which was, that the female sex are all addicted to dealing in contraband goods, or smuggling, as it was there called; for out of above 50 ladies present, there was not one who did not endeavour to defraud the revenue.

‘After witnessing several animated contests, and countless seizures, it at length came to my turn to be examined, and I felt my dignity not a little offended by being taken up between the soiled finger and thumb of one of the inspectors, who, after viewing me for a moment, pronounced me English, which my master having with rather a disdainful smile tacitly admitted, I was restored to my old abode, and with my companions, again huddled up in our narrow cell.

‘The scene I had witnessed conveyed no favourable impression of England; and I could not help ejaculating to myself, Is this, then, that famed land of freedom of which I have so often heard; and whose laws, and protection of private property, are so frequently held up to admiration? How prone are mankind to misrepresent, and exaggerate; and how ill governed must this same England be, and how defective its laws, when the goods, for which an individual has paid his money, and which, of course, have become his property, are taken from him without even civility of an excuse, and this by the very officers employed to carry their boasted laws into effect! I made many more wise reflections on laws and governments, but of which, as they did not concern my history, I shall spare you the recital; let it suffice to say, that no where had I heard law and justice so violently denounced as in an English custom-house: and there it was I first learned that they are not synonymous terms.

‘The motion of the vehicle, as we rolled along from Dover towards London, was so different from that to which I had hitherto been accustomed, that I concluded the roads in England to be much better, or that some peculiar excellence appertained to English horses or postilions. My travelling companions and I agreed much better; and during our journey from Dover to the metropolis, we maintained our equilibrium with perfect decorum, and had not a single rupture.

‘We arrived in the British capital on a fine evening in May; and I was the next morning released from the narrow precincts

of my prison, and consigned, with some other articles of *virtu*, to the fair sister of my master. She admired me extremely; but returned me to her brother, with the observation, that he had better reserve me for the finger of a fair female friend of hers, to whom he was to be presented at dinner; but to all his enquiries as to the name of this fair unknown, she declined giving any information.

‘I was placed on the dressing-table of my master, and could not help observing that when attiring himself for dinner this day, he bestowed more than his accustomed care in arranging his neckcloth, and giving his hair that careless waving flow so much admired by travelling beaux. I had hitherto fancied that the male sex were superior to the minor considerations of personal decorations; but I now discovered that no blooming nymph of seventeen, at her first presentation, could have taken more pains in displaying her charms to the best advantage, than did my master on the present occasion. I felt considerable interest to know the result of his interview with the fair unknown, but had no means of gratifying my curiosity. I remarked, however, that from this eventful day, he appeared more than usually anxious to adorn his person to the best advantage; and at the end of a few weeks, I observed him draw a small torquoise ring from his finger, which he kissed with a rapture that excited my astonishment mingled with indignation, that an ornament so inferior to myself could be so valued, while I was left whole weeks unnoticed on the dressing-table, or only casually touched by the housemaid when arranging the room. At length I was one day taken up, and conveyed by my master to a celebrated jeweller, to whose care he consigned me, with particular injunctions to have me reset, encircled with diamonds, and made to the size of a very small gold ring which he left as a pattern. He gave innumerable directions, expressive of his anxiety to have me completed; all of which convinced me that I was designed for the finger of some fair lady, and the unknown immediately occurred to my memory. The jeweller, whose only object was to incur as much expense to his employer as possible, encircled me with a row of brilliants, so large as nearly to hide my diminished head; and having now all the appearance of a modern antique, I was restored to my master, and the next day was placed by him on one of the most

snowy, taper fingers in the world, as a guard to a plain gold ring that he had put on the same finger at St. George's church half an hour before, as I discovered by the conversation that followed the action.

' My mistress seemed excessively pleased with me, and frequently raised her hand to arrange her hair or dress, and as frequently expressed her admiration of me, which not a little excited my vanity; but my self-complacency was much abated by discovering that she admired the diamonds that surrounded me more than myself, and my respect for her was much decreased by ascertaining, from her observations, that she was totally unskilled in antiques.

' For about a year I retained the post of honour with my new mistress; but towards the close of that period, I discovered a visible alteration in her: of which, as it affected her treatment to me, I took particular notice. The first symptom I observed was a want of cordiality between her and my *ci-devant* master. Occasional differences took place between them, conducted on both sides with much warmth, and I noticed that a male visitor, who was very assiduous in his attention, seemed to have taken a great fancy either to my mistress's hand or myself, for he frequently pressed both between his, and as frequently raised them to his lips, though gently reprimanded for it by the lady.— At length, one day he removed me from the fair finger I had so long encircled; and then drawing off the plain gold ring that I had so faithfully guarded, replaced it by one of nearly a similar kind, and then restored me to my former station, having consigned my old companion to his pocket.

' I felt, or fancied that I felt my mistress's hand agitated by a tremulous emotion, and a drop that, save from its warmth, I should have taken for crystal, at that moment fell on me, and was hastily brushed away by the lips of the gentleman. I felt indignant at being robbed of this liquid pearl, which to my prophetic soul appeared like the last memorial of departed purity, nor could I be reconciled to the new companion who had usurped the place of my old one, to which, habit, and its unobtrusive qualities, had endeared me. The next day my mistress took advantage of the absence of her husband to clope with her lover, and though pressed by him to remove me for a ring of great beauty and value that he had provided as a substitute, she expressed such a desire still to retain me, that, though

with a visible degree of chagrin, he consented to permit me to occupy my old station, and placed his gift on a finger of the right hand.

' I soon observed many symptoms of unhappiness in my mistress; I was frequently bedewed with the tears that trickled down her pale cheeks, as the hand to which I belonged supported it; and the same hand was often pressed to her burning forehead, as if to still the throbbing pulse that agonized her there. By degrees the once snowy hand lost its fairness, and assumed a sickly yellow hue; the once finely rounded taper finger which I had so closely encircled, shrunk from my embrace. Yet still my unhappy mistress seemed to wish to retain me, and by twisting several silken threads round me, she again secured me; but alas! in a few days I felt an unusual coldness steal over the attenuated finger, which was succeeded by a rigidity that gave it the feel and semblance of marble. \* \* \* \* \* At this moment my servant, entering the room, awoke me, and interrupted a dream, the impression of which was so vivid, as to leave the traces of tears on my cheek.

## Poetry.

### WALTZING.

—→●◄—

At first they move slowly, with caution and grace,  
Like horses when just setting out on a race;  
For dancers at balls, just like horses at races,  
Must amble a little to show off their paces.  
The music plays faster, their raptures begin,  
Like lambskins they skip, like tetotums they spin:  
Now draperies whirl, and now petticoats fly,  
And ancles at least are exposed to the eye.

O'er the chalk-covered ball-room in circles they swim;  
He smiles upon her, and she smiles upon him;  
Her hand on his shoulder is tenderly placed,  
His arm quite as tenderly circles her waist;

They still bear in mind as they're turning  
each other,

The proverb, "one good turn's deserving  
another ;

And these *bodily turns* often end, it is said,  
In turning the lady's or gentleman's head.

POSTSCRIPT.

When you talk of this dance, I request it  
may be,

Not *waltzing*, but *saltzing*, pronounced  
with a *r*.

ON A SOLDIER,

*Who died in the West Indies, 23d. Ap. 1822.*

—♦♦♦—

Thou oft hast mingled in the throng  
Of Britain's battles, fierce and long ;—  
Cheer'd on by thy own native pipes,  
Thou oft hast scal'd the dizzy heights  
Of tottering tower, or roaring rock,  
And borne the brunt of hostile shock ;—  
Thou often hast at the dead hour,  
Been rous'd to face the adverse power,  
With nought to light thee, save the glare  
Of flashing guns, and rockets in the air.

The HAND that points the bullet's course  
Preserv'd thee from its fatal force :—  
Thou died not on the enemy's shore,  
'Mid the loud swell of battle's roar ;  
No peal of cannon sung thy death ;  
Thy bed was not a slippery heath ;  
'Twas not thy fate, on bloody plain,  
To make a number in the slain ;  
Another—bitterer—fate was thine—  
To fall beneath an Indian clime,  
And yield thy spirit where the slave  
Will dance and carol o'er thy grave !

W. K.

*Gorbals.*

NOTICES

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are under many obligations to our  
friends, some of them will perceive we have

availed ourselves of their kindness.

The letter of "a Clergyman" involves  
matter of discussion, which at present we  
beg leave to decline.

We take, in good part, the hint of our  
correspondent Justus, and will endeavour  
to profit by it.

L. X. does not X. L. ; we cannot print  
such nonsense.

From the epigram by Quiz, containing  
twenty lines, on being asked if a Lean Pig  
was like any other animal ? we extract all  
the wit,

" Yes, one there is, these doth combine,  
Pray which ? why sure the Porc-u-pine."

The " Sharpshooter's song" we lay past  
till the next review day.

The Butterfly will appear in our next.  
We will be happy to receive communica-  
tions from the same quarter.

We are quite overpowered, by an article  
which assumes so many names that it is  
impossible to describe it properly. " Lines  
to Mary," " Song to Jessie," " On the  
rising sun," " Sonnet," " Acrostick," &c.  
&c. &c. these and many similar have all a  
family resemblance, yet nobody can tell  
what they mean to represent.

Grateful for past favor, we trust the  
*Melange* will in future continue to deserve  
it.

~~~~~

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# THE LITERARY MELANGE,

OR

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"SERIA MINTA JOCIS."

No. 7. WEDNESDAY, 31st JULY, 1822. PRICE 3<sup>d</sup>

### SKETCHES.

No. 4.

#### THE COURTSHIP.

An English education, and an extraordinary share of natural vivacity, had given to Fanny Woodbine powers of attraction, which independently of her raven locks, and laughing eyes, by most people would have been deemed interesting. She was now in that lovely season of life, between its spring and its summer, when the gay spirit dances amidst the blossoms on its path, and all is fondness, faithfulness and joy. Possessed of numerous accomplishments, and fine talents for conversation, Fanny Woodbine gained the heart sooner than she pleased the eye, but no one ever sat an hour in her company, who if he were within the first five minutes charmed with her playfulness, was not, the next five minutes, convinced she was a beauty. With such attractions, it was not wonderful that Fanny should have been an object of interest to many young men, who whether they visited her father's, as the professed lovers, or silent admirers of his daughter, were always received in the kindest manner by the Major. He delighted to talk of her intrepidity, when quelling the in-

surrectionary movements of the negroes in the West Indies, but his favorite topic was his disposition of the regiment under his command, when on one occasion a French fleet threatened the Island of ———, at that time the Major's residence. It was amusing to observe the various methods adopted to secure the favor of the old gentleman, by Fanny's admirers,—constant attention to his stories, compliments appropriately interposed, affected interest in his narrations, and the loud and hearty laugh which patronised his jokes, were all efforts to deceive Major Woodbine, and to secure his approbation as the first step to his daughter's love.

There was *one* however, amidst the crowd of Fanny's admirers, who had never condescended to act thus, and yet if general appearances were to have been trusted Alfred seemed likely to be a most unsuccessful one. But had you watched them closely, when some trivial topic engrossed the conversation of the company, you might have seen Fanny with half closed eye, looking fondly in his face, while a smile played o'er his countenance, the only return he gave for the kind acknowledgment.

A gayer and more fashionable man was Horatio, and had any person accepted the opinion he entertained of

himself, it would have been most favorable. Heir to a noble estate, accustomed to the splendors of fashionable life, and of a domineering and impetuous spirit, he considered his visits to Woodbine Hill, as condescensions which nothing but his attachment to Fanny could have occasioned.

Fanny was too clever not to perceive the manner in which he valued these attentions to her, and when she contrasted them with the calm and constant affection of Alfred, her young heart felt that it could not even do him justice. One beautiful evening Fanny and Alfred walked together in the park, and the balm of the air, the verdure of the fields, the song of the birds, and the brightness of the golden clouds which the sun ere he sets seemed more vividly to illumine, all invited to fondness and to love.

Such was the moment when Alfred declared an attachment, which successive years had silently entwined around his heart, and which the longer it flourished there only bloomed the sweeter. Fanny's consent sealed his bliss. But these happy moments were soon interrupted by the servant of Horatio, who now stepped forward and presented a letter to Fanny. It stated that Horatio was to dine at Woodbine Hill next day, when he intended to avail himself of the opportunity to throw himself and his fortunes at her feet.

Together with the letter Horatio's servant was entrusted with a present to the Major (who certainly was a *bon vivant*) consisting of a delicious haunch of venison, and which all Horatio's interest with his friend Lord E—— had scarcely been able to procure for him. The servant proceeded by the shortest path to the house, and altho' the rout of the lovers was more circuitous, they also arrived a short time afterwards.

As soon as Fanny was alone she thought herself of Horatio's letter, but it was no where to be found, at length she remembered having left it on the green bank near the spot where it was received, she hastened to the place, but the letter was not there, and with considerable anxiety she found herself obliged to abandon the search and return home. The person who had removed the letter was Fleury, the French Cook of Woodbine Hill, he had seen it lying on the ground, in passing from the village, and having picked it up he put it in his pocket. Next forenoon the happy lovers met, and never did the time pass more swiftly, for long before they expected or wished, the company invited began to assemble. Horatio was amongst the first to arrive, and it was soon observed that he was if possible more pert in his manner, and more severe in his jokes, than he had ever been before. He sat near the Major at dinner, and had just finished his soup, when the latter commenced a dissertation on the excellent dish before him, for which the company were indebted to Horatio. All eyes were turned towards it, but the company especially admired the beautiful cut paper with which Fleury had concealed the uncomely portion of the bone. This ornament was so well executed, that Fanny requested Horatio to undo part of it, that he might show it to a girl near him. Glad to oblige one of whom Horatio thought as of a bride, he proceeded to obey her, but to his utter discomfiture, he found the ornamental paper which adorned the venison was the letter he had sent to Fanny the day before, and which had by this time attracted the attention of the whole company. Shocked and enraged, he left the table, and Woodbine Hill for ever, nor is he yet convinced that Fanny was not to blame for the

occurrence.

However much Fleury's want of education is to be regretted, it at least prevented all interruption to the felicity of Alfred and Fanny, who a few days afterwards, were united at the Major's in the bonds of Matrimony, and it was often observed that whenever that meritorious officer, imbibed more than his usual allowance of claret, the company were sure to be favoured with a circumstantial account of Horatio's unfortunate courtship.

ON THE MODES OF LIVING, THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE METROPOLIS, DURING THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE.

Of the *hospitality* of the English, and of the style of *eating* and *drinking* in the upper ranks of society, Harrison has given us the following curious, though general, detail.

"In number of dishes and change of meat," he remarks, "the nobilitie of England (whose cookes are for the most part musically headed Frenchmen and strangers) doo most exceed, sith there is no daie in manner that passeth over their heads, wherein they have not onelie beefe, mutton, veale, lambe, kid, porke, conie, capon, pig, or so manie of these as the season yeeldeth: but also some portion of the red or fallow deere, beside great varietie of fish and wild fowle, and thereto sundrie other delicacies wherein the sweet hand of the seafaring Portugale is not wanting: so that for a man to dine with one of them, and to taste of everie dish that standeth before him (which few use to doo, but ech one feedeth upon that meat him best liketh for the time, the beginning of everie dish notwithstanding being reserved unto the greatest personage that sitteth at

the table, to whome it is drawn up still by the waiters as order requireth, and from whence it descendeth againe even to the lower end, whereby each one may taste thereof) is rather to yield into a conspiracie with a great deale of meat for the speedie suppression of naturall health, when the use of a necessarie meane to satisfie himselfe with a competent repast, to susteine his bodie withall."

"The chiefe part likewise of their daillie provision is brought in before them (commonlie in silver vessell, if they be of the degree of barons, bishops and upwards) and placed on their tables, whereof when they have taken what it pleaseth them, the rest is reserved, and afterward sent downe to their serving men and waiters, who feed thereon in like sort with convenient moderation, their reversion also being bestowed upon the poore, which lie readie at their gates in great numbers to receive the same. This is spoken of the principall tables whereat the nobleman, his ladie and guesstes are accustomed to sit, beside which they have a certeine ordinarie allowance daillie appointed for their halls, where the chiefe officers and household servants (for all are not permitted by custome to waite upon their master) and with them such inferiour guesstes doo feed, as they are not of calling to associat the noble man himselfe (so that besides those afore mentioned, which are called to the principall table, there are commonlie fortie or three score persons fed in those halls,) to the great reliefe of such poore sutors and strangers also as oft be partakers thereof and otherwise like to dine hardlie. As for drinke it is usuallie filled in pots, gobblets, jugs, bols of silver in noble mens houses, also in fine Venice glasses of all formes, and for want of these elsewhere in pots of earth of sundrie colours and moulds (whereof



manie are garnished with silver) or at the leastwise in pewter, all which notwithstanding are seldome set on the table, but each one as necessitie urgeth, calleth for a cup of such drinke as him listeth to have: so that when he hath tasted of it he delivered the cup againe to some one of the standers by, who making it clean by pouring out the drinke that remaineth, restor-eth it to the cupboard from whence he fetched the same. By this device,—much idle tipping is further more cut off, for if the full pots should continually stand at the elbow or neer the trencher, diverse would alwaies be dealing with them, whereas now they drinke seldome and onelie when necessitie urgeth, and so avoid the note of great drinking, or often troubling of the servitors with filling of their bols. Neverthelesse in the noble men's hals, this order is not used, neither in anie man's house commonlie under the degree of a knight or esquire of great revenues. It is a world to see in these our daies, wherein gold and silver most aboundeth, how that our gentilitie as lothing those mettals (bicause of the plentie) do now generallie choose rather the Venice glasses both for our wine and beere, than anie of those mettals or stone wherein before time we have beene accustomed to drinke, but such is the nature of man generallie that it most coveteth things difficult to be attained; and such is the estimation of this stuffe, that manie become rich onelie with their new trade unto Murana (a town neere to Venice situat on the Adriatike sea) from whence the verie best are daile to be had, and such as for beautie doo well neare match the christall or the ancient Murrhina vassa, whereof now no man hath knowledge. And as this is scene in the gentilitie, so in the wealttie communitie the like desire of glasse is not neglected."

To this interesting sketch a few particulars shall be added in order to render the picture more complete; and, in the first place, we shall give an account, from an eye-witnesse, of the ceremonies accompanying the dinner-table of Elizabeth. "While the Queen was still at prayers," relates Hentzner, "we saw her table set out with the following solemnity:

"A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-seller, a plate and bread; when they had kneeled as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe, as if the queen had been present: when they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guards entered, bareheaded, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat, of the particular dish he had brought for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England,

being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettie-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court. The queen dines and sups alone with very few attendants."

The strict regularity and temperance which prevailed in the court of Elizabeth, were by no means characteristic of that of her successor, who, in his convivial moments, too often grossly transgressed the bonds of sobriety.—When Christian IV. King of Denmark, visited England in July, 1606, the carousals at the palace were carried to a most extravagant height, and their influence on the higher ranks was such, that "our good English nobles," remarks Harrington, "whom I never could get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication;" accusations which he fully substantiates whilst relating the following most ludicrous scene;—

"One day," says he, "a great feast was held, and, after dinner, the representation of Solomon his Temple, and the coming of the Queen of Sheba was made, or (as I may better say) was meant to have been made, before their Majesties, by device of the Earl of Salisbury and others.—But, alas! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so did prove our presentment hereof. The Lady who did play the Queen's part, did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties; but, forgetting the steppes arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish Majesties lap, and

fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand, to make all clean. His Majesty then got up and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber and laid on a bed of state; which was not a little defiled with the presents of the Queen which had been bestowed on his garments; such as wine, cream, jelly, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward, or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear, in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity: Hope did assay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the King would excuse her brevity: Faith was then all alone, for I am certain she was not joyued with good works, and left the court in a staggering condition: Charity came to the King's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed; in some sorte she made obeysance and brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which heaven had not already given his Majesty. She then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both sick and spewing in the lower hall. Next came Victory, in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the King, who did not accept it, but put it by with his hand; and by a strange medley of versification, did endeavour to make suit to the king. But Victory did not triumph long; for, after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly captive, and laid to sleep in the outer steps of the antichamber. Now did Peace make entry, and strive to get foremoste to the King; but I grieve to tell how great

wrath she did discover unto those of her attendants; and much contrary to her semblance, most rudely made war with her olive branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming." The facetious Knight concludes his story by declaring that "in our Queen's days—I neer did see such lack of good order, discretion, and so on, as I have now done."

To the reign of Elizabeth is to be attributed the introduction of a luxury, which has since become almost universal, the custom of using, or, as it was then called, of *taking tobacco*. This herb, which was first brought into England by Sir Francis Drake, about the year 1586, met with an early and violent opposition, and gave birth to a multitude of invectives and satires, among which the most celebrated is King James's "Counterblast to Tobacco." This monarch entertained the most rooted antipathy to the use of tobacco in any form, and closes his treatise by asserting that it is "a custom loathsome to the eye, hatefull to the nose, harmfull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fumes thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." He also tells us in another work, that were he to invite the devil to a dinner, "he should have these three dishes—1st. a pig; 2d. a poole of ling and mustard; and 3d. a pipe of tobacco for digesture."

Tobacco may be said, indeed to have made many inroads in domestic cleanliness, and, on this account, to have deservedly incurred the dislike of that large portion of the female sex on whom the charge of household economy devolved. "Surely," says James, "smoke becomes a kitchen farre better than a dining chamber," a remark which is as applicable now as it was then; but we cannot help smiling when he adds, with his usual credulity, "and

yet it makes a kitchen also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soying and infecting them, with an unctuous and oily kind of soote, as hath beene found in some great Tobacco takers, that after their death were opened."

Such were, indeed, the tales in common circulation among the lower orders, and which Ben Johnson has very humorously put into the mouth of Cob in *Every Man in his Humour*:—"By Gods me," says the water-bearer, "I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this rogueish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choak a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers: there were four died out of one house with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight; and one of them, they say, will ne'er scape it; he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward.—By the stocks, an' there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman that should but deal with a tobacco-pipe; why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker."

It would appear that the prejudices against the use of this narcotic required much time for their extirpation; for Burton, who wrote about thirty years after its introduction, and at the very close of the Shakespearean era, seems as violent against the common use of tobacco as even James himself:—"A good vomit," says he, "I confesse, a vertuous herbe, if it be well qualified, opportunnely taken, and medicinally used, but as it is commonly used by most men, which take it as Tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, hellish, devilish damn'd tobacco, the ruine and overthrow of body and soule."

Notwithstanding this abuse however, and the edicts of King James

for bidding its consumption in all ale-houses, tobacco soon acquired such general favour, that Stowe tells us in his *Annals*, "it was commonly used by most men and many women;" and James, appealing to his subjects, exclaims,—“Now how you are by this custome disabled in your goods, let the gentry of this land beare witness, some of them bestowing three, some four hundred pounds a yeere upon this precious stinke;” a sum so enormous, that we must conclude them to have been as determined smokers as the Buckinghamshire parson recorded by Lilly, who “was so given over to tobacco and drink, that when he had no tobacco, he would cut the *bell ropes* and *smoke* them.”

*Snuff-taking* was as much in fashion as smoking; and the following passage from Decker proves, that the *gallants* of his day were as extravagant and ridiculous in their use of it as our modern *beaux*, whether we regard the splendour of their boxes, or their affectation in applying the contents; it appears also to have been customary to take snuff immediately before dinner. “Before the meat come smoking to the board, our gallant must draw out his tobacco-box, ‘and’ the ladle for the cold snuff into the nostril,—all which artillery may be of gold or silver, if he can reach to the price of it; then let him show his several tricks in taking it, as the whiff, the ring, &c. for these are compliments that gain gentlemen no mean respect. “It is singular,” remarks Dr. Nott, alluding to the general use of tobacco at this period, “when the introduction of this new indulgence had so engaged the pen of almost every cotemporary playwright and pamphleteer, nay, even royalty itself, that Shakespeare should have been totally silent upon it.

### THE BASHFUL MAN.

SIR,

I labour under a species of disease which I fear will, at length drive me utterly from that society in which I am most anxious to appear; but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than he had acquired at a charity-school: but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage, which he fancied would have made him happy; viz. a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here having but small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life, particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family, were little calculated to improve my outward conduct: I therefore had resolved on living at the University and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz.—my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune, which he used to boast, would make a Nabob happy: in short, he had brought

over with him the sum of sixty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause, I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now behold me, at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with latin, greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the wealthy learned clown.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighbourhood: and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manners, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families, (especially by those who have marriageable daughters); from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls and the most pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept the offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled: for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked with a full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

At length, however, I determined to conquer my timidity; and three days ago accepted of an invitation to dine with one whose open easy manners, left me no doubt of a cordial welcome; sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet with about five thousand pound a-year estate, joining to that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters, all

grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of sir Thomas's at Friendly-hall, dependant on their father.

Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity, to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learnt to make a bow, I boldly ventured to accept the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirement would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity. But alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice.

As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality: impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw: at my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to lady Friendly; but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trode upon the gouty toe of poor sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me, is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description the number I believe is small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress

his feelings, and appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness; 'til at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing), greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be; sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I supposed), willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him; and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly,—but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like so many volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedgewood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarcely knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up; and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears was only the half-hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall, and suit of apartments to the dining-room I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt lady Friendly and her eldest daughter, at the table. Since

the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes.—Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented me on the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap: in spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of the sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron: but recollecting how sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trode upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and servants.

I will not relate the several blunders I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a butter-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar,—rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me, in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped it into my mouth, hot as a burning coal: it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets: at last in spite of shame or resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that

wine was best for drawing out the fire, and a glass of Sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness. But oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the Butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy with which I filled my mouth, already flead and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hand to my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain over all the dishes, and I was saluted by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did sir Thomas reprimand the servants and lady Friendly chide her daughters, for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete.

To release me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh, while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a goblin damned; the lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain on my forehead, yet these are but trifling considerations to the everlasting shame I must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned, perhaps by your assistance when my neighbours know

how much I feel on the occasion, they will spare a BASHFUL MAN.

FROM THE NORTH GEORGIA GAZETTE.

To the EDITOR of the Winter Chronicle.  
SIR,

In performance of the promise made to you and your readers in your last Number but one, I continue my account of the several annoyances by which our tables have been long visited; and I beg at the same time to offer you my acknowledgments for the part you have taken towards their eradication, by inserting a letter of such unconscionable length as my last, in your Gazette.—The class standing next upon my list is that of the Snorers, who are upon the whole, so inoffensive a set, that it almost goes to my heart to hold them up to public notice. There is, moreover, some danger, lest by doing any thing to break them of snoring, they might also be prevented from sleeping; and this would be an irreparable injury to our community, because, whilst in this state, they are certainly much less annoyance to us than when wide awake; for you must know, Mr. Editor, that these same snorers, as soon as they open their eyes, are generally converted, as if by magic, into hummers or drummers, or some other of the noisy classes I have before described. Rather, therefore, than be the means of robbing our tables of one hour's quiet during the day, by finding fault with so laudable a practice as that of sleeping, I shall dismiss this part of the subject with expressing a hope that some means may be suggested of teaching these gentlemen to sleep without snoring. Perhaps it might be of some service to have attached to each of them a flapper, such as we are told by Gulliver, the great people in Laputa have. I dare

say the marines could easily be trained to this: they should be instructed to give them a good smart box on the ear at every snore, and then to smooth them down, to re-compose them to sleep, taking particular care, which a few days practice would enable them to do, to make them feel pretty sharply, but by no means to run the risk of absolutely awakening them.

I now come to the Sniffers, who by some means or other, have got out of their place in my catalogue, as they ought to have followed the Blowers; because, like those, the offence they give is chiefly by the nose.

They are, however, in one essential point, the very reverse of the Blowers; because, whereas these last are always using their pocket-handkerchiefs, the Sniffers never use any, but perform the same office more economically, more frequently, and I must in justice add, with less disturbance to others than those tremendous Conch-Blowers. The Sniffers have been observed to increase very much since the last cold weather set in, and there is, perhaps, some excuse for them; but I do hereby give notice that all Sniffing, after the 10 of March must be considered absolutely inadmissible; and the Sniffers are hereby required, in the mean time to provide themselves with a proper number of handkerchiefs, and to blow their noses like gentlemen, after that date, on pain of being posted for the non performance of the same in the succeeding week's newspaper.

Next in order on my list I find the Slammers, or as my correspondent X. has denominated, them the Door-Slammers. These, Mr. Editor, are indeed as Mr. X. has expressed it, "a daily and hourly inconvenience."—But alas! what chance can any effort of mine have of correcting this noisy practise, when even a civil request, publicly made by the commander of

the expedition to have mercy on his own door, and the adjoining bulk-heads, has not yet had any perceptible effect? It is not necessary for me to explain in what the art of the Slammers consists, for the word must at once convey to our minds, what our ears are so constantly in the habit of experiencing. But there are some circumstances attending the practise of this art, which my constant observation has made me acquainted with, and which you, readers will, upon trial, find to be correct.

It may be relied on as an incontrovertible fact, that the force with which the Slammers shut the doors, is intended by them, as by the Bangers, to announce their arrival; for without some such means, so important an event might possibly remain unnoticed, and for this they would never forgive themselves. Some of the more inveterate of this class, after they have slammed the door with becoming energy, on entering stand awhile to assure themselves that all hands are made aware of their coming; and then, and not till then, complacently take their seats. It has often been remarked, Mr. Editor, that little people are more consequential than those who are taller. Whether this be the case or not, I will not pretend to determine; but certain I am that, with very few exceptions, the great people of our community slam the doors the hardest, and the little great people the hardest of all. Indeed so exactly proportional have I generally found the slam of the door to be to the size of the person, and according to the popular notion, to his consequence also, that I would be bound to guess a man's height within an inch or so, by the manner in which he shuts the door. Perhaps, if you knew my own size, you would allow that I have, in the following description, sacrificed all personal feeling to



a sense of justice and truth. Your King-John's man, commonly said to measure four feet nothing, enters with a tremendous slam,—like Jove he carries his thunder about with him! A neat dapper little fellow of five feet three or four inches makes the bulk-heads quake again, and what is even worse, by his ill-managed violence, causes the door to re-open, so that he stuns and freezes you at the same time. As we get to five feet six, and from that to five feet ten, the doors are shut more moderately; and a decent sized fellow, of near six feet or upwards, even of considerable consequence, may go in and out of an apartment and scarcely be heard. I know of one way, and only one, in which the Slammers can possibly be cured of their habit. I have heard of a dog having been broke of worrying a cat by muzzling him, and then letting pussy scratch his nose in security. My recipe for the Slammers is of the same kind. Let their heads be securely and closely tied to the most rattling door in either ship, then let two stout men, one on each side, be employed for an hour in opening and shutting the door as often and as hard as they are able. If this dose taken three times a day, for one week, does not cure the most inveterate case in the history of this disease, the Slammers may indeed be pronounced incorrigible.

I now come to the Growlers, a very teasing class, of whom I had a good deal to say, but I find I have been anticipated by a more satirical writer in your last gazette, who took occasion to descant on this subject, when, lamentable to relate! the pies on board the Hecla, were not cooked in proper time for dinner. As your correspondent, "A Spectator," may have it in contemplation to resume this fertile subject at a future time, I shall very willingly leave it in his hands, and as I

fancy you and your readers will begin to think I am growing tedious, I shall reserve the remainder of my list to some other time; and I assure you I have yet a choice collection. By way of reporting progress on my last communication, I shall only at present add that one Nose-Blower has been reclaimed; but another is as bad as ever. I have heard two Whistlers stifle their tunes in the middle, and they may therefore be said to be half corrected in their habit.

The Bangers all laugh at my joke; but one of the principal of them does not put the cap on his own head, for which it was chiefly intended. No amendment is yet perceived in the Hummers or Drummers, and I therefore give notice to the said Hummers and Drummers, that as they are unanimously declared to be the greatest pests, except the Slammers, which our tables have, they must either mend their manners, or expect to be handled more severely in some future communication,

From your obedient servant,

Z.

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## REVIEW.

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*Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from St. Helena. The opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his life and Government, in his own words.*—By BARRY E. O'MEARA, Esq., his late Surgeon. 2 vols.—Continued from our last.

The first of the following passages accords with the opinion entertained by many, that Bonaparte was a fatalist:

'That governor,' added he, 'has closed up the path which led to the company's gardens, where I used to walk sometimes, as

it is the only spot sheltered from the bitter wind, which I suppose he thought was too great an indulgence. But I do not give myself any uneasiness about it, as when a man's time is come, he must go.' I took the liberty of asking if he was a predestinarian. 'Yes,' replied Napoleon, 'as much so as the Turks are. I have been always so. When destiny wills, it must be obeyed.'

Asked him some questions about Blucher. 'Blucher,' said he, 'is a very brave soldier. He is like a bull who shuts his eyes, and, seeing no danger, rushes on.—He committed a thousand faults, and had it not been for circumstances, I could repeatedly have made him and the greatest part of his army prisoners. He is stubborn and indefatigable, afraid of nothing, and very much attached to his country; but, as a general, he is without talent. I recollect, that when I was in Prussia, he dined at my table after he had surrendered, and he was then considered to be an ordinary character.'

Speaking about the English soldiers, he observed, 'the English soldier is brave, nobody more so, and the officers generally men of honor, but I do not think them yet capable of executing grand manœuvres.—*I think that if I were at the head of them, I could make them do any thing.*'

Napoleon thus gave his opinion, on the comparative merit of the Russians, Prussians, and Germans:—

'Soldiers change, sometimes brave, sometimes base. I have seen the Russians at Eylau perform prodigies of valor: they were so many heroes. At Moscow, entrenched up to their necks, they allowed me to beat 250,000 men with 90,000. At Jena, and at other battles in that campaign, the Prussians fled like sheep; since that time they have fought bravely. My opinion is, that now, the Prussian soldier is superior to the Austrian. The French cuirassiers were the best cavalry in the world. Individually, there is no horseman superior, or perhaps equal, to the Mameluke; but they cannot act in a body. As partizans, the Cossacs excel, and the Poles as lancers.' This he said in reply to a question made by me of his opinion relative to the cavalry.

I asked who he thought was the best general amongst the Austrians. 'Prince Charles,' he replied, 'though he has committed a thousand faults. As to Schwarzenberg, he is not fit to command 6000

men.'

When Mr. O. M. was conversing with B. in his bath, the marks of two wounds were shown to him:—

One a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmühl. 'At the siege of Acre,' continued he, 'a shell thrown by Sydney Smith, fell at my feet. Two soldiers who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me, against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress. Many times in my life,' continued he, 'have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most eminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Col. Meuron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, *Vive l'Empereur!*'

To the restrictions, which Sir Hudson Lowe thought it necessary to place on B. and his attendants at Longwood, may be ascribed the abuse which they lavished on him, and which Mr. O'M. seems by no means inclined to soften. No man, however, who is in possession of his senses, can for a moment

doubt that the most unremitting vigilance was necessary on the part of the governor. What letters the party at Longwood succeeded in sending off secretly, it were vain to enquire, but it is known that Count Las Cases was detected in attempting to send to England a letter written on silk. When, in consequence of this, he was removed from Longwood, B. only disapproved of the bungling manner in which his attempt was made: adding, 'I am sorry for it, because people will accuse me of having been privy to the plan, and will have a poor opinion of my understanding, supposing me to have consented to so shallow a plot.'

Afterwards Mr. O'M. adds:

Napoleon very much concerned about the treatment which Las Cases suffered, and the detention of his own papers. He observed, that if there had been any plot in L. C.'s letter, the governor could have perceived it in ten minutes' perusal. That in a few moments he could also see that the campaigns of Italy, &c. contained nothing treasonable; and that it was contrary to all law to detain papers belonging to him (Napoleon). 'Perhaps,' said he, 'he will come up here some day, and say that he has received intimation that a plot to affect my escape is in agitation. What guarantee have I, that when I have nearly finished my history, he will not come up and seize the whole of it? It is true that I can keep my manuscripts in my own room, and with a couple of brace of pistols I can dispatch the first who enters. *I must burn the whole of what I have written.* It served as an amusement to me in this dismal abode, and might perhaps have been interesting to the world; but with this Sicilian catchpole there is no guarantee nor security. He violates every law, and tramples under foot decency, politeness, and the common forms of society. He came up with a savage joy beaming from his eyes, because he had an opportunity of insulting and tormenting us. While surrounding the house with his staff, he reminded me of the savages of the South Sea islands, dancing round the prisoners whom they were going to devour. Tell him,' continued he, 'what I said about his conduct.' For fear that I should forget,

he repeated his expressions about the savages a second time, and made me say it after him.

The following is given as B's opinion of Moreau:—

'Moreau,' said he, 'was an excellent general of division, but not fit to command a large army. With 100,000 men, Moreau would divide his army in different positions, covering roads, and would not do more than if he had only 30,000. He did not know how to profit either by the number of his troops, or by their positions. Very calm and cool in the field, he was more collected and better able to command in the heat of an action than to make dispositions prior to it. He was often seen smoking his pipe in battle, Moreau was not naturally a man of a bad heart; *Un bon vivant*, but he had not much character.—He was led away by his wife and another intriguing Creole.'

'Massena,' said he, 'was a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previous to a battle; and it was not until the dead began to fall about him that he began to act with that judgement which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, then Massena was himself; gave his orders, and made his dispositions with the greatest *sang froid* and judgement. This is true nobleness of blood. It was truly said of Massena, that he never began to act with judgement until the battle was going against him. He was, however, *un voleur*. He went halves along with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often, that if he discontinued his speculations, I would make him a present of 800,000, or a 1,000,000 of francs; but he had acquired such a habit, that he could not keep his hands from money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers, who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the time, he was precious; and had not his bright parts been soiled with the vice of avarice, he would have been a great man.

The following passage is sufficiently amusing:—

5th.—Had a long conversation with the emperor in his bath. Asked his opinion of the Emperor Alexander, 'he is a man not to be depended on,' replied Napoleon.

He is the only one of the three,\* who has any talent. He is plausible, a great dissimulator, very ambitious, and a man who studies to make himself popular. It is his folly to believe himself skilled in the art of war, and he likes nothing so well as to be complimented on it, though every thing that originated with himself relative to military operations was ill-judged and absurd. At Tilsit, Alexander and the King of Prussia used frequently to occupy themselves in contriving dresses for dragoons; debating on what button the crosses of the orders ought to be hung, and such other fooleries. They fancied themselves on an equality with the best generals in Europe, because they knew how many rows of buttons there were on a dragoon's jacket.—I could scarcely keep from laughing sometimes, when I heard them discussing these trifles with as much gravity and earnestness as if they were planning an impending action between 200,000 men.—However, I encouraged them in their argument as I saw it was their weak point. We rode out every day together. The king of Prussia was *un bete, et nous a tellement ennuye*; that Alexander and myself frequently galloped away in order to get rid of him.

At p. 252, B. is represented as declaring that the French Police 'had in pay many English spies, some of high quality, among whom there were many ladies. There was one lady in particular of very high rank, who furnished considerable information, and was sometimes paid so high as 3,000*l.* in one month.'

He spoke (says Mr. O'M.) in very high terms of Lord Nelson, and indeed attempted to palliate that only stigma to his memory, the execution of Carraccioli; which he attributed entirely to his having been deceived by that wicked woman, Queen Caroline, through Lady Hamilton, and to the influence which the latter had over him.

There may be persons to whom this may appear a proof of magnanimity, to us, it seems but one proof, among many, of the utter disregard of moral principle in Bonaparte.

\* Alexander, Francis, and the King of Prussia.

## Poetry.

### TO A BUTTERFLY.

—◆—◆—◆—

Why flaunts thou thus from flower to flower  
While every tulip forms a bower  
Of odorous repose.  
With wings trimm'd up, and eye askance,  
Thou darts a supercilious glance  
On "creeping things," tho' late perchance  
A sharer in their woes.

What gone! well, while thou hast the power,  
'Tis wisdom to enjoy the hour  
Ungall'd by distant cares:  
For when the chilling showers invade,  
Thou'lt hide thy poor diminished head;  
And every flower and grassy blade  
Shall be bedew'd with tears.

Gadzooks! my little bobbing friend,  
How merrily thou dost ascend  
Amid the liquid sky.  
Thou ducks and dives and mounts in air,  
As earth alone were full of care;  
I would that I thy joys could share,  
But z——ds I cannot fly.

'Tis plain, thou little vagrant wight,  
No thrifty errand shapes thy flight  
As devious thou dost rise;  
But hap'ly to some neighb'ring grove  
Thou goest, a messenger of love,  
And marv'ling if thyself might prove  
The happiest of flies.

Or goest thou to the peaceful bower  
Of her, who counts each tedious hour  
That lengthens out thy stay;  
And every passing sound she hears  
Awakens all her tender fears,  
Whilst thou, unheedful of her tears,—  
Vain trifler,—away thou dost fly.

While yet I hear thy "sullen horn,"  
O say what hand did thus adorn  
That tiny form of thine:  
O tell me, if it may be told,  
Whence came that robe of varied fold,  
And silken wings be-dropp'd with gold,  
And those bright eyes so fine.

Thou wilt not stay,—nor wilt impart  
From whence thou cam'st, or what thou art,  
These surely thou may'st tell.

Amid the dancing rays of light  
 Thou lessens on my straining sight,  
 And now thou'rt evanished quite ;—  
 Poor insect farethee well.

A.

### RUE AFFECTION.

In the morning of life, when its cares are  
 unknown,  
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre  
 begin,  
 When we live in a bright-beaming world  
 of our own,  
 And the light that surrounds us is all  
 from within.  
 Oh! 'tis not, believe me, in that happy  
 time  
 We can love, as in hours of less trans-  
 port we may ;  
 Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay  
 sunny prime,  
 But affection is warmest when these  
 fade away.

When we see the first charm of our youth  
 pass us by,  
 Like a leaf on the stream that will never  
 return ;  
 When our cup, which had sparkled with  
 pleasure so high,  
 Now tastes of the other, the dark flow-  
 ing urn ;  
 Then, then is the moment Affection can  
 sway  
 With a depth and a tenderness joy never  
 knew ;  
 Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless  
 as they,  
 But the love born of Sorrow, like Sor-  
 row is true !

In climes full of sunshine, tho' splendid  
 their dyes,  
 Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed  
 about ;  
 'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own  
 weeping skies  
 That call their full spirit of fragrancy  
 out :—  
 So the wild glow of passion may kindle  
 from mirth,  
 But 'tis only in grief true affection ap-  
 pears ;

To the magic of smiles it may first owe its  
 birth,  
 But the soul of its sweetness is drawn  
 out by tears.

### NOTICES

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We ought to have acknowledged sooner  
 our obligations to the writer of the *Sketches*,  
 whose valuable communications have given  
 so much satisfaction to the readers of the  
*Melange*. We trust he will continue to  
 favor us with his correspondence.

Our poetical correspondents are so nu-  
 merous that we cannot possibly insert one  
 tenth part of the productions that are re-  
 ceived ; and besides, few of them possess  
 sufficient merit to entitle them to a place  
 in the *Melange*.

Verus is a true friend, and we will be  
 happy to hear from him as soon as possible.

Amaro has infused too much acid in his  
 composition.

The Hermit's Death will appear in our  
 next.

From the increasing demand for the  
*Melange*, some of the early numbers are  
 nearly out of print ; we will endeavour to  
 supply their place as soon as we can.

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### SKETCHES.

No. 5.

#### PATIENCE.

Patience is one of those minor virtues, which are seldom thought worthy of practice, and to which but little merit is ever attributed. Its general prevalence, would indeed animate the world to peace and happiness, but often when it is individually exercised, the world is apt to attribute this very virtue to want of spirit, and what ought to appear beautiful in all eyes, is not unfrequently a source of aversion.

Pat Ryan was as kind hearted an Irishman as ever lived, and was imported in 1816, with about two hundred of his countrymen, a short time after a subscription had commenced for the benefit of the poor of this city. He lodged in the house of a widow, whose husband also having come from the "dear country," this circumstance secured for Pat a kindlier reception than he expected, and altho' she was neither handsome nor agreeable, he comforted himself by the recollection of a Bank receipt for Twenty pounds, which, on the first night of his arrival, had been ostentatiously exhibited to him. The widow had been well edu-

cated, and her learning gave her a superiority which she did not suffer to remain dormant, and to do her justice, it had been for a long time, in frequent exercise, for she passed her leisure hours in reading various books which were issued by one of these *Pedestrian* stationers who perambulate the country, and deal out their stock of Divinity, History, and Science in six-penny worths.

The advantages which Education had conferred on the widow, however much valued by others, were peculiarly so by herself, and indeed, in her particular situation in life, was as much esteemed and as highly praised by the *gentlemen* as beauty is wont to be, in a nobler circle. The idol of her sphere, votaries came from every quarter, invited by the fame of those talents, which for themselves they were destined never to acquire. Above three unsuccessful admirers had already been obliged to hide their diminished heads; and when Pat Ryan first sought her love she very scornfully rejected him, as unworthy an honor to which a weaver and two schoolmasters had unsuccessfully aspired. The Irishman's heart however is the heart for the ladies. After a protracted season of warm and ardent courtship, she was at last prevailed on

to give her hand with her heart in it to Pat.

It were long to tell of the Scotch and Irish fare which graced the festive board on the marriage night; or how the merry dance was kept up till a late hour, or where the happy couple proposed to spend the honey moon. It is sufficient to state, that in a few weeks the happiness of our hero was complete, when the receipt was taken to the bank, and the money applied to the purchase of a share in a Lighter, which at that time was employed to carry goods on the river. To the command of this vessel Ryan was appointed. His thrifty wife speedily perceived that a residence on board, would not only enable her to live more economically! but would also procure for her the society of her husband at all times and seasons; and accordingly she established her domicile in the vessel.

The voyage from Glasgow to Greenock was, at that time, generally performed in eight days, and we notice this, merely to remark the extraordinary improvement which has since taken place on the river navigation. For this we are indebted to one individual; and if ever gratitude had her abode in the mercantile bosom; if ever honor was awarded by a commercial community, such gratitude, and such honor is due to that man, who amidst all the difficulties offered to him, nobly triumphed—who in his little parlour, without influence or patronage, first contrived that conveyance by means of which, England, Scotland, and Ireland have so wonderfully approximated. It is indeed with infinite pleasure we here pay this tribute to the talents, and with gratitude acknowledge the advantages, as members of the community, we have received from the admirable invention, and successful efforts of Henry Bell. His unassisted genius overcame every obstacle, and

like the Thorn of Glastonbury, which only blossoms amidst the storms of winter, rose above every opposition and finally triumphed. But we beg now to return to our story. A fleet had been appointed to sail from Cork on a particular day, which was now rapidly approaching. The vessel of Pat Ryan was amongst the last of the Lighters which it was thought could at this time be dispatched. After having cleared the Broomielaw, Pat navigated her most successfully almost to the Point house, when a sudden breeze unexpectedly filled the sail, and the sheet not having been properly fastened, in a moment the vessel luffed up and lay high and dry on the bank.

Never were greater exertions used than by our Hero on this occasion.—He lowered the sail and hoisted it.—His wife and he ran from the one side of the Lighter to the other, but the vessel was too deep engaged in the study of Mineralogy to be interrupted on that account. With her keel buried in the mud, there she lay. Such a situation had no doubt its trials and temptations; and it is disagreeable to be obliged to state, that at this time Pat indulged in such a volley of oaths as never had the Banks of Clyde echoed before. Mrs. Ryan then interfered and very properly reminded her husband of the patience of Job, stating it was also *his* duty to exercise it. But Pat apologised for his behaviour by saying “That he believed the ship master she talked of, “was civil enough when he had sea “room, but by St. Patrick he would “have *spoken* like other folks if he “had been high and dry in a Glas- “gow Gabbart.

#### THE STOUT GENTLEMAN.

*A Stage Coach Romance.*

It was a rainy Saturday in the

gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering, but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting room commanded a full view of the stable yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted as it were into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half dozing cow, chewing the cud and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse tired of the loneliness of the stable was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur chained to a dog house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard, in pattens, looking as stumpy as the weather itself; every

thing in short was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable; I abandoned it and sought what is called the travellers' room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers called travellers or riders; a kind of commercial knights errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of at the present day to the knights errant of yore. They lead the same kind of adventurous roving life, only changing the lance for a driving whip, the buckler for a pattern card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade, instead of fight with one another. As the room of the hostel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armour of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the travellers' room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were indeed two or three in the room, but I could make nothing of them; one was just finishing his breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters with many execrations at Boots



for not having cleaned his shoes well ; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window glass ; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared the one after the other without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite ; who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-tired day. I was sadly nervous and lonely, and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller ; old newspapers smelling of beer and tobacco smoke and which I had already read half a dozen of times ; good for nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather ; I fired myself to death with an old volume of the *Ladies' Magazine* ; I read all the common place names of ambitious travellers scratched on the panes of glass ; the eternal families of the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons ; and I decyphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry, which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy ; the slovenly ragged spongy clouds drifted heavily along ; there was no variety even in the rain ; it was one dull monotonous patter—patter—

patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hacknied phrase of the day) when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking places a crew of vagabond boys and vagabond dogs, and the carrotty-headed hostler, and that non-descript animal ycleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn ; but the bustle was transient ; the coach again whirled on its way, and boy and dog and hostler and boots all slunk back again to their holes ; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on.—In fact there was no hope of its clearing up, the barometer pointed to rainy weather ; mine hostess's tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing her face and rubbing her paws over her ears ; and on referring to their almanack I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom, through the whole month "expect—much—rain—about—this—time !" in twenty-four hours.

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar : "The stout gentleman in No. 13, wants his breakfast. Tea and butter and bread with ham and eggs ; the eggs not to be too much done."

In such a situation as mine, every incident is of importance. Here was

a subject presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination.—I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest up stairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson, or merely as “the gentleman in No. 13,” it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it; but “the stout Gentlemen!”—the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size; it embodied the personage to my mind’s eye, and my fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or, as some term it, lusty; in all probability therefore he was advanced in life, some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The stout gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance; “well to do in the world;” accustomed to be promptly waited upon; of a keen appetite and a little cross when hungry; “perhaps,” thought I, “he may be some London Alderman; or who knows but he may be a Member of Parliament.”

The breakfast was sent up and there was a short interval of silence; he was doubtless making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing; and before it could be answered another ringing still more violent. “Bless me what a choleric old gentleman!” The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid, the eggs were overdone, the ham was too salt:—the stout gentleman was evidently nice in his eating; one of those who eat and growl and keep the waiter in a trot,

and live in a state militant with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe that she was a brisk coquetish woman; a little of a shrew, but very pretty withal; with a nin-compoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast, but said not a word against the stout gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence, entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn—other eggs and ham and butter and bread were sent up. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint.

I had not made many turns about the travellers’ room, when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir and an inquest about the house. The stout gentleman wanted the Times or the Chronicle newspaper. I set him down therefore for a whig; or rather, from his being so absolute and lordly when he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical—Hunt I had heard was a large man: “who knows,” thought I, “but it is Hunt himself.”

My curiosity began to be awakened. I enquired of the waiter who was the stout gentleman that was making all this stir; but I could get no information: nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names or occupations of their transient guests. The colour of a coat, the the shape or size of the person is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman, or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff-colour; or, as in the present instance, the stout gentleman; a designation of the kind once hit on, answers every

purpose and saves all further inquiry.

Rain—rain—rain; pitiless, ceaseless rain! No such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation or amusement within. By and by I heard some one walking over head, it was in the stout gentleman's room.—He evidently was a large man by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square toes of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantelpiece. The Ladies' Magazine had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long, when there was a squall from a neighbouring bed room—a door opened and shut violently; a chambermaid that I had remarked for having a ruddy good humoured face, ran down stairs in a violent flurry. The stout gentleman had been rude to her.

This sent a whole host of my deductions to the deuce in a moment. The unknown personage could not be an old gentleman, for old gentlemen are not apt to be opstrepous to chambermaids. He could not be a young gentleman, for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle-aged gentleman, and confoundedly ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terribleudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled.

In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I caught a glance of her as she came up stairs; her face glaring, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way. "She'd have no such doings in her house she'd warrant! If gentlemen did

spend money freely it was no rule.—She'd have no servant maids of her's treated in that way when they were about their work, that's what she wouldn't."

As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all with pretty women, I slunk back into my room and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly to the enemy's citadel, and entered it with a storm: the door closed after her. I heard her voice in high windy clamour for a moment or two, then it gradually subsided like a gust of wind in a garret; then there was a laugh; then I heard nothing more.

After a little while my landlady came out with an odd smile on her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little on one side: as she went down stairs I heard the landlord ask her what was the matter, she said, "nothing at all, only the girl's a fool." I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good natured chambermaid in a passion, and send away a termagant landlady in smiles. He could not be so old, nor cross, nor ugly neither.

I had to go to work at his picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those stout gentlemen that are frequently met with swaggering about the doors of country inns; moist, merry fellows in Belcher handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by malt liquors; men who have seen the world, and been sworn at Highgate; who are used to tavern life; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans; free-livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waiters by name; laugh with the maids; gossip with the landlady at the

bar, and prose over a pint of port or a glass of negus after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous; and the continual meditations in the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect: I was getting a fit of the fidgets.

Dinner-time came, I hoped the stout gentleman might dine in the travellers' room, and that I might at length get a view of his person; but no—he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical: there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company on a rainy day, and then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living. Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune, and on listening I found it to be "God save the King." 'Twas plain then he was no radical but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be! My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some person of distinction travelling incog? "God knows!" said I at my wit's end; "it may be some of the royal family, for aught I know, for they are all stout gentlemen!"

The weather continued rainy. The

mysterious kept his room, and, as far as I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the meantime, as the day advanced, the travellers' room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box coats; others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took dinner, and some took tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the stout gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chace during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns; and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids and kind landladies; all this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their nightcaps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they, one after another, rang for "Boots" and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvelously uncomfortable slippers.

There was only one man left, a short-legged long-bodied, plethoric fellow,

with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself, with a glass of port wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon.—He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious; around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—drop, from the eaves of the house.—The church bells chimed midnight; all at once the stout gentleman began to walk overhead, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this, especially to me in my state of nerves. These ghastly greatcoats, these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of the mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at last died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. “Be he who or what he may,” said I to myself, “I’ll have a sight of him!” I seized a chamber candle and hastened up to number 13. The door stood ajar.—I hesitated—I entered: the room was deserted. There stood a large broad-bottomed elbow chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a “Times,” and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired. I turned off, sorely disappointed to my room, which had been changed to the front of the house. As I went along the corridor

I saw a large pair of boots, with dirty waxed tops, standing at the door of a bed chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a person in his den; he might discharge a pistol, or something worse at my head. I went to bed therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terribly nervous state; and even when I fell asleep I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the stout gentleman and his waxed topped boots.

I slept rather late next morning, and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below, “the gentleman has forgot his umbrella; look for the gentleman’s umbrella in No. 13!” I heard the immediate scampering of a chambermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply as she ran, “here it is! here’s the gentleman’s umbrella!”

The mysterious stranger was then on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scrambled to the window, snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed—“all right!” was the word—the coach whirled off:—and that was all I ever saw of the stout gentleman.

### LOVE OF HOME.

The *Love of Home*, or that attachment to local objects which have been intimately associated with the pleasures and affections of opening life, is a feeling, or rather, indeed, a passion which

has been found to exist, in a greater or less degree, in every age and nation, and may, therefore, be deemed natural to, and for the most part, adherent in man. It is moreover the basis of all the charities and virtues of our nature, and ever burns brightest in the breast of him who is the most tender, philanthropic, and humane.

It may, in fact, be asserted that he who has not strongly felt this domestic tie, will never, in any of the relations of life, be either happy in himself, or useful to others; for on the love of home is founded that of his country and of his species, and without the first of these affections, which includes all the nearest and dearest affinities of our common kind, the heart must ever remain selfish, desolate and cold, and consequently void of all those sympathies which can stimulate to any social or patriotic feeling.

Seldom, indeed, and most fortunately for mankind, is an individual to be found, who is totally dead to all the relations both of country and of home; for such a one would be capable of every atrocity in the annals of cruelty and crime. It has even been made a question whether a human being exists entirely devoid of the less concentrated of these attachments, affection for his native soil.

But of this we may be certain, that he who flies not to the home of his youth with sensations of mingled gratitude and pleasure, has either suffered there from an unnatural series of persecution and pain, or is defective in intellect, or hardened in vice. Mere poverty and its attendant privations have no power in diminishing the force of this attachment; for, although the finer emotions of polished life be wanting, its too often enervating effects are escaped, and there is that pressure from sorrow and misfortune which, when the heart is uncorrupted, ever

draws closer the links of family and kindred, and rivets with an impression ineffaceable by time, the localities connected with their soothing influence. The home of poverty, therefore, necessarily the lot of by far the greater part of mankind, is, to an extent perhaps little calculated upon by the rich and luxurious, an object of love and preference to its hardy inmates; and would be in a still higher degree, were inflections which so often haunt the roof of the opulent, its listless vacuity, and heartless dissipation, more present to their minds.

It is upon this principle, therefore, the association of pleasurable ideas with the home of our earlier years, that every individual prefers his own country to a foreign one, and the spot of ground which gave him birth to any other portion of the globe, whatever may be the physical hardships or inconveniences attending them. Indeed it generally happens that the more forcibly these have been felt, provided they have solely arisen from the influence of external nature, the more durable, the more dear and impressive, become the mental combinations of opening life.

Many are the circumstances, indeed, which tend to modify, to strengthen, or to enfeeble, our attachment to home. Of these, one of the most operative is the period of life. In *Childhood* and *Youth*, where all is fairy ground, where the delightful illusions of hope and novelty are always in play, where the morning comes without a care, and the evening ushers in the bland repose of health and innocence, home, the seat of pastime and protective love, must necessarily induce associations dear and durable as life itself. Here, unassailed by the temptations, vices, and suspicions of more advanced age, friendship is guileless and affection unalloyed, and whatever may be the lot



of man in his subsequent pilgrimage, whether that of joy or sorrow, he looks back upon this season of his existence with never-failing regret, as upon visions of bliss which can never return—

Lest, gone—like wild flowers wreath'd  
around the dead,  
Or lovers' lips that met to part for ever.

It is in proportion as the kindlier affections animate the bosom of manhood and old age, as virtue and religion have been acted upon and cherished through life, that the home of early youth is valued and regretted as the home which, in purity and simplicity, most approximates that which awaits us in a better world. More especially do we love to dwell upon those recollections of the home of our youth, when, in conjunction with the festivities of that tender age, we were first taught the joy of making others happy.

In manhood the influence of local attachment, and consequently the love of home, whether in actual enjoyment or in remembrance, is liable to be diverted and weakened by a thousand causes. The necessity imposed on the bulk of mankind, during this period, of seeking their bread in various and distant places, amid the distractions of incessant occupation, or the pressure of engrossing evils; but more particularly the darker passions which now agitate the breast, and, in the higher classes, the spathising effects of luxury and dissipation, will easily account for this result. If we reflect that, to the enjoyment of domestic happiness, many of the milder and nobler virtues of the soul are essential, we can easily conceive why ambition, avarice, and sensuality, why vanity, splendour, and the pride of affluence, are so inimical to its attainment; and that while these absorb the man, how futile it is to expect, within the shades of privacy, to do that which is great, or generous, or good. Even he, who from the love

of display, or from the obligation too often imposed upon grandeur, changes frequently his place of residence, knows little of that attachment which belongs to him who has but one asylum from the world.

The close of life, however, like its commencement, is friendly to those feelings which spring from local affection. It is the privilege of *old age*, provided the days of our strength have been laudably employed, to feel the attachment for home renewed with all the fondness and endearment of youth. We have experienced the futility and nothingness of worldly pursuits, and we return to the homes of our youth well prepared to place a due value upon the innocence and simplicity of our opening days, and desirous of nothing so much as that the close of life may be marked by the same peace and repose which distinguished its earliest dawn. We are sensible also of an additional bond of affection for the place where our fathers are at rest, and with a sense of dependency somewhat similar to that which is felt in infancy, we look to those who are around us for sympathy and support.

Another circumstance operating strongly in augmenting our affection for home, is built on that intermixture of sorrow and disappointment which so generally forms the destiny of man. When the chill blasts of adversity meet us abroad, or death robs us of a portion of our comforts at home, it is then we become conscious of the weakness and instability of our nature, and we turn to that roof, or to those ties which remain to us beneath its shelter, with increasing tenderness and love.

Greatly also is the love of home advanced by the physical character of the scene which has nursed our infancy and youth. The more striking and singular this has been, the more vivid and endearing will be the impression

left upon the mind. It is on this account that a requested but picturesque situation, or a piece of mountain scenery, or a feudal castle will be recollected, as the place of our birth, with infinitely more strength and attachment than the home which shall have fallen to us in a populous city, or busy neighbourhood. The breadth, simplicity and unity of the former being much more easily blended and associated with our feelings and recollections than the multiform and distracting imagery of the latter, and which too, as shared with us by thousands, loses all that peculiarity and singleness of application which attaches to and endears the solitary mansion of our fathers.

Still stronger is the impression, and the consequent links of association, where the scene which formed the cradle of our infancy, and has become the theatre of our toils, assumes a still bolder and more decided cast; a fact which is daily exemplified by the inhabitants of mountainous deserts, who are uniformly more attached to their native soil than those who people the level country. Such, indeed, is the force of the attraction which is often found to bind the peasant who has been brought up among regions of wild and awful sublimity, that a separation from his beloved hills is frequently followed by unconquerable regret, and not seldom by death itself. More particularly is this known to be the case in that land of wintry tempest and romantic horror,

Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,

And form a cheerful soil for scanty bread;

Another very powerful cause of local affection is founded, as hath been already hinted, on the love and pride with which we regard what has long been in the possession of our own family; hence, an old mansion or cas-

tle, which has for ages been the seat of our fathers, must in every breast open to a sense of man's true happiness and dignity, awaken the warmest estimate of the blessings of ancestral worth and honourable independency. Hereditary property, indeed, if united to a lineage of great and good deeds, is one of the strongest incentives to domestic virtue and public utility; and he who has a just value for himself and his descendants, would struggle hard, and endure much, to preserve to his posterity a possession connected with so many delightful and heart-stirring associations.

In no instance does the local flame burn brighter than where the ties which bind the feudal proprietor and his dependants have been long established; where the family of a hereditary chieftain has for ages, from his towers of strength, extended a patriarchal sway over districts filled with retainers, ardent, faithful, and affectionate, and whose honour and interests are identified with those of their lord.

The love of home may indeed be considered as a test of the goodness of the human heart; for without it, we again repeat, neither the domestic nor patriotic virtues can be said to exist. It is of all our feelings the most generous and amiable, and, if duly cherished, will ever prove one of the best preventives of vanity, selfishness, and dissipation; of discontent, turbulence, and disaffection. Home is the haven to which, after all the storms and vexations of life, we return with the added conviction, that if happiness be any where resident on earth, it is only to be found within its still retreats, when vice and folly stand aloof, and when the soul uncontaminated by its passage through the world, can prepare in peace, and in the sunshine of domestic love, for that not dreaded hour when the frame it now informs shall



mingling with its parent dust.

### REVIEW.

*Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from St. Helena. The opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his Life and Government, in his own words.*—By BARRY E. O'MEARA, Esq., his late Surgeon. 2 vols.—Continued from our last.

We give some further details respecting the battle of Waterloo:—

Napoleon conversed a good deal about the battle of Waterloo, 'the plan of the battle,' said he, 'will not, in the eyes of the historian, reflect any credit on Lord Wellington as a general. In the first place, he ought not to have given battle with the armies divided. They ought to have been united and encamped before the 15th. In the next, the choice of the ground was bad; because if he had been beaten he could not have retreated, as there was only one road leading to the forest in his rear. He also committed a fault which might have proved the destruction of all his army, without its ever having commenced the campaign, or being drawn out in battle; he allowed himself to be surprised. On the 15th I was at Charleroi, and had beaten the Prussians without his knowing any thing about it. I had gained forty-eight hours of manoeuvres on him, which was a great object; and if some of my generals had shown the vigour and genius which they had displayed in other times, I should have taken his army in cantonments without ever fighting a battle. But they were discouraged, and ~~found~~ they saw an army of 100,000 men every where opposed to them. I had not time enough myself to attend to the minutiae of the army. I reckoned on surprising and cutting them up in detail. I knew of Blücher's arrival at 11 o'clock; but I did not regard it. I had still 80 chances out of 100 in my favour. Notwithstanding the great superiority of force against me, I was convinced that I should obtain the victory. I had about 70,000 men, of whom 15,000 were cavalry. I had also,

250 pieces of cannon: but my troops were so good, that I esteemed them sufficient to beat 120,000. Now Lord Wellington had under his command about 90,000, and 250 pieces of cannon; and Bulow had 30,000, making 120,000. Of all these troops, however, I only reckoned the English as being able to cope with my own. The others I thought little of. I believe that of English there were from 35 to 40,000. These I esteemed to be as brave and as good as my own troops; the English army was well known latterly on the continent; and besides, your nation possesses courage and energy. As to the Prussians, Belgians, and others, half the number of my troops were sufficient to beat them. I only left 34,000 men to take care of the Prussians. The chief causes of the loss of that battle were, first of all, Grouchy's great tardiness, and neglect in executing his orders; next, the *grenadiers a cheval* and the cavalry, under General Guyot, which I had in reserve, and which were never to leave me, engaged without orders, and without my knowledge; so that after the last charge, when the troops were beaten, and the English cavalry advanced, I had not a single corps of cavalry in reserve to resist them; instead of one which I ~~estimated~~ to be equal to double their number. In consequence of this, the English attack succeeded, and all was lost. There was no means of rallying. The youngest general would not have committed the fault of leaving an army entirely without reserve, which however occurred here, whether in consequence of treason, or not, I cannot say. These were the two principal causes of the loss of the battle of Waterloo.'

'If Lord Wellington had entrenched himself,' continued he, 'I would not have attacked him. As a general, his plan did not show talent. He certainly displayed great courage and obstinacy; but a little must be taken away even from that, when you consider that he had no means of retreat, and that, had he made the attempt, not a man of his army would have escaped. First, to the firmness and bravery of his troops, for the English fought with the greatest obstinacy and courage; he is principally indebted for that victory and success to his own conduct as a general, and next to the arrival of Blücher, to whom the victory is more to be attributed than to Wellington, and more credit due as a general; because he, though beaten the day before, assembled his troops, and brought

them into action in the evening. I believe, however," continued Napoleon, "that Wellington is a man of great firmness. The glory of such a victory is a great thing; but in the eye of the historian his military reputation will gain nothing by it."

Our author's account of Napoleon's Bed-Room, forms a striking contrast with the splendour of Versailles:—

It was fourteen feet by twelve, and ten on eleven feet in height. The walls were lined with brown nankeen, bordered and edged with common green bordering paper, and destitute of surbase. Two small windows, without pullies, looked towards the camp of the 53d. regiment, one of which was thrown up, and fastened by a piece of notched wood. Window-curtains of white long cloth, a small fire-place, a shabby grate, and fire-irons to match, with a paltry mantle-piece of wood, painted white, upon which stood a small marble bust of his son. Above the mantle-piece hung the portrait of Maria Louisa, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of the mother. A little more to the right hung also a miniature picture of the Empress Josephine, and to the left was suspended the aluminum chamber-watch of Frederick the Great, obtained by Napoleon at Potsdam; while on the right, the consular watch, engraved with the cipher B. hung by a chain of the plaited hair of Maria Louisa, from a pin stuck in the nankeen lining. The floor was covered with a second-hand carpet which had once decorated the dining-room of a lieutenant of the St. Helena artillery. In the right-hand corner was placed the little plain iron camp bedstead, with green silk cushions, upon which its master had reposed on the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Between the windows there was a paltry second-hand chest of drawers; and an old book-case with green blinds stood on the left of the door leading to the next apartment. Four or five cane-bottomed chairs, painted green, were standing here and there about the room. Before the back door there was a screen covered with nankeen, and between that and the fire-place, an old fashioned sofa covered with white long cloth, upon which reclined Napoleon clothed in his white morning gown, white loose trousers and stockings all in one:—A chequered red madras upon his head, and his shirt collar open without a cravat. His air was melancholy and troubled,—

Before him stood a little round table, with some books, at the foot of which lay, in confusion upon the carpet, a heap of those which he had already perused, and at the foot of the sofa facing him was suspended a portrait of the Empress Maria Louisa, with her son in her arms. In front of the fire-place stood Las Cases, with his arms folded over his breast, and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the former magnificence of the once-mighty emperor of France, nothing was present, except a superb wash-hand stand, containing a silver basin, and water-jug of the same metal, in the left hand corner.

His manner of spending his time is detailed in the following extract:—

Napoleon's hours of rest were uncertain, much depending upon the quantum of rest he had enjoyed during the night. He was in general a bad sleeper, and frequently got up at three or four o'clock, in which case he read or wrote until six or seven, at which time, when the weather was fine, he sometimes went out to ride, attended by some of his generals, or hid down again to rest for a couple of hours. When he retired to bed, he could not sleep unless the most perfect state of darkness was obtained, by the closure of every cranny, through which a ray of light might pass, although I have sometimes seen him fall asleep on the sofa, and remain so for a few minutes in broad day light. When ill, Marchand occasionally read to him until he fell asleep. At times he rose at seven, and wrote or dictated until breakfast time, or, if the morning was very fine, he went out to ride. When he breakfasted in his own room, it was generally served on a little round table, at between nine and ten; when along with the rest of his suit, at eleven; in either case *a la fourchette*. After breakfast, he generally dictated to some of his suit for a few hours, and at two or three o'clock received such visitors as by previous appointment had been directed to present themselves. Between four and five, when the weather permitted, he rode out on horseback, or in the carriage, accompanied by all his suit, for an hour or two; then returned and dictated or read until eight, or occasionally played a game at chess, at which time dinner was announced, which rarely exceeded twenty minutes, or half an hour in duration. He ate heartily and fast, and did not appear to be partial to high-seasoned or rich food.

One of his most favourite dishes was a roasted leg of mutton, of which I have seen him sometimes pare the outside brown part off; he was also partial to mutton chops. He rarely drank as much as a pint of claret to his dinner, which was generally much diluted with water. After dinner, when the servants had withdrawn, and when there were no visitors, he sometimes played at chess or at whist, but more frequently sent for a volume of Corneille, or of some other esteemed author, and read aloud for an hour, or chatted with the ladies and the rest of his suit. He usually retired to his bed-room at ten or eleven, and to rest, immediately afterwards.—When he breakfasted or dined in his own apartment, he sometimes sent for one of his suits, to converse with him during the repast. He never ate more than two meals a day, nor since I knew him, had he ever taken more than a very small cup of coffee after each repast, and at no other time. I have also been informed, by those who have been in his service for fifteen years, that he had never exceeded that quantity since they first knew him.

## Poetry.

### THE HERMIT'S DEATH.

The moon waned faintly o'er the cliff  
With trembling light and paly ray,  
When worn with sad and untold grief,  
A Hermit sigh'd his soul away.

No touch of soft affection's hand,  
Reliev'd his sick, his aching head;  
None sought to stem his ebbing sand,  
When he was number'd with the dead.

All cold and faint he sunk in death,  
And struggling gave his parting groan  
To die along the echoing heath,  
Or mingle with the cavern's moan.

No dread of death disarm'd his soul,  
As torn he liv'd, he wish'd to die;  
No requiem save the billow's roll;  
No dirge save in the sea-bird's cry.

No friendly foot e'er cross'd his cave,  
No look of love e'er met his eye,  
Nor friend had he, nor foe man,—save  
The raging sea, or angry sky.

To these his converse small was given,

And stern as seem'd his sullen mood,  
He smil'd beneath a laughing heav'n,  
And scowl'd before the raving flood.

Remote from this dark world of woe,  
He sought within his moss grown cell,  
What pride of place could not bestow,  
Nor bright philosophy reveal.

Mysterious dread and cold dismay,  
Still hover round his dark abode,  
And never since his dying day,  
Has human foot his threshold trod.

Wash'd in the cold and drifting spray,  
His bones fulfil their primal doom;  
For morning bright, or ev'ning grey,  
No soul hath pierc'd his lonely tomb.

The night-owl and the bat frequent  
This place of lone abandonment.

### THE PARTING.

She look'd, she wept, she bade adieu—  
Her cheek was close to mine;  
I press'd her to my heart,—and who  
Could then that form resign?

For tho' I've seen her playful smile,  
And kiss'd her glowing cheek—  
No tear of love e'er fell the while,  
Her passion chaste to speak:

But then I ween her balmy sighs—  
Her bosom's tempting swell,—  
Her silent tears, and streaming eyes,  
Love's passion strove to tell.

Oh! who would change such rapt'rous  
hours,  
For all that earth can give,  
One sunny moment, sweet as ours,  
Were worth an age to live.

M. T.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
REFUSE A TRIFLING GRATIFICATION BY  
HER FATHER, FROM AVARICIOUS  
MOTIVES.

Unyielding man, could beauty's tear  
Not melt thine iron heart;  
Hadst thou for beauty's tale no ear,  
Hadst thou no father's part;

If in thy bosom glow'd the fire  
How couldst thou war thy child's desire.

She turn'd on thee her soft blue eye,  
And made her mild request ;  
To save that bosom from a sigh,  
Was surely to be blest,  
But thou cou'dst turn thy head away  
And frown with a forbidding—nay.

And thou cou'dst see the smile depart  
That dimpled on her cheek,  
And thou cou'dst see the big tear start  
That more than words can speak,  
And see, all reckless of relief,  
The face of joy turn'd into grief.

Thou shou'dst have known that youth's  
fair morn

Brooks disappointment ill,  
And hope's ethereal veil when torn  
Requires a master's skill.  
Thou shou'dst have turn'd affections eyes  
On her, and not on avarice.

When thy forbidding word was given  
Hadst thou but mark'd her eye,  
Thou wou'dst have seen the light of heaven  
That came and flitted by.  
She shed a tear,—and such a tear  
As only angel forms might wear.

Hadst thou but mark'd thou wou'dst have  
seen

That anger dwelt not there ;  
She threw affections veil between  
Her eyes, and such a care ;  
And though he caus'd her deep distress,  
She lov'd her father not the less.

Once more—unyielding man—one more  
The canker worm of grief,  
That does not murmur from the core,  
Admits of no relief :  
It lves and feasts and nestles there  
The harbinger of slow despair.

A B C D.

# VARIETIES.

## THE LATE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

When the Duke of Rutland was a boy at Eton College, a dispute arose between the head-master and the boys, on account of some severity practised by the former, and was carried to such a height, that a great part of the latter had ~~needed~~ <sup>quitted</sup> the college, and took their post at the well-known inn

then belonging to Mr. March, at Maidenhead bridge. The discipline of the school was now at an end; and the masters had no better means of bringing back the run-aways than by sending expresses to the parents of the ringleaders, in order that they might employ their authority to reduce them to obedience. The late noble Marquis of Granby was applied to among the rest, and he immediately dispatched his own gentleman with a severe reproof to his son, and a peremptory order to return to college. The young Lord disdained all obedience, and the paternal minister did not spare paternal threats, which he concluded by assuring him, “ that if he did not immediately go back to school, the Marquis would come down himself, and force him thither.” “ If that is my father's determination,” replied his Lordship, —“ he would do well to bring his regiment of blues along with him.” — The general disturbance was soon composed ; and though Lord Granby pretended to be very angry with his son, he always related this account of his boy's spirit with great glee to himself.

## DR. JOHNSON.

Mr. Garrick was once present with Dr. Johnson at the table of a nobleman, where amongst other guests, was one of whose near connections some disgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnson, who after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his most acrimonious manner.

Garrick, who sat next him, pinched his arm, and trod upon his toe, and made use of other means to interrupt the thread of his narration, but all was in vain. The Doctor proceeded, and when he had finished the story, he turned gravely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice

whatever.—“Thrice (says he) Davy, you have trod upon my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now if what I have related be a falsehood convict me before this company.”

Garrick replied not a word, but frequently declared afterwards, that he never felt half so much perturbation, even when he met *his father's ghost*.

#### THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

When this great statesman had settled a plan for some sea expedition he had in view, he sent orders to Lord Anson to see the necessary arrangements taken immediately, and the number of ships required, properly fitted out by a given time. On the receipt of the orders, Mr. Cleveland was sent from the Admiralty to remonstrate on the impossibility of obeying them.—He found his Lordship in the most excruciating pain, from one of the most severe fits of the gout he had ever experienced. “Impossible, Sir,” said he, “don’t talk to me of impossibilities,” and then raising himself upon his legs, while the sweat stood in large drops on his forehead, and every fibre of his body was convulsed with agony, “Go Sir, and tell his Lordship, that he has to do with a minister who actually treads on impossibilities.”

#### THE LATE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

When the Duke of Northumberland, was with the army at Cork, previous to their departure for America, he observed a beautiful boy in the ranks as a cadet: he went up to him, asked his name, and his connections. The boy answered, “My Lord, I am the son of an old officer, who after many years service both abroad and at home, is now a Captain in the Royal Hospital near Dublin; I am his third

son, and my two elder brothers are now in the army.” His Lordship, not in the usual mode of recommending the lad to his Majesty for the next vacant commission, but with a spirit, the inheritance of his noble family, instantly wrote to his agent, Sir William Montgomery, to lodge the money for an Ensigncy then to be sold in the fifth regiment, and to name this boy as the successor. The commission was signed accordingly; and at Bunker’s-Hill, Brandy-wine, &c. his Lordship’s Ensign behaved with a degree of courage that reflected honor on the regiment.

#### NOTICES

##### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent A. B. C. D. will observe his small poem in our present number; and next week we will insert the article on the “Poetical Genius of the Middle Ages.” We will be happy to insert any further communication from him consistent with the arrangement we have laid down; but do not think it would be agreeable to the generality of our readers to devote a whole number to a single article. Variety is the charm of such a publication as the *Melange*.

Jucundus has chosen an interesting subject, but the execution is defective.

Should “The Traveller” be repeated, it must be entirely new modelled and the language improved.

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# THE LITERARY MELANGE,

OR

## WEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"*SERIA MIXTA JOCIS.*"

No. 9. WEDNESDAY, 14th AUGUST, 1822. PRICE 3<sup>d</sup>

### ON THE POETIC GENIUS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Greece has produced her Homer, Portugal her Camoens, and England her Shakespeare, her Milton, and her Byron; but to Italy alone was reserved the honour of giving birth to five such poets as Virgil, Lucan, Dante, Ariosto and Tasso. In that highly-favoured country, it seems as if nature was resolved in one period or another, to put forth her strength, and by a constellation of mighty spirits, illumine her mental darkness, and triumph over the barriers which, for a thousand years, superstition has been forming to impede the current of genius. Italy has many claims to attention which no other land possesses. It was the seat of the mightiest empire of ancient times; where arts, literature and arms flourished and had their reward, and where superstition stretched its sceptre over humbled monarchies, and held beneath its sway the most potent dominions of the earth. It is the country whose sovereign Pontiff held afterwards as powerful an influence over the consciences of men, as his martial archbishops had over their fortunes, and whose under the fostering care of superstition, arose Romance and Chivalry to civilize the world. Hence deeds of

universal influence were performed within its boundaries. It was the grand mother of political intrigue—the parent of all that is good in modern science,—and the refuge to the remnant of genius, which even these dark periods could not wholly obscure.

The middle ages (or the reign of Popery as they are sometimes called) though universally ruinous to the sciences, were not unfavourable to poetry. The vigilance of the priesthood, though it might check every other kind of literature, could never have damped the spirit of the bard. It could neither prevent his mind from soaring into the regions of fancy, nor close the hearts of the people against his themes. Even though superstition and ignorance had arrayed their fiercest weapons against poetry, they could not have succeeded. But the clergy were far from attempting such a task. Dark as they were, they knew that poetry might be turned to their own purposes,—they knew that its cultivators might indulge in praise of that system they kept up, and by operating on the enthusiasm of the people, might induce them to adopt every fiction, however wild, and to engage in every chimaera, however extravagant, and licentious. Poetry moreover was not a vehicle for communicating knowledge, or for



opening the mind of man. It sung, acterised, and still characterises, the of themes which then prevailed,—it poetry of the North. It was the displayed the pomp of chivalry and poetry of a rude and free people.— religion, and lent its fascinating aid in Bold and original, although without sounding the praises of religious war, the graces of refinement, it exhibited fare, and in setting forth the glory of the perfection the ardent undisguised the crusades against the infidels.— emotions of the heart.

Such were the motives of the priest- As chivalry began to appear, man hood in encouraging poetry. Every became more refined, though not more other kind of literature, save the tales moral. Chivalry was the product of of Romance, was destroyed with the that religious enthusiasm which brought same recklessness and barbarism which on the crusades. These formidable actuated the overwhelters of the Ro- and tremendous combinations of the man Empire. But the motives were European against the Infidel nations, in every sense more dishonourable and —these exhibitions of all that was absurd fanatical and cruel in the human depraved. A total insensibility to the value of what they destroyed was that race,—this mental debasement and which drew down the rage of the last, but of the first, the true inducement was bigoted prostitution; these were the an oblique and crafty policy: a policy causes of refinement in manners.— founded on obtaining an universal dominion over the consciences of men, Chivalry was the commencement of a to obtain which, it did not scruple to new era in politics and morals; and a sacrifice the glorious relics which even sort of barrier between that dismal era Gothic barbarism had spared. That which immediately followed the sub- poetry did not suffer in its spirit during version of the Roman Empire, and these troubled periods, we can immediately after. The first may be readily believe from the specimens hand- termed the gothic era, the second the ed down to us. The taste of the era of popery. The Crusades gave minstrel suffered without doubt the general vitiation of the age. His mind rise to chivalry, and chivalry by oper- was not chastened down to the per- ating on the imagination, produced a ception of simple beauty alone. In the new era in poetry. The knights of gothic period, strength, not unminged that age did not fight for plunder, but with ardent tenderness, prevailed.— for honour; and this honour was to be obtained by their exertions in the cause of religion, virtue and beauty.— There was then no known model of These rude warriors imbibed thus ancient excellence to found a system generous sentiments, which no doubt upon. These were lost sight of, and hung for years loosely about them, but hid in the general ignorance. The by degrees they fell upon their off- mind of man, as yet rude, was obliged spring, and the knights from being to trust its unaided exertions, and to merely barbarous chiefs, became the depend for effect upon its native fire. souls of honour and of valour. The Vigorous and uncourteous, it felt few poetry of that age was equally bold, of the finer emotions, and was natu- but more replete with gallantry and rally disposed to strength, by the en- love than that which went before; energetic scenes which it beheld.— the feats of warriors and the love of Hence the flaming heroic character of ladies were its themes.—Witness the the ancient gothic poetry: hence the ballads of the old Troubadours, witness the energy and intense feeling which char- the love songs of modern Italy; and



modern Germany; and in them may be discovered even yet, the spirit and feeling of their originals. It is impossible to conceive a time better adapted than this for the exercise of poetic talent—a time pregnant with the highest achievements, when the ardour of achievement urged men on, to deeds almost super-human,—when every knight was a warrior, and every warrior a hero. A certain delicacy of feeling unknown before, was then established; and while honourable sentiments sprung up, the fair sex met with courtesy and attention.

The ardour of war, of religion and of love, stimulated the poet, and raised a flame of enthusiasm in his mind.—Where praise and honour were the certain rewards of bravery, and where a devotion to the cross of Christ ensured unfading laurels, there were not wanting enthusiasts, who aspired at such distinctions; nor were poets wanting to sing their praises; whence arose many of the loftiest efforts of genius, and that turn for the wild and romantic existing in those perturbed ages. It was then that Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso arose, and whether in true fervour of genius, in grandeur of imagination, in pathos or description, they may stand a parallel with the greatest bards of ancient or modern times.—If we except Shakespeare and Milton the world has produced no such poets since their time, and if four or five of the ancients be set aside, there has preceded them none with whom it would not be doing them injustice to institute a comparison. Many perhaps will go the length of saying that Virgil and Homer in the ancient world, are alone their equals.

That the different forms of government in Italy gave a turn to its poetry there cannot be a doubt. If we look back to the happy era of Augustus, we may cast a glance on the poetry of

Virgil. He arose when Rome was at its pinnacle of glory, and sung of arms and empire. His strain was full of his native land; full of expectation at her future greatness, and beaming with the glow of heroism, which warmed every rank of society. Appearing in the thirteenth century, when the densest clouds of ignorance obscured the human mind, Dante attuned his mysterious lyre to themes of religion; he follows a path untrod before, and almost unattempted since. Hell, Paradise, and Purgatory were his themes. To probability of incident he paid no attention. This was indeed universally disregarded by the poets of this romantic age.—Nor did he regard more, the conduct of the preceding poets. As original as Homer, he wove a wondrous poem of his own construction.—He is however little studied, even in his native land. His writings have been lately translated into English with great talent by Cary, but few, very few are to be met with, who have explored the mysterious creations of this astonishing poet.—In the fifteenth century mankind had rapidly improved: Petrarch wrote his incomparable sonnets, and Boccaccio his exquisite romances, but the glories of the age were Tasso and Ariosto; of these we cannot speak at present, but we shall shortly endeavour to give a sketch of the Orlando Furioso of the latter.

### ANNETTE DELARBE.

In the course of a tour that I once made in Lower Normandy, I remained for a day or two at the old town of Honfleur, which stands near the mouth of the Seine. It was the time of a fete, and all the world was thronging in the evening to dance at the fair, held before the Chapel of our Lady of



Grace. As I like all kinds of innocent merry-making, I joined the throng.

The chapel is situated at the top of a high hill or promontory, from whence its bell may be heard at a distance by the mariner at night. It is said to have given the name to the port of Havre de Grace, which lies directly opposite, on the other side of the Seine. The road up to the chapel went in a zig-zag course, along the brow of the steep coast! it was shaded by trees from between which I had beautiful peeps at the ancient towers of Honfleur below, the varied scenery of the opposite shore, the white buildings of Havre in the distance, and the wide sea beyond. The road was enlivened by groups of peasant girls, in their bright crimson dresses, and tall caps; and I found all the flower of the neighbourhood assembled on the green that crowns the summit of the hill.

The chapel of our Lady of Grace is a favourite resort of the inhabitants of Honfleur and its vicinity, both for pleasure and devotion. At this little chapel, prayers are put up by the mariners of the port previous to their voyages, and by their friends during their absence; and votive offerings are hung about its walls, in fulfillment of vows made during times of shipwreck and disaster. The chapel is surrounded by trees. On a level spot near the chapel, under a grove of noble trees, the populace dance on fine summer evenings; and here are held frequent fairs and fetes, which assemble all the rustic beauty of the loveliest parts of Lower Normandy. The present was an occasion of the kind. Booths and tents were erected among the trees; there were the usual displays of finery to tempt the rural coquette, and of wonderful shews to entice the curious; mountebanks were exerting their eloquence; jugglers and fortune-tellers astonishing the credulous; while whole

rows of grotesque saints in wood and wax-work, were offered for the purchase of the pious.

The scene before me was perfectly enchanting: the assemblage of so many fresh and blooming faces; the gay groups in fanciful dresses; some dancing on the green, others strolling about, or seated on the grass; the fine clumps of trees on the foreground, bordering the brow of this airy height, and the broad green sea, sleeping in summer tranquillity, in the distance.

Whilst I was regarding this animated picture, I was struck with the appearance of a beautiful girl, who passed through the crowd without seeming to take any interest in their amusements. She was slender and delicate in her form; she had not the bloom upon her cheek that is usual among the peasantry of Normandy, and her blue eyes had a singular and melancholy expression. She was accompanied by a venerable-looking man, whom I presumed to be her father. There was a whisper among the by-standers, and a wistful look after her as she passed: the young men touched their hats, and some of the children followed her at a little distance, watching her movements. She approached the edge of the hill, where there is a little platform, from whence the people of Honfleur look out for the approach of vessels. Here she stood for some time waving her handkerchief, though there was nothing to be seen but two or three fishing boats, like mere specks on the bosom of the distant ocean.

These circumstances excited my curiosity, and I made some inquiries about her, which were answered with readiness and intelligence by a priest of the neighbouring chapel. Our conversation drew together several of the by-standers, each of whom had something to communicate, and from them all I gathered the following particulars.



Annette Delarbie was the only daughter of one of the higher order of farmers, or small proprietors, as they are called, who lived at Port l'Eveque, a pleasant village not far from Honfleur, in that rich part of Lower Normandy called the Pays d'Ange.

Annette was the pride and delight of her parents, and was brought up with the fondest indulgence. She was gay, tender, petulant, and susceptible; all her feelings were quick and ardent, and having never experienced contradiction or restraint, she was little practiced in self control: nothing but the native goodness of her heart kept her from running continually into error.

Even when a child, her susceptibility was evinced in an attachment which she formed to a playmate, Eugene La Forge, the only son of a widow who lived in the neighbourhood. Their childish love was an epitome of maturer passion: it had its caprices, and jealousies, and quarrels, and reconciliations. It was assuming something of a graver character as Annette entered her fifteenth, and Eugene his nineteenth year, when he was suddenly carried off to the army by the conscription.

It was a heavy loss to his widowed mother, for he was her only pride and comfort; but it was one of those bereavements which mothers were perpetually doomed to feel in France, during the time that continual and bloody wars were necessarily draining her youth. It was a temporary affliction also to Annette, to lose her lover. With tender embraces, half childish, half womanish, she parted from him. The tears streamed from her blue eyes as she bound a braid of her fair hair round his wrist; but the smiles still broke through; for she was yet to feel how serious a thing is separation, and how many chances there are, when parting in this wide world, against our

ever meeting again.

Weeks, months, years flew by. Annette increased in beauty as she increased in years, and was the reigning belle of the neighbourhood. Her time passed innocently and happily. Her father was a man of some consequence in the rural community, and his house was the resort of the gayest of the village. Annette held a kind of rural court; she was always surrounded by companions of her own age, among whom she shone unrivalled. Much of their time was passed in making lace, the prevalent manufacture of the neighbourhood. As they sat at this delicate and feminine labour, the merry tale and sprightly song went round: none laughed with a lighter heart than Annette; and if she sang, her voice was perfect melody. Their evenings were enlivened by the dance, or by those pleasant and social games so prevalent among the French: and when she appeared at the village ball on Sunday evening, she was the theme of universal admiration.

As she was a rural heiress, she did not want for suitors. Many advantageous offers were made her, but she refused them all. She laughed at the pretended pangs of her admirers, and triumphed over them with the caprice of buoyant youth and conscious beauty. With all her apparent levity however, could any one have read the story of her heart, they might have traced in it some fond remembrance of her early playmate, not so deeply graven as to be painful, but too deep to be easily obliterated; and they might have noticed, amidst all her gaiety, the tenderness that marked her manner towards the mother of Eugene. She would often steal away from her youthful companions and their amusements, to pass whole days with the good widow; listening to her fond talk about her boy, and blushing with secret plea-



sure when his letters were read, at finding herself a constant theme of recollection and inquiry.

At length the sudden return of peace, which sent many a warrior to his native cottage, brought back Eugene, a young sun-burnt soldier, to the village. I need not say how rapturous his return was greeted by his mother, who saw in him the pride and staff of her old age. He had risen in the service by his merit; but brought away little from the wars, excepting a soldier-like air, a gallant name, and a scar across his forehead. He brought back however, a nature unspoiled by the camp. He was frank, open, generous, and ardent. His heart was quick and kind in its impulses, and was perhaps a little softer from having suffered: it was full of tenderness for Annette. He had received frequent accounts of her from his mother; and the mention of her kindness to his lonely parent had rendered her doubly dear to him.— He had been wounded; he had been a prisoner; he had been in various troubles, but he had always preserved the braid of her hair, which she had bound round his arm. It had been a kind of talisman to him; he had many a time looked on it as he lay on the hard ground, and the thought that he might one day see Annette again, and the fair fields about his native village, had cheered his heart, and enabled him to bear up against every hardship.

He had left Annette almost a child; he found her a blooming woman. If he had loved her before, he now adored her. Annette was equally struck with the improvement which time had made on her lover. She noticed, with secret admiration, his superiority to the other young men of the village: the frank, lofty military air, that distinguished him from all the rest at the rural gatherings. The more she saw

him, the more her light, playful fondness of former years deepened into an ardent and powerful affection. But Annette was a rural belle. She had tasted the sweets of dominion, and had been rendered wilful and capricious by constant indulgence at home, and admiration abroad. She was conscious of her power over Eugene, and delighted in exercising it. She sometimes treated him with petulant caprice, enjoying the pain which she inflicted by her frowns, from the idea how soon she would chase it away again by her smiles.— She took a pleasure in alarming his fears, by affecting a temporary preference to some one or other of his rivals; and then would delight in allaying them, by an ample measure of returning kindness. Perhaps there was some degree of vanity gratified by all this; it might be a matter of triumph to show her absolute power over the young soldier, who was the universal object of female admiration. Eugene however, was of too serious and ardent a nature to be trifled with. He loved too fervently not to be filled with doubt. He saw Annette surrounded with admirers, and full of animation; the gayest among the gay at all their rural festivities, and apparently the most gay when he was the most dejected. Every one saw through this caprice but himself; every one saw that in reality she doted upon him; but Eugene alone suspected the sincerity of her affection. For some time she bore this coquetry with secret impatience and distrust; but his feelings grew sore and irritable and overcame his self-command. A slight misunderstanding took place; a quarrel ensued. Annette unaccustomed to be thwarted and contradicted, and full of the insolence of youthful beauty, assumed an air of disdain. She refused all explanations to her lover, and they parted in anger. That very evening Eugene saw her, full of gaiety,



dancing with one of his rivals, and as her eye caught his, fixed on her with unfeigned distress, it sparkled on him with more than usual fire. It was a finishing blow to his hopes, already so much impaired by secret distrust. Pride and resentment both struggled in his breast, and seemed to rouse his spirit to all its wonted energy. He retired from her presence with the hasty determination never to see her again.

A woman is more considerate in the affairs of love than a man; because it is more the study and business of her life. Annette soon repented of her indiscretion; she felt that she had used her lover unkindly; she felt that she had trifled with his sincere and generous nature—and then he looked so handsome when he parted after their quarrel;—his fine features, lighted up by indignation. She had intended making up with him at the evening dance, but his sudden departure prevented her. She now promised herself that when next they met, she would amply repay him by the sweets of a perfect reconciliation, and that, thenceforward, she would never—never tease him more! That promise was not to be fulfilled. Day after day passed; but Eugene did not make his appearance. Sunday evening came, the usual time when all the gaiety of the village assembled; but Eugene was not there. She enquired after him; he had left the village. She now became alarmed, and forgetting all coyness and affected indifference, she called upon Eugene's mother for an explanation. She found her full of sorrow, and learnt with surprise and affliction that Eugene had gone to sea.

While his feelings were yet smarting with her affected disdain, and his heart a prey to alternate indignation and despair, he had suddenly embraced an invitation which had repeatedly been

made him by a relation, who was fitting out a ship at the port of Honfleur, and who wished him to be the companion of his voyage. Absence appeared to him the only cure for his unhappy passion; and in the temporary transports of his feelings, there was something gratifying in the idea of having half the world intervene between them. The hurry necessary for his departure, left no time for cool reflection; it rendered him deaf to the remonstrances of his afflicted mother. He hastened to Honfleur just in time to make the necessary preparations for the voyage, and the first news that Annette received of this sudden determination, was a letter delivered by his mother, returning her pledges of affection, and bidding her a last farewell, in terms more full of sorrow and tenderness than upbraiding.

This was the first stroke of real anguish that Annette had ever received; and it overcame her. The vivacity of her spirits was apt to hurry her to extremes; she for a time gave way to ungovernable transports of affliction and remorse, and manifested, in the violence of her grief, the real ardour of her affection. The thought occurred to her that the ship might not yet have sailed. She seized on the hope with eagerness, and hastened with her father to Honfleur. The ship had sailed that very morning. From the heights above the town she saw it lessening into a speck on the broad bosom of the ocean, and before evening, the white sail had faded from her sight. She turned full of anguish to the neighbouring chapel of our Lady of Grace, and throwing herself on the pavement, poured out her prayers and tears for the safe return of her lover.

When she returned home the cheerfulness of her spirits was at an end.—She looked back with remorse and self-upbraiding at her past caprices;



she turned with distaste from the adulation of her admirers, and had no longer any relish for the amusements of the village. With humiliation and diffidence she sought the widowed mother of Eugene; but was received by her with an overflowing heart; for she only beheld in Annette one who could sympathise in her doting fondness for her son. It seemed some alleviation of her remorse to sit by the mother all day, to study her wants, to beguile her heavy hours, to hang about her with the caressing endearments of a daughter, and to seek by every means, if possible, to supply the place of the son, whom she reproached herself with having driven away.

In the meantime the ship made a prosperous voyage to her destined port. Eugene's mother received a letter from him, in which he lamented the precipitancy of his departure. The voyage had given him time for sober reflection. If Annette had been unkind to him, he ought not to have forgotten what was due to his mother, who was now advanced in years. He accused himself of selfishness in only listening to the suggestions of his own inconsiderate passions. He promised to return with the ship, to make his mind up to his disappointment, and to think of nothing but making his mother happy.—"And when he does return," said Annette, clasping her hands with transport, "it shall not be my fault if he ever leaves us again."

The time approached for the ship's return. She was daily expected; when the weather became dreadfully tempestuous. Day after day brought news of vessels foundered, or driven on shore, and the sea coast was strewn with wrecks. Intelligence was received of the looked for ship having been seen dismantled in a violent storm, and the greatest fears were entertained for her safety.

Annette never left the side of Eugene's mother. She watched every change of her countenance with painful solicitude, and endeavoured to cheer her with hopes, while her own mind was racked by anxiety. She tasked her efforts to be gay; but it was forced and unnatural gaiety; a sigh from the mother would completely check it; and when she could no longer restrain the rising tears, she would hurry away, and pour out her agony in secret. Every anxious look, every anxious enquiry of the mother, whenever a door opened, or a strange face appeared, was an arrow to her soul. She considered every disappointment as a pang of her own infliction, and her heart sickened under the care-worn expression of the maternal eye. At length this suspense became insupportable. She left the village and hastened to Honfleur, hoping every hour, every moment, to receive some tidings of her lover. She paced the pier, and wearied the seamen of the port with her inquiries. She made a daily pilgrimage to the chapel of our Lady of Grace; hung votive garlands on the wall, and passed hours either kneeling before the altar, or looking out from the brow of the hill upon the angry sea.

At length word was brought that the long-looked for vessel was in sight. She was seen standing into the mouth of the Seine, shattered and crippled, bearing marks of having been sadly tempest tossed. There was a general joy diffused by her return; and there was not a brighter eye, nor a lighter heart than Annette's in the little port of Honfleur. The ship came to anchor in the river; and shortly after a boat put off for the shore. The populace crowded down to the pier-head to welcome it. Annette stood blushing and smiling, and trembling and weeping; for, surrounded by a throng of

emotions agitated her breast at the thoughts of the meeting and reconciliation about to take place. Her heart throbbed to pour itself out, and atone to her lover for all its errors. At one moment she would place herself in a conspicuous situation where she might catch his view at once, and surprise him by her welcome; but the next moment a doubt would come across her mind, and she would shrink among the throng, trembling and faint, and gasping with her emotions. Her agitation increased as the boat drew near, until it became distressing; and it was almost a relief to her, when she perceived that her lover was not there. She presumed that some accident had detained him on board the ship; and she felt that the delay would enable her to gather more self-possession for the meeting. As the boat approached the shore, many enquiries were made, and lacopic answers returned. At length Annette heard some enquiries made after her lover. Her heart palpitated; there was a moment's pause; the reply was brief, but awful. He had been washed from the deck, with two of the crew, in the midst of a stormy night, when it was impossible to render any assistance. A piercing shriek broke from among the crowd; and Annette had nearly fallen into the waves.

The sudden revulsion of feelings after such a transient gleam of happiness, was too much for her harassed frame. She was carried home senseless. Her life was for some time despaired of, and it was months before she recovered her health; but she never had perfectly recovered her mind: it still remained unsettled with regard to her lover's fate.

"The subject," continued my informant, "is never mentioned in her hearing; but she sometimes speaks of it herself, and it seems as if there was some vague train of impressions in her

mind, in which hope and fear are strangely mingled; some imperfect idea of her lover's shipwreck, and yet some expectation of his return.

"Her parents have tried every means to cheer her, and to banish those gloomy images from her thoughts.— They assemble round her the young companions in whose society she used to delight; and they will work, and chat, and sing, and laugh as formerly; but she will sit silently among them, and will sometimes weep in the midst of their gaiety; and, if spoken to, will make no reply, but look up with streaming eyes, and sing a dismal little song, which she has learned somewhere, about a shipwreck. It makes every one's heart ache to see her in this way, for she used to be the happiest creature in the village.

"She passes the greatest part of the time with Eugene's mother, whose only consolation is her society, and who dotes on her with a mother's tenderness. She is the only one that has perfect influence over Annette in every mood. The poor girl seems, as formerly, to make an effort to be cheerful in her company; but will sometimes gaze upon her with the most piteous look, and then kiss her gray hairs, and fall on her neck and weep.

"She is not always melancholy, however; she has occasional intervals when she will be bright and animated for days together; but there is a degree of wildness attending these fits of gaiety, that prevents their yielding any satisfaction to her friends. At such times she will arrange her room, which is all covered with pictures of ships and legends of saints, and will wreath a white chaplet, as if for a wedding, and prepare wedding ornaments. She will listen anxiously at the door, and look frequently out at the window, as if expecting some one's arrival. It is supposed that at such times she

looking for her lover's return; but as no one touches on the theme, or mentions his name in her presence, the current of her thoughts is mere matter of conjecture. Now and then she will make a pilgrimage to our Lady of Grace, where she will pray for hours at the altar, and decorate the images with wreaths that she has woven; or will wave her handkerchief from the terrace, as you have seen, if there is any vessel in the distance."

[To be continued.]

### SIR JOHN MOORE.

Sir John Moore was the eldest of four sons of the late Dr. Moore, and was born at Glasgow, in 1762, where his father practised as a physician till he accompanied the late Duke of Hamilton on his travels. He took his son along with him, and thus he was early introduced into the first society in Europe. Having his education and pursuits guided by so able a director, and so accurate a judge of mankind as his father, every improvement was to be expected. How completely these expectations were fulfilled, the military history of his country will shew. Sir John Moore from his youth embraced the profession of arms, with the sentiments and feelings of a soldier. He felt that a perfect knowledge, and an exact performance of the humble but important duties of a subaltern officer, are the best foundation for subsequent military fame. In the school of regimental duty, he obtained that correct knowledge of his profession, so essential to the proper direction of the gallant spirit of the soldiers; and he was enabled to establish a characteristic order and regularity of conduct, because the troops found in their leader a striking example of the discipline which he enforced in

others. In a military character obtained amidst the dangers of climate, the privations incident to service, and the sufferings of repeated wounds, it is difficult to select any point as a preferable subject of praise. The life of Sir John Moore was spent among his troops."

"During the season of repose, his time was devoted to the care and instruction of the officer and the soldier; in war, he courted service in every quarter of the globe. Regardless of personal considerations, he esteemed that to which his country called him as the post of honor; and by his undaunted spirit and unconquerable perseverance, he pointed the way to victory."\*

Every soldier's heart must warm in reading so just a tribute from a Commander-in-Chief to the memory of this brave man. He was a soldier of the best mould, and was endowed with a vigorous mind, improved by every accomplishment which an anxious and intelligent parent could suggest or bestow. With a face and figure uncommonly handsome, he was active and capable of bearing great fatigue; but in his latter years had a considerable stoop and was much broken down by wounds and service in warm climates. His keen feelings of honor, and enthusiastic zeal for the duties of his profession, often raised his indignation at any dereliction of conduct or duty. Hence, with the mildest and most amiable temper imaginable, he was considered by many who did not sufficiently know him, as fierce, intemperate, and unnecessarily severe, while, in truth, no man was more indulgent and easy, when strictness was unnecessary; at the same time, when severity was called for, as the correctness

General Order. Horse Guards, Jan. 24, 1800.



and propriety of his own mind led him never to excuse neglect of duty, he was on such occasions very severe; and in this he greatly resembled the eminent men by whose example he was always anxious to form his habits and character.—Sir Ralph Abercromby and Sir Charles Stewart.

It was under General Stewart, in Corsica, that Sir John Moore, then Lieutenant Colonel of the 51st, was first distinguished at the storming of Calvi; he headed the grenadiers, and in the face of an obstinate and gallant resistance, carried the place by assault. General Stewart, who witnessed the attack, rushed forward and, with an enthusiasm which only such minds can feel, threw himself into the arms of Colonel Moore, the surrounding soldiers shouting and throwing up their caps in the air for joy and exultation.

In 1796, during the operations of the army under the command of Sir Ralph Abercromby, in the West Indies, Sir John Moore particularly distinguished himself. At that time the mortality among the troops was so great, that hardly a sufficient number, fit for duty, were left after the capture of St. Lucia. Brigadier General Moore was appointed to the command of the island; and as considerable bodies of the enemy continued in the woods, and refused to surrender conformably to the capitulation, he, with that zeal which so eminently distinguished him, penetrated into the most difficult recesses of the woods and compelled the enemy to surrender at discretion. Here his exertions were unremitting. He visited, in person, every post, of which there were a great many established in different parts of the island. He was, in fact almost always in the woods, so careless of any comfort, and so anxious to shew an example of privation to his men, that he fared as they did, on salt pork and

biscuit, and slept on a cloak under a bush. Several officers had obtained leave to go to other islands for change of air, and so many were dead or disabled there was not a sufficient number for the duty. He therefore issued orders, that none, except in the last necessity, should quit the island. At length he was himself attacked, and when informed that if he did not go on board ship, he could not survive four days, he referred his advisers to his orders, saying, that he was determined to remain at any hazard; and it was not till he was insensible that he was carried on board where he fortunately recovered.

The scene which closed his mortal career, took place at the battle of Corunna. While animating the 42d regiment, a cannon ball struck Sir John Moore in the left shoulder, and beat him to the ground. He raised himself and sat up with an unaltered countenance, looking intently at the Highlanders who were warmly engaged. Captain Harding threw himself from his horse and took him by the hand; then observing his anxiety, he told him the 42d were advancing, upon which his countenance immediately brightened up. Assisted by a soldier of the 42d he was removed a few yards behind the shelter of a wall. Colonel Graham of Balgowan and Captain Woodford of the Guards came up, and perceiving the state of Sir John's wound, instantly rode off for surgeons. He consented to be carried to the rear, and was put in a blanket for that purpose. Captain Harding attempted to unbuckle his sword from his wounded side, when he said in his usual tone and manner "It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me." He was borne, continues Captain Harding, by six soldiers of the 42d and guards, my sash supporting him in an easy posture.



Observing the resolution and composure of his features, I caught at the hope that I might be mistaken in my fears of the wound being mortal, and remarked that I trusted when the surgeons dressed the wound, that he would be spared to us and recover. He then turned his head round, and looking steadfastly at the wound for a few seconds, said, "No Harding, I feel that to be impossible." I wished to accompany him to the rear, when he said "You need not go with me; report to General Hope that I am wounded and carried to the rear." A serjeant of the 42d. and two spare files, in case of accident, were ordered to conduct their brave General to Corunna. As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them turn round frequently to view the field of battle, and to listen to the firing; and was well pleased when the sound grew fainter, judging that the enemy was retiring.

Colonel Wynch being wounded was passing in a spring waggon. When he understood the General was in the blanket he wished him to be removed to the waggon. Sir John asked one of the Highlanders whether he thought the waggon or blanket best? When the soldier answered that he thought the blanket best. "I think so too," said the General; and the soldiers proceeded with him to Corunna, shedding tears all the way.

Colonel Anderson, his friend and Aid-de-camp for twenty years, thus describes the General's last moments: "After some time he seemed very anxious to speak to me, and at intervals got out as follows:—Anderson, you know I always wished to die in this way." He then asked, were the French beaten?—and which he repeated to every one he knew as they came in. "I hope the people of England will be satisfied; I hope my country will do me justice. Anderson,

you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them every thing—say to my mother." Here his voice quite failed and he was excessively agitated. At the thought of his mother, the firm heart of this brave and affectionate son gave way—a heart which no danger, not even his present situation could shake, till the thoughts of his mother, and what she would suffer, came across his mind.

As Sir John Moore, according to the wish which he had uniformly expressed, died a soldier in battle, so he was buried like a soldier, in full uniform, in a bastion in the garrison of Corunna, Colonel Graham of Balgowan and the officers of his family only attending.

Shortly after the accounts of his death reached Glasgow, a meeting of his fellow Citizens was called, and a liberal subscription entered into for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory. An elegant statue, executed by Flaxman, was placed in George Square with the following inscription:—

TO COMMEMORATE  
THE MILITARY SERVICES OF  
LIEUT. GEN. SIR JOHN MOORE,  
NATIVE OF GLASGOW,  
HIS FELLOW CITIZENS

HAVE ERECTED  
THIS MONUMENT.  
1817.

*To the Editor of the Millage.*

SIR,

An athon has advissd peepel to here much & spak little, i wish sum of your riters would folo that plan. in your last number, thers ane acount of our maridge riten by som wan that had no buznes with our afays. i think it richt to tell you Sir, that my

husband did not sweer so much, as the riter says & that it is an habbit which he has almost got red off. He tells me & i Join him, that he will be hapie to giv you a sale in the Marget lighter, when you pleas and that as we are now towd by Stimbot you git up and down sam day—but expeks you will not publish no more about him—no mor at present

But remans  
Marget Ryan  
Late Murphy.

Brunslow 9 Agust 1822.

### REVIEW.

*The YOUNG ARTIST'S ASSISTANT, or Elements of the Fine Arts.—*  
BY WILLIAM ENFIELD, M. A.  
*Author of "Elements of Natural Theology," "Scientific Amusements," &c. &c.—*London, 1822.  
12mo.

"Drawing," says Mr. Enfield, "forms so elegant and agreeable an amusement for leisure hours, and has so wide a range of general utility, that it cannot fail to be attractive to a polished mind. It is equally adapted to both sexes and to all ages: and whether it be employed in embodying the forms of fancy, or delineating the beauties of nature, and the inventions of art, it never fails to be a source of amusement. It is the basis of Painting, Designing, Sculpture, Architecture, Engraving, Modelling, Carving, and most of those arts that are the offspring of fancy, and that embellish civilized life."

The usefulness and agreeableness of this art have, indeed, never been denied; but, people in general, have erred most egregiously in their ideas of the manner in which a knowledge of it was to be acquired—many supposing it to consist in looking at pictures, reading large books about pictures, and hearing long speeches upon pictures. That it was to be acquired by sitting down with a pencil, and practising with the hand, never once entered their heads.

There is another circumstance which requires consideration, the quackery of hackney-teachers of the art—this has for a long time been very remarkable.

The "art of Drawing" has frequently been, for the nine hundred and ninety ninth time, "made" (to use the puffing language of these quacks) "completely easy." We never, however heard of a single instance in which the use of these "easy" works was productive of any good; indeed, their non-success is not to be wondered at, for if one of these books be examined, of what should we find it to consist?—Will it be found to contain such instructions as may enable the pupil to become a proficient in the art to which he aspires?—No.—What then, shall we find it filled with?—Absurdities. A collection of trash, "of no use to any one," divided into portions; (or, as we are speaking of quacks, we may say, *dozes*), which are generally headed with the term "Secrets." Yet, notwithstanding the utter worthlessness of these books, the titles are taking, they in consequence sell, the quacks pocket the cash, and the poor youths' heads are filled with crudities, which are not reducible to any law whatever—instead of being, as was so much hoped-for, illuminated by the rays of science, every unfortunate *novice* is found to be in possession of a mere dead stock of half-formed ideas—a chaos of monstrosities.

When we find that the absurdities, sported by these creatures as new inventions and discoveries, have not so much as the plea of originality in their favor, it appears still more astonishing, that people should have been found silly enough to pay even the slightest notice to their pretensions.

Know, gentle reader, that we happen to have in our "very good keeping," a volume, of a most antique and venerable appearance, which beareth upon the beginning of it the following words: "Artes Mysterys: being a rare and curiose assemblage yn one boke of ye secretes of nature and arte. Moreover, trefyng notable of ye plesante arte of payntyng, the verie notable portraietures. London, Imprinted at ye Sygne of ye Rede Rogue yn Easte Cheap 1560." The very title page is curious! But the work itself is still more so. Old as this book is, superseded, as (according to modern improvements made in the method of teaching the science,) its contents should have been by those of later works, we find the same—yes, reader,

the very same—"secrets," and frequently in the very same words, that have appeared as original in every "whole art of Drawing made completely easy" that has appeared from the time that the above-mentioned work was published, till the present day!

But, (it may be argued,) these articles, to which you object, as not being new, are probably such as cannot be omitted—the first principles of instruction—the very essentials of the art? To this we only reply, No; they are not. It is the absence of these essentials, and the substitution of useless and absurd recipes in their place, which forms the subject of our complaint.

The quotation of a few of these recipes would at once convince the reader that we do not complain without cause; but, as we shall have occasion to speak of them hereafter, we shall, for the present, spare the reader the trouble of reading what he is warned beforehand will be nothing but specimens of absurdity.

Hitherto, we have been speaking less of what should be taught, than of what should not—we shall now change our plan a little.

About four or five years ago, there came out a very pretty book on *Landscape Painting*, written by a Mr. Alston: this book (we should remark, by the way, that the letter-press part of it was very meagre—but as we were saying—this book) we remember showing to a friend of ours in London, and asking his opinion. He was a man of considerable taste, and an excellent artist.

He read the book. "Sir," says he, "this book, little as it is, contains all that can be said upon the subject of which it treats. It is highly ridiculous, though very common, to write a large book upon what cannot be learned by reading a book. The art of Drawing, Sir, can only be acquired by constantly practising with the hand.—

The young artist will find much difficulty at his outset, he will find his best things to be very poor; and will often fail, when he imagines himself to be just on the point of succeeding. He will probably begin to feel discouraged, but to discouragement he must not give way: his attempts must be reiterated, and he will eventually succeed.

It cannot be denied, that this difficulty at the commencement is a great damper to the enthusiasm of youth; but it is the same with every science, and probably it is for the best that it should be so—if it were not, there would be an end to the glory of overcoming difficulties; perseverance would

have no object in view, to obtain which it need exert itself, and it would therefore become of no avail—the idle would then be on a par with the industrious, and the stupid with the ingenious.

"But we might as well hope," continued he; "to make an astronomer of a boy, by setting him to look at the reflection of the heavenly bodies in a pail of water, as to expect a boy who has been condemned, and forced, to read a large book full of recipes, to end by turning a painter."

Our friend here ended, to be sure it was time he should do so; having made, what the Americans would call a somewhat lengthy speech. But whenever a man gets astride and gallops off on his hobby, how is it possible—tell me, ye who can tell, how it is possible to stop him? Our friend's hobby was *Painting*, and whenever anybody set him on that subject, he never left off without letting all his hearers know a "bit of his mind." There was however, some good sense in his arguments, and we entirely agreed with him, that youths who were to be artists should be set to work with their hands, in preference to their eyes; that, in this case, pointedly, "Great books" (that is, of recipes for copying pictures, and grinding colours) "were great evils;" that "Royal Roads" to this art, any more than to any other, there were none—every thing being acquired by study and manual practice; and, that the botheration about "Secrets" was "All my eye and ——— Hold—enough!"

Reader, we here request of thee, to turn thine eye to the beginning of this most luminous article, and read the title page which we have prefixed to it: then shall those know that we designed to write with pen on paper, and to get imprinted, yea, stamped with types, a *Review* of "Enfield's Fine Arts." And, forasmuch, as we have now on our hands, leisure to proceed onwards with what we had designed it shall, straightway, illustrious reader, be laid before thee.

Chapter first, and, in our opinion, chapter the most important, is headed "Drawing." Our author here says, "To enable those who may not have the assistance of a skilful instructor, to become masters of this desirable accomplishment, we shall give plain and concise directions, and point out such a mode of study as we trust will render the task of acquiring it pleasant, and remove many impediments, which, without such assistance, would retard their



improvement. This now is reasonable, and we hope we shall find that he not only talks of being *concise* and *perspicuous*, but that he really is so. After the above paragraph, follows "Implements and materials used in Drawing." Then, "General Instructions," which we must say, are really good; and so far, all is well.—The next chapter, however, "Mechanical Drawing," is one which we are exceedingly sorry has been admitted—we wish the art of *Mechanical* drawing could be cut out, cut up, and consigned to utter oblivion.—For, we are persuaded, that to this, and to this only, are the failures of many individuals to be attributed; a person who accustoms himself to the use of tracing paper, and copying materials of any other kind, instantly loses all freedom of hand, and command of his pencil. It is the most miserable excuse for skill that ever was invented; with a professor of it, *taste* and *genius* are quite out of the question—it is the insidious, inveterate, enemy to success in the study of the Fine Arts.

We come next to "Painting." This is an article which we earnestly recommend every young artist to peruse with attention: the first part of it contains a short, but interesting, account of what are termed the *Schools of Painting*, and also of the various excellencies of the most distinguished painters. In the second part, the author proceeds to lay down a succinct view of the *principles of the art*.

"Of the different classes of Painting," is the next division. We think it would have been better, had this been headed "On the choice of a subject," and placed nearer the beginning of the book. We shall only observe of it, that what is said in it, is pretty well said, and should have an early perusal.

"The method of preparing the various kinds of colours used in painting" is *forty pages of recipes* the whole of which, to those persons into whose hands this book is most likely to be put, are *entirely useless*. Just imagine now, for the sake of illustration, a young lady to take up this book with the expectation of obtaining useful information; she opens it, by chance, at page 145, and stumbles upon "quicksilver, eighteen pounds; brimstone, (we beg pardon, *flowers of sulphur*), six pounds," she is directed to "melt the sulphur in an earthen pot, and pour in the quicksilver gradually; being also gently warmed," she is then to "stir them well together with the end of

a tobacco pipe." Again, at page 168, she will find "a quart of the bile of oxen, as fresh as possible." What effect is it likely that these passages would produce? why, they must produce *disgust*. Instead of finding pleasure in the first perusal of the work, and of being encouraged to proceed in reading it; she will instantly close the book, lay it down, never to take it up again. It is this kind of *colour-making* "Secrets," and the *copying* "Secrets" which do so much harm, where they pretend to do good. Either the student's brain is muddled by them in the manner we have before described, or he imbibes what, perhaps, is never afterwards, got rid of, a dislike to the art of which these scribblers profess to treat.

That part of the work in which "the different methods of painting" are described, contains a great deal of useful information, and is well worthy of the reader's serious perusal. When a youth has not made up his mind as to what branch of the art he shall pay his most sedulous attention—whether to oil, or to water colours—to crayon, or to enamel—he may, by reading this, find what will direct his choice, fix his attention, improve his taste, and go far to ensure success.

The next division is on "Transparencies," and the succeeding one on "Perspective." All we shall say of these, at present, is that they are short but good.

We come now to the last article, "Engraving;" this we should denounce, as being unnecessary, but for one consideration; the book bears the inclusive name of "Elements of the Fine Arts;" and it may be proper to give the student some idea of the arts which are connected with drawing and painting. Moreover, it is short, and it contains useful information; we will therefore tolerate its admission.

We have now gone through the work.—Speaking of it as a whole, we must say, that it is one of the best we have seen on the subject. The style in which it is written is familiar and pleasing; and the directions for practice, such as may easily be understood by every one who can read them. To sum up its merits, it contains almost "all" (according to our London friend,) "that can be taught by a book."

The insertion of those *recipes* to which we so strongly object, was probably occasioned by a wish to make the book as complete as possible; and we hope, that when the work comes to a new edition, which we have no doubt it will soon do, the ingenious

editor of it will perceive the necessity of employing the scissors a little. Might we presume to suggest any further improvement, it would be the enlargement of the chapters treating of *Perspective* and *Transparencies*; we should likewise wish to see a coloured Transparency as a specimen of the effect produced by the recommended method of painting them.

To conclude, it may be proper to observe, in justice to the publishers of the work, that it is got up in a very elegant manner; and that the Engravings with which it is illustrated, are the most beautiful specimens of the art that we have ever seen inserted in a work of this nature. In a word, it is the handsomest, cheapest, and most useful work, that has passed under our observation for a long time.

N. N.

## Forty.

### A WELCOME.



"Hang out the banners"—proudly wave

The Pennons, in the evening ray—

Proclaim the coming of the brave—

This—this is Scotia's proudest day!

A thousand voices shout afar—

A thousand voices "welcome" sing—

"Hail Brunswick's fam'd and brightest star"—

"We hail thee Father, Prince, and King!"

Though roses may not deck the bow'rs,

On Scotia's bleak, and barren shore—

Say, where are hearts more warm than ours—

Where hearts that love their Sov'reign more?

Where'er thy Scottish realm extends,

A people's love, proclaims thee their's.

Oh, could'st thou know, such ardent friends—

Oh, could'st thou hear, their anxious prayers.

We boast not, of a verdant soil—

Of flowers—whose balm loads zephyr's wing—

But HERE, thou wilt see beauty smile—

And men who THINK—and Bless their KING.

M. T.

St. Vincent Street, August, 1822.

## NOTICES

### TO CORRESPONDENTS

We would be happy to insert *Mathew Mushroom's* letter, which is written with considerable point, but it contains personalities, which, though general, would we are afraid give offence.

Perambulatory Literature will appear in our next; we have been obliged to curtail it a little.

The Poor Man's Funeral, though very beautiful, is not exactly calculated for the *Melange*.

Nemo's communications have been received. If possible they will appear in our next.

If the Gentleman who signs himself *Amicus*, will favour us with a call, we will be happy to arrange with him the plan he has mentioned.—It seems to be judicious, and apparently not very difficult of execution.

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# THE LITERARY MELANGE,

OR

## WEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 10. WEDNESDAY, 21st AUGUST, 1822. PRICE 3d

### SKETCH OF A TOUR TO THE HILL OF BALLYGEICH, &c.

*To the Editor of the Melange.*

SIR,

The rage for foreign travelling, to the neglect of places comparatively speaking near to our own doors, does not seem in us, at all very justifiable.—Foreign travelling is perhaps considered an appendage without which there cannot be a finished education. I agree to this, but apprehend that it would be much more reasonable to argue for this point, of first being versant in what is to be seen in our own country, as, with the exception of rather fewer specimens of antiquity to gratify the classical scholar, there are in it innumerable objects, as well worth the contemplation of the man of taste and science, as in any country under the sun, and those who wilfully neglect the opportunities of research, justly lay themselves open to its censure. There is a good story illustrative of this, which I have somewhere read, if my memory would serve me correctly to relate it.—A gentleman was quite enraptured with a view from some hill in Italy, and expressed himself about it,

in the strongest terms, to an Italian who accompanied him, yea as being the finest in the world, yea, replied the Italian, I believe it is, except Mount Damietta, (Demié) at Stirling. These words operated like an electric shock on the nervous system of the enthusiast, for he had spent almost the whole of his life in the vicinity of the hill without ever having ascended it. Had he been so unfortunate as to have let the cat out of the pock, he certainly would have been a good subject for a display of the risible faculties of the Roman. I myself have known young men who boasted of having lounged in a Parisian caffè, and promenade on the Boulevard St. Denys, yet living within a few hours walk of Lochlomond, never have been spectators of its solemn grandeur, which have set all the world a running. This blameable conduct evinces either a want of *real taste* or a determination in the person of for ever being in love with the epithet of *Blackhead*. Ancient Philosophers earnestly inculcated the maxim *nosce teipsum*, with which I would beg leave (not in the least undervaluing their profound *sapience*) to couple another, *nosce tuam propriam terram*.

I am one of those erratic beings who fond of practising the doctrines I teach,

take at intervals short excursions to visit some of our neighbouring scenery, the greatest part of which I have seen, and I may be permitted to say that I believe there is no large town in the kingdom, about which a greater variety of it can be enjoyed. A friend and I, both equally fond of escaping the murky abodes of our dense-peopled city, projected a short tour to the Hill of Ballygeich, which we lately accomplished. This hill, of pretty general resort with the amateurs of fine views, stands about 12 miles to the south of Glasgow, in the muir, on the east road to Kilinarnock, and is celebrated, not without justice, as commanding a more extensive prospect to the west, than any other in Scotland. To judge from the appearance of the hill, we would almost conceive this to be improbable, but the traveller must remark the gradual ascent from Clarkston Toll, so that we are indebted for the superiority of the view, not so much from the height of the hill itself, as this natural advantage of the country. In our progress while ascending the hill—to the east Tintock gradually elevates itself. From the summit—to the south-east, at a great distance, the horizon is seen resting on the dark tops of the Moffat hills; the view directly to the south is limited, from the height of the interjacent lands, but turning to the west, we are delightfully astonished.—Here the ocean appears one interminable sheet of white surf rising into the clouds; the eye lost in the apparent infinite expanse must now retract, caught perhaps in its return by a gliding vessel, which though seen a wote in creation, or a form as empty as the bubble, may contain all the reality of the merchant, and the golden anticipations of the emigrant to other shores. Were it the lot of the visitor to have a perfect unclouded sky, on some particular places, the sphere of his vision

might take a range to the lowest verge of the horizon, but this can seldom be obtained in summer, from the vapours which thicken the atmosphere, though in clear weather, with the assistance of a telescope, the coast of Ireland must be distinctly observed. Stretching the eye progressively north-west, the isolated Craig of Ailsa rears its gigantic and venerable head—to the right of which, appear the lofty protruding ragged peaks of Arran, till obscured by the intervening hills. Now appear the mountains of the Highlands, the sovereigns of our Isle, who, with an affected dignity, reign unrivalled—the range of Campsie and Strathblane hills, shading off to the north-east, form a boundary to the north. The intervening landscape is extensive, rising gently towards the north, and presents a picture not devoid of beauty. On the sea coast, to the west, the site of several towns may be distinctly traced, but as we approach nearer to our station, the general aspect of the country is dreary and forbidding, save, when in relief to the eye, a scanty crop on the side of some little hill, seems struggling to cover the red soil. Extent is the grand feature of the prospect from Ballygeich, and it may be there enjoyed in its excellence. The traveller, when looking around from its summit, may say with propriety—I am an admirer in the wide Temple of Nature, environed by the mountains which are its walls.

It may be worth while to step aside for a moment, and ascend the Muckle Binn, a hill about 14 miles to the north of Glasgow, which commands a prospect to the east, nearly as extensive as the other does to the west.—from the summit of this hill, the first prominent objects of attraction, are the mountains of the north, which appear crowded on each other, peak surmounting peak, in matchless grandeur;—

and to the west, the picturesque village of Lintry, terminates an agreeable vista, edged on each side by the neighbouring hills. The view to the east, which principally enhances this hill, is magnificently comprehensive—Berwick Law—the Bass Rock—and Arthur's Seat are distinguished, with a considerable part of the sweep of the German Ocean, and to the south the Pentland hills. From the Meikle Binn, to the boundary of the landscape on all sides, the country is one continued level tract, but singularly interesting from the universal fertility of its appearance, and as it embraces rivers, towns, and villages, with whose names and history there have been associated may an early idea. *The field of Bannockburn is in view*—Carron Work, like some Tartarean Regions, emitting from its fiery bowels darkening masses of smoke, is seen considerably in the distance, generally half obscured. Falkirk, with several places of less eminence and magnitude, stands conspicuous. The sober gliding Carron, and the more majestic Forth beautifully intersect the view, giving life, grace, and effect to the panorama—so that in one coup d'œil are concentrated all that is ornamental in nature, which is useful in the arts, and beneficial to man; the memorable spots where battles have been lost and won,—where the illustrious achievements of Bruce and Wallace add worth and dignity to every inch of the ground. Both of the prospects which we have been contemplating equally deserve attention, though it must be confessed, the latter charms us more by its interest. As to the personal gratification and improvement of the traveller, none will contest the virtue of such scenes, they are edifying and instructive in the highest degree. Among our ancient profane writers mountains seem to have been held in a sort of religious veneration,

as perhaps no where could their minds become more abstracted and bent to a particular purpose, and it must be well known to every reader of sound history the important transactions which took place upon these sublime portions of our globe.

Descending from Ballygeich, our attention was differently aimed. We proceeded southward, over the muir, to Lochgoin farm, to see some Relics of the conscientious Covenanters of former days, preserved there. This family of many centuries standing, have resided here, in regular descent, still remaining strict adherents to the Covenanter's cause, so zealously maintained by our pious forefathers. The present generation of the Lochgoin family, consisting of three persons, are a true portrait of the early staunch Religionists who fought, bled, and died for their cause, indeed so much so, that we might almost challenge any one to produce a better likeness—the accumulation of ages has not diminished one whit of the feature. Living in a wilderness place, in almost monkish austerity, the puritanical rigidity of the sect settled down upon them into constitutional habit, yet we cannot but admire and love the piety, honest simplicity, and genuine worth which, in a very great degree is visible among them, while we lament that in our own day, there is universally found so little of the sterling ore of non conformity to the world, and independence of soul. The father of the present family, was a man quite of patriarchal manner, his erudition was considerable, specimens of which he has left behind him in sketches of the lives and transactions of the Covenanters, one of the most popular books of the religious class of our peasantry, and in other selections, all of which do his memory much honour. It is not without feelings of



respect and reverence that we look to the garden bower where this good man meditated, and we cannot help cherishing an inward dignity, when inmates of the domicile which has harboured from the persecutions of tyranny, the sacred heads of those who may well be denominated the "Scots worthies," but of whom indeed the world was not worthy. The Relics (of which we are hereafter to speak) of any of these men, may indeed appear to some of little value, but to their Biographer they would not so. *They* were the property of men whose lives he had spent much time investigating—whose deeds and memories were precious in his eye—and the every incident and minute characteristic—and traditional story connected with them, handed from father to son; all could not fail to give to *these so many identities*, a zest which no other than he could savour, and which would make *them*, to be regarded by him little short of the persons themselves. *These*, like the bones of the Patriarch Joseph carried through the wilderness by his people, have doubtless, with injunctions no less sacred, been produced as a memorial of the times of fiery trial.

#### RELICS.

"Captain John Paton's Bible," octavo size, Printed at London, 1652. On the back of the Frontispiece the following is printed in capitals with a pen "Captain John Paton's Bible which he gave his wife down of the scaffold where he was executed for the cause of Jesus Christ, May 9. 1684." (*Here follows undoubted testimonials of its authenticity.*)

"Captain John Paton's Sword," with sheep-head handle, 26 inches long, blade about 1½ inch broad, with which Captain Paton is said to have killed 28 persons in one day,

there were formerly on it 28 notches said to denote the 28 years of persecution, but these are now worn out by rust—Captain Paton used this sword on all occasions.

"Linen Flag," on the left side near the top, is a representation of an open Bible, with the words "Verbum Dei" on it. To the right side, on a line with the Bible, is the Crown supported by a Thistle. Beneath is read in antique capitals

PHINICK FOR GOD

CWNTRY

AND COVENANTED WORK

OF REFORMATION

"Drum."—The cylinder is made of oak, the rims of ash, the place for beating on, appears to be some kind of prepared skin, known to be used at the battle of Bothwell and Drumclog, and always taken out with Captain Paton.

"Pair of Drumsticks" made of a sort of black mahogany.

"Books of Manuscripts" apparently written by different hands, seemingly containing Sermons, Oaths, Documents, &c. On the board of one of the books we found the names of Cargil, Bruce, and Wm. Guthrie, &c. *Part of the sermons have been published.*

The life of Captain John Paton is fully detailed in the "Historical account of the Scots Worthies," where those who feel an interest, may read—He was born at Meadow-head, in the Parish of Fenwick, and Shire of Ayr, and it is supposed he received his Captaincy from Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, for his heroic achievements in the wars of Germany. Notwithstanding an Asthmatic disorder which he early caught, the whole after period of his life, with the exception of a few breathing times, appears to have

been one scene of conflict, so that his spirit became so wearied out, and broken down, that he seems to have relaxed in the wonted diligence which he formerly exercised to preserve his life. In his history are recorded many marvellous "hair-breadth scapes"—remarkable instances of his intrepidity, perseverance, and single handed valour. Like those Christian Heroes of old, whom he attempted to imitate, "he stopped the mouths of Lions—out of weakness was made strong—waxed valiant in fight—turned to flight the armies of the aliens." He was at last apprehended in one of his hiding places, in the parish of Mearns, by five soldiers—speedily brought to trial—convicted of what was then called Rebellion—and condemned to be hanged in the Grass-market of Edinburgh, which sentence was accordingly executed.—As his Biographer adds, "though his extraction was but mean, it might be said of him That he lived a Hero and died a Martyr."

When we departed from the friendly and hospitable roof, the sun had sunk into rest, bequeathing his dying ray to the twilight on the east—the curtain of night had begun to settle a *sombre* shade, which was invisibly expanding—the cattle lowed for the *hughts* and the milk-maid—and the toil-worn rustic, with the unharnessed companion of his long day labour, wound slowly to their home. Thus terminated a day, the future recollection of which, will never damp the spirits or cloud the mind. May all the pleasures of our existence be as sweetly mingled, and as innocently drunk,

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c,

CAMMINATORE.

Glasgow, 24th July, 1822.

## ANNETTE DELABRE.

[Continued.]

Upwards of a year, he informed me, had now elapsed without effacing from her mind this singular taint of insanity; still her friends hoped that it might wear gradually away. They had at one time removed her to a distant part of the country, in hopes that absence from the scenes connected with her story might have a salutary effect; but when her periodical melancholy returned she became more restless and wretched than usual, and, secretly escaping from her friends, set out on foot, without knowing the road, on one of her pilgrimages to the chapel.

This little story entirely drew my attention from the gay scene of the fete, and fixed it upon the beautiful Annette. While she was yet standing on the terrace the vesper-bell was rung from the neighbouring chapel. She listened for a moment, and then drawing a small rosary from her bosom, walked in that direction. Several of the peasantry followed her in silence, and I felt too much interested not to do the same.

The chapel, as I said before, is in the midst of a grove, on the high promontary. The inside is hung round with little models of ships, and rude perils of wrecks and perils at sea, and providential deliverances; the votive offerings of captains and crews that have been saved. On entering, Annette paused for a moment before a picture of the virgin, which I observed, had recently been decorated with a wreath of artificial flowers. When she reached the middle of the chapel, she knelt down; and those who followed her involuntarily did the same at a little distance. The evening sun shone softly through the chequered grove into one window of the chapel. A perfect stillness reigned within.

and this stillness was the more impressive; contrasted with the distant sound of music and merriment from the fair. I could not take my eyes from the poor suppliant; her lips moved as she told her beads, but her prayers were breathed in silence. It might have been mere fancy excited by the scene that as she raised her eyes to heaven, I thought they had an expression truly seraphic. But I am easily affected by female beauty, and there was something in this mixture of love, devotion, and partial insanity, that was inexpressibly touching.

As the poor girl left the chapel, there was a sweet serenity in her looks; and I was told that she would return home, and in all probability be calm and cheerful for days, and even weeks; in which time it was supposed that hope predominated in her mental malady; and that when the dark side of her mind, as her friend calls it, was about to turn up, it would be known by her neglecting her distaff or her lace, singing plaintive songs, and weeping in silence.

She passed on from the chapel without noticing the fete, but smiling and speaking to many as she passed. I followed her with my eyes as she descended the winding road towards Honfleur, leaning on her father's arm.—“Heaven” thought I “has ever its store of balms for the hurt mind and wounded spirit, and may in time rear up this broken flower to be once more the pride and joy of the valley. The very delusion in which the poor girl walks may be one of those mists kindly diffused by Providence over the regions of thought, when they become too fruitful of misery. The veil may gradually be raised, which obscures the horizon of her mind, as she is enabled steadily and calmly to contemplate the sorrows at present hidden in mercy from her view.”

On my return from Paris, about a year afterwards. I turned off from the beaten route at Rouen, to revisit some of the most striking scenes of Lower Normandy. Having passed through the lovely country of the Pays d'Ange, I reached Honfleur on a fine afternoon, intending to cross to Havre, the next morning, and embark for England. As I had no better way of passing the evening, I strolled up the hill to enjoy the fine prospect from the chapel of our Lady of Grace; and while there, I thought of inquiring after the fate of poor Annette Delarbre. The priest who had told me her story was officiating at vespers, after which I accosted him, and learnt the remaining circumstances. He told me, that from the time I had seen her at the chapel, her disorder took a sudden turn for the worse, and her health rapidly declined. Her cheerful intervals became shorter and less frequent, and attended with more incoherency. She grew languid, silent, and moody in her melancholy; her form was wasted, her looks pale and disconsolate, and it was feared she never would recover. She became impatient of all sounds of gaiety, and was never so contented as when Eugene's mother was near her. The good woman watched over her with a patient, yearning solicitude; and in seeking to beguile her sorrows, would half forget her own. Sometimes as she sat looking on her pallid face, the tears would fill her eyes, which, when Annette perceived, she would anxiously wipe them away, and tell her not to grieve, for that Eugene would soon return; and then affect a forced gaiety, as in former times, and sing a lively air; but a sudden recollection would come over her, and she would burst into tears, hang on the poor mother's neck, and entreat

her not to curse her for having destroyed her son.

Just at this time, to the astonishment of every one, news were received of Eugene, who it appeared, was still living. When almost drowned, he had fortunately seized upon a spar which had been washed from the ship's deck. Finding himself nearly exhausted, he had fastened himself to it, and floated for a day and night, until all sense had left him. On recovering, he found himself on board a vessel, bound to India, but so ill, as not to be able to move without assistance.— His health had continued precarious throughout the voyage; on arriving in India he had experienced many vicissitudes, and had been transferred from ship to ship, and hospital to hospital. His constitution had enabled him to struggle through every hardship; and he was now in a distant port, waiting only for the sailing of a ship to return home.

Great caution was necessary in imparting these tidings, to the mother, and even then she was nearly overcome by the transports of her joy. But how to impart them to Annette was a matter of still greater perplexity. Her state of mind had been so morbid; she had been subject to such violent changes, and the cause of her derangement had been of such an inconsolable and hapless kind, that her friends had always forbore to tamper with her feelings. They had never even hinted at the subject of her griefs, nor encouraged the theme, when she adverted to it, but had passed it over in silence, hoping that time would gradually wear the traces of it from her recollection, or, at least would render them less painful. They now felt at a loss how to undeceive her, even in her misery, lest the sudden recurrence of happiness might confirm the estrangement of her reason, or

might overpower her enfeebled frame. They ventured, however, to probe those wounds which they did not dare formerly to touch, for they now had the balm to pour into them. They led the conversation to those topics which they had hitherto shunned, and endeavoured to ascertain the current of her thoughts, in those varying moods that had formerly perplexed them. They found however, that her mind was even more affected than they had imagined. All her ideas were confused and wandering. Her bright and cheerful moods, which now grew seldomer than ever, were all the effects of mental delusion. At such times she had no recollection of her lover's having been in danger, but was only anticipating his arrival. "When winter has passed away," says she, "and the trees put on their blossoms, and the swallow comes back over the sea, he will return." When she was drooping and desponding, it was in vain to remind her of what she had said in her gayer moments, and to assure her that Eugene would indeed return shortly. She wept on in silence, and appeared insensible to their words. But at times her agitation became violent when she would upbraid herself with having driven Eugene from his mother, and brought sorrow on her grey hairs. Her mind admitted but one leading idea at a time which nothing could divert or efface; or if they ever succeeded in interrupting the current of her fancy, it only became the more incoherent, and increased the feverishness that preyed upon both mind and body. Her friends felt more alarm for her than ever, for they feared that her senses were irretrievably gone, and her constitution completely undermined.

In the mean time Eugene returned to the village. He was violently affected when the story of Annette

was told to him. With bitterness of heart he upbraided his **own** rashness and infatuation that had hurried him away from her, and accused himself as the author of all her woes. His mother would describe to him all the anguish and remorse of poor Annette; the tenderness with which she clung to her, and endeavoured even in the midst of her insanity, to console her for the loss of her son, and the touching expressions of affection that were intermingled with her most incoherent wanderings of thought, until his feelings would be wound up to agony, and he intreated her to desist from the recital. They did not dare as yet, to bring him into Annette's sight, but he was permitted to see her when she was asleep. The tears streamed down his sun-burnt cheeks as he contemplated the ravages which grief and malady had made; and his heart swelled almost to breaking, as he beheld round her neck, the very braid of hair which she once gave him in token of girlish affection, and which he had returned to her in anger.

At length the physician that attended her determined to adventure upon an experiment; to take advantage of one of her cheerful moods when her mind was visited by hope, and to endeavour to ingraft, as it were, the reality upon the delusions of fancy. These moods had now become very rare, for nature was sinking under the continual pressure of her mental malady, and the principle of reason was daily growing weaker. Every effort was tried to bring on a cheerful interval of the kind. Several of her most favourite companions were kept continually about her; they chatted gaily; they laughed, they sang; and danced; but Annette reclined with languid frame and hollow eye, and took no part in their gaiety. At length the winter was gone; the trees put forth their leaves; the swal-

lows began to build in the eaves of the house, and the robin and wren piped all day beneath the window. Annette's spirits gradually revived. She began to deck her person with unusual care; and bringing forth a basket of artificial flowers, she went to work to wreath a bridal chaplet of white roses. Her companions asked her why she prepared the chaplet. "What," said she with a smile, "have you not noticed the trees putting on their wedding dresses in blossoms? Has not the swallow flown back over the sea? Do you not know that the time is coming for Eugene to return? that he will be home to-morrow, and that on Sunday we are to be married?"

Her words were repeated to the physician, and he seized on them at once. He directed that this idea should be encouraged and acted upon. Her words were echoed through the house. Every one talked of the return of Eugene as a matter of course; they congratulated her upon her approaching happiness, and assisted her in her preparations. The next morning the same theme was renewed. She was dressed out to receive her lover. Every bosom fluttered with anxiety. A cabriolet drove into the village. "Eugene is coming," was the cry. She saw him alight at the door, and rushed with a shriek into his arms.

Her friends trembled for the result of this critical experiment; but she did not sink under it, for her fancy had prepared her for his return. She was as one in a dream; to whom a tide of unlooked for prosperity, that would have overwhelmed her waking reason, seems but the natural current of circumstances. Her conversation, however, shewed that her senses were wandering. There was an absolute forgetfulness of all past sorrow; a wild and feverish gaiety that at times was incoherent.

The next morning she awoke languid and exhausted. All the occurrences of the preceding day had passed away from her mind as though they had been the mere illusions of her fancy. She rose melancholy and abstracted, and as she dressed herself was heard to sing one of her plaintive ballads.— When she entered the parlour her eyes were swollen with weeping.— She heard Eugene's voice without and started. She passed her hand across her forehead, and stood musing like one endeavouring to recall a dream. Eugene entered the room, and advanced towards her; she looked at him with an eager, searching look, murmured some indistinct words, and, before he could reach her, sank upon the floor.

She relapsed into a wild and unsettled state of mind; but now that the first shock was over, the physician ordered that Eugene should keep constantly in her sight. Sometimes she did not know him; at other times she would talk to him as if he were going to sea, and would implore him not to part from her in anger; and when he was not present, she would speak of him as if buried in the ocean, and would sit, with clasped hands, looking upon the ground, the picture of despair.

As the agitation of her feelings subsided, and her frame recovered from the shock which it had received, she became more placid and coherent. Eugene kept almost continually near her. He formed the real object round which her scattered ideas once more gathered, and which linked them once more with the realities of life. But her changeful disorder now appeared to take a new turn. She became languid and inert, and would sit for hours silent, and almost in a state of lethargy. If roused from this stupor, it seemed as if her mind would make some attempts to follow up a train of

thought, but would soon become confused. She would regard every one that approached her with an anxious and inquiring eye, that seemed continually to disappoint itself. Sometimes, as her lover sat holding her hand, she would look pensively in his face without saying a word, until her heart was overcome; and after these transient fits of intellectual exertion, she would sink again into lethargy.

By degrees this stupor increased; her mind appeared to have subsided into a stagnant and almost death-like calm. For the greater part of the time her eyes were closed; her face was almost as fixed and passionless as that of a corpse. She no longer took any notice of surrounding objects.— There was an awfulness in this tranquillity that filled her friends with apprehension. The physician ordered that she should be kept perfectly quiet; or that, if she evinced any agitation, she should be gently lulled, like a child, by some favourite tale.

She remained in this state for hours, hardly seeming to breathe, and apparently sinking into the sleep of death. Her chamber was profoundly still.— The attendants moved about it with noiseless tread; every thing was communicated by signs and whispers.— Her lover sat by her side, watching her with painful anxiety, and fearing that every breath that stole from her pale lips would be her last.

At length she heaved a deep sigh; and from some convulsive motions, appeared to be troubled in her sleep. Her agitation increased, accompanied by an indistinct moaning. One of her companions, remembering the physician's instructions, endeavoured to lull her by singing, in a low voice, a tender air, which was a particular favourite of Amette's. Probably it had some connexion in her mind, with her own story; for every fond girl has



some ditty of the kind ; linked in her thoughts with sweet and sad remembrances.

As she sang, the agitation of Annette subsided. A streak of faint colour came into her cheeks, her eyelids became swollen with rising tears, which trembled there for a moment, and then, stealing forth, coursed down her pallid cheek. When the song was finished, she opened her eyes and looked about her, as one awaking in a strange place.

"Oh, Eugene! Eugene!" said she, "it seems as if I have had a long and dismal dream; what has happened, and what has been the matter with me?"

The questions were embarrassing; and before they could be answered, the physician, who was in the next room, entered. She took him by the hand, looked up in his face, and made the same inquiry. He endeavoured to put her off with some evasive answers—"no, no!" cried she, "I know I've been ill, and I have been dreaming strangely. I thought Eugene had left us,—and that he had gone to sea,—and that,—and that he was drowned! But he *has* been to sea!" added she earnestly as recollection kept flashing upon her, "and he has been wrecked,—and we were all so wretched;—and he came home again one bright morning,—and—ah!" said she, pressing her hand against her forehead with a sickly smile, "I see how it is; all has not been right here. I begin to recollect,—but it is all past now,—Eugene is here! and his mother is happy,—and we shall never—never part again,—shall we Eugene?"

She sunk back in her chair exhausted; the tears streamed down her cheeks. Her companions hovered round her, not knowing what to make of this sudden dawn of reason. Her lover sobbed aloud. She opened her eyes

again, and looked upon them with an air of the sweetest acknowledgement. "You are all so good to me," said she, faintly.

The physician drew her father aside. "Your daughter's mind is restored," said he, "she is sensible that she has been deranged: she is growing conscious of the past, and conscious of the present, all that now remains is to keep her calm and quiet until her health be re-established, and then let her be married in God's name."

"The wedding took place," continued the good priest, "but a short time since; they were here at the last fete during the honey-moon, and a handsomer and happier couple was not to be seen as they danced under yonder trees. The young man, his wife and mother, now live on a fine farm, at port l'Eveque; and that model of a ship which you see yonder, with white flowers wreathed round it, is Annette's offering to our Lady of Grace, for having listened to our prayers, and protected her lover in the hour of peril."

### THE CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD.

The lives of the Monks of the celebrated Convent of St. Bernard are passed in spiritual and temporal activity; and the common reproaches of monkish ease and indulgence would be very ill applied to their little community. This is no place where "slumber abbots purple as their vines." The climate is so severe that none but young men can support its rigour: of the thirty or thirty five monks of the establishment, we found about fifteen resident; scarcely three of these were above the age of thirty. The superior, who is a venerable and dignified old man, was only there by accident: a

general chapter having been held the day before. He ordinarily resides at Martigny in the valley. Even the young men are frequently afflicted with cramps, rheumatisms, and other disorders. The superintendence of the temporal affairs and duties of the establishment finds ample employment for a large number. Their rents (now dreadfully diminished) are to be received—provisions laid in—wood fetched from the forests in the valley: twenty or thirty horses are generally employed in these labours. Strangers are to be lodged and provided according to their rank and appearance,—seven or eight thousand persons are computed to pass the St. Bernard in a year, the greater part of whom spend the night at the Convent; and above all, during seven or eight months of the year, several of the monks and servants of the establishment are employed in the humane and perilous office of exploring the most dangerous and difficult passages among the glaciers and snows in quest of distressed travellers. The celebrated dogs, which they use on these expeditions, are indeed noble animals. We saw two or three stalking about the Convent in temporary repose. They are large, strong and muscular, short-haired, and of a dull sandy colour, with black muzzles and thick heads, resembling both a Newfoundland dog and an English mastiff, with a character of great strength and sagacity. They carry, in their perambulations, a basket furnished with provisions and woollen clothes, which seasonable comforts have often been the means of saving the lives of half-frozen and famished sufferers. They have a quick scent, and are easily attracted to the spot where a human being lies. Their natural sagacity is improved by training; and they either lead their masters to the place, or, where its situa-

tion has been quite inaccessible to the monks themselves, they have frequently dragged frozen persons over the snows to their masters, by whose timely care they have been restored to life. A magnificent dog, from the St. Bernard, is preserved stuffed in the Museum at Berne, who is said to have been the means of saving the lives of twenty eight individuals. Unhappily, these noble creatures suffer, like their masters, from the severity of their lives and labours. They are short-lived, and old age soon comes upon them. A dog of seven or eight years, the Superior informed us, is generally infirm and disabled. At the hour of supper we met all the monks in the refectory, and were presented to the Superior, an interesting man, thin in person, somewhat bowed in years, wearing the collar and robes of his dignity over the ordinary garb of the Convent, and whose manners and conversation had a grace and refinement which rendered his good nature and intelligent remarks peculiarly interesting; as our visit happened unluckily on a Friday, we were not able to form a fair estimate of the Convent kitchen. Soups, omelettes, and other dishes of eggs and vegetables, formed the bill of fare, which to say the truth, was not of the most satisfactory kind to travellers who had rode ten long leagues on mules, and found themselves, at the end of their journey, in a climate of a most animating rarity. An agreeable wine from the vineyards of the Convent in the Vallais, called the St. Bernard wine, was a pleasant accompaniment to our lenten; and the conversation of the Superior and his brethren agreeably enlivened our potatoes. About nine o'clock the Superior withdrew, and we presently retired to our chambers, situated in a vast gloomy corridor, running the whole length of the building, divided in the middle by a heavy iron



grille, and adorned with old dusty pictures of a long line of superiors, priors, protecting popes, and princely benefactors of the house. My bedroom was a spacious lofty chamber, with double casements, a wainscot hung closely with fresh pictures of mitred, croziered, and cassocked churchmen, frowning in all the stiff outlines of the sixteenth century; and a lofty bed of nearly the same date, with heavy red maroon hangings, and valances, whose old-fashioned solidity I found extremely serviceable in fencing out the cold of the apartment. A few old Latin volumes of Theology were ranged on a shelf, and a fine modern telescope of Dollond's was placed on a stand; which appeared, from the inscription, to have been presented by an English general officer to the Convent. No chamber in the Castle of Otranto could possibly have been, in all respects, a more fitting scene for an encounter with a bleeding nun, or the shade of a departed prior. As I lay down, and drew the maroon curtains very close round the bed; I could not help thinking "If ever I am to be gratified with a spectral visit, for which so many have sighed, this is certainly the time and place—seven thousand feet nearer heaven than my friends in England—many leagues from the abodes of man—under a roof which has weathered the alpine blast and the avalanche for three centuries—grey friars and pale nuns, in effigy, all around me, and perhaps the troubled spirits of the poor beings who bleach on the rocks without sepulture, flitting about in the winds which moan against the casement." If I see no ghost here I am certainly ghost-proof. That I did see none, that I slept soundly, undisturbed by any ominous rattling of the casement, or rustling of the old pictures (which must infallibly have

occurred to a German student, or a young lady well-read in Mrs. Radcliffe). I can only ascribe in part to bodily fatigue, and in part to that provoking scepticism which has hitherto marred all my efforts to see a ghost.

I awoke early next morning, and went to mass in the chapel situated at one end of the long corridor. It is a neat handsome little building, with a decent organ—one of the monk's performed mass, and several others attended. Three Vallaisanne girls, dressed in the singular costume of the canton, attended the service, having come up to the Convent for a day to see a relation among the monks, and to gratify their curiosity as to this wonder of the neighbourhood. On one side of the chapel is placed a simple and elegant marble monument to the memory of General Dessaix—a singular place of repose for the ashes of a French republican General and the bosom friend of Napoleon—Dessaix fell at the battle of Marengo, at the head of the victorious army which he and Napoleon had just conducted over the St. Bernard. The army consisted of 50,000 men, with fifty-eight pieces of cannon. On commencing the ascent, every soldier was provided with a supply of biscuit for three days, and each man received a draught of wine on passing the Convent. At St. Pierre the cannon were dismounted and drawn on sledges: it being impossible to use horses, forty four men were employed in dragging each piece to the summit of the passage. Napoleon and his Staff passed one night at the Convent. The monks described their sufferings during the constant passage of the armies as beyond all conception. For one year, a garrison of one hundred and eighty men was constantly stationed in the Convent, and sometimes not less than eight

hundred men were crammed into the cells and chambers for several days together.

Although there is no kind or shade of picturesque charm, which an exploring traveller does not find in the Alpine scenery, from the pretty simple home view, full of peace, and love, and rustic repose, to the wildest magnificence of overpowering nature; and its scenes are not merely to be visited and wondered at, but to be dwelt upon, contemplated, and inhabited; yet it is singular to see how either habit or phlegmatic temperament, or both, frequently render the Swiss indifferent to its charms, and indeed to those of their country in general. They appear to me to possess singularly little enthusiasm. You scarcely find one person in twenty, among the cultivated classes, who has explored much of his country, or who takes any warm interest in its curiosities and beauties. A German, from his dull sandy plains, and certainly an Englishman who never saw a mountain higher than the Brighton Downs, is far more alive to grandeur of scenery than these mountaineers. I cannot think that habit and use make the difference. A Highlander has none of this phlegm: he loves his mountains and glens for their own beauties, as well as because they are the home of him and his ancestors: he is proud to shew his crags and lakes to strangers, and feels a poetical and enthusiastic attachment to every wild scene of his native land.—I have seldom seen any of this glow and romance in an inhabitant of Switzerland. He is a good patriot, and attached to his canton and the confederacy; but it is a staid phlegmatic, and calculating feeling, connected with no romantic love of its alps, and lakes, and mountain-circled valleys, but built upon the sober bases of home and its comforts—his snug cottage, his inde-

pendence, small taxes, paternal government, and his consequence in the Canton council. Certainly there cannot be better or surer foundations for patriotism than these—and it would be absurd to expect any people to forget these excellent reasons for loving their country, and to doat upon it only for its barren rocks and frozen mountains; but the Swiss appear to love its comforts alone, and to have no soul for its beauties. You find persons who have passed their lives within fifty miles of Mont Blanc, and have never visited Chamounix; and half the people of Berne have never taken the trouble to travel forty miles to see the Glaciers of Grindewald and the Jungfrau. The *mal du pays*, or home sickness, which affects a Swiss, in so remarkable a manner, when out of his own country, appears little connected with any ardent recollections of its sublime scenes. It is a yearning for the snug secure comforts, the little, tranquil primitive habits of life, so contrasted with the bustle and turmoil of greater countries. It is not the wild mountaineer sighing for his bleak but native rocks, but the sober thriving peasant, or burgher, regretting his republican comforts and consequence, and longing to fly from aristocratical splendour and noise, to the confined circle of his ordinary pursuits and homely pleasures. It is the household gods, not the trophies of the republic, or the sublimities of nature, to which he is attached.

Do not imagine that I wish to undervalue the sober patriotism of the Swiss—their history for five centuries is its best eulogium. It is not the less constant or sincere for being like all their sentiments singularly reflected and unimpassioned.

Unknown those powers that raise the soul  
to flame,  
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the  
frame,

Their level life is but a mouldering fire  
 Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong  
 desire.

REVIEW.

*Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from  
 St. Helena. The opinions and  
 reflections of Napoleon on the most  
 important events of his Life and  
 Government, in his own words.—*  
 By BARRY E. O'MEARA, Esq.,  
 his late Surgeon. 2 Vols.—Con-  
 tinued.

The very extraordinary character of  
 Bonaparte; the vastness of the plans,  
 over the execution of which he pre-  
 sided; the effects produced upon the  
 affairs of Europe, or rather of the  
 world, by the military power of France  
 under his direction, and the strange  
 events and variety of characters with  
 which he was conversant, give an in-  
 terest to the book of Mr. O'Meara  
 which induces us to continue our no-  
 tion and extracts. We would not,  
 however, be thought to attach an un-  
 due importance to the opinions, or  
 rather the expressions of Bonaparte;  
 since we perceive that a thousand  
 things were said by him for the pur-  
 pose of producing an effect. He well  
 knew that whatever was published con-  
 cerning him in England, would create  
 a certain interest. The examples of  
 the publications of Warden and San-  
 tana were not lost on him. It is evi-  
 dent that Mr. O'Meara  
 intended to make a great sensation  
 about him, and he spoke, and, in  
 many instances, acted accordingly.—  
 We believe it impossible for the warm-  
 est admirers of Bonaparte—those who  
 are resolved to see in him to the last  
 only a magnanimous hero of a sublime  
 and noble mind, incapable of contri-

vance—to read these volumes without  
 being thoroughly persuaded of this, un-  
 less they are thoroughly blinded by  
 prejudice. We know not how to  
 frame a censure sufficiently strong for the  
 conduct of Mr. O'Meara in publishing  
 the most shameful things of a number  
 of individuals merely because Bona-  
 parte uttered them, if indeed he utter-  
 ed all that is set down for him. A  
 man who is so tenacious of his repu-  
 tation as to horse-whip the first person  
 he meets in the street, that happens  
 to bear the same name with a party  
 that has charged him with having in-  
 serted falsehoods in his book, should  
 be much more chary of the reputation  
 of others than Mr. O'Meara has shown  
 himself. In the mean while we would  
 have him recollect that a horse-whip-  
 ping proves nothing more than that  
 the party inflicting it is a stronger man  
 than the party receiving it. The only  
 character to be established by the ar-  
 gumentum baculinum is that of a cer-  
 tain kind of courage. Though he  
 should horse-whip fifty men, he will  
 not thereby persuade us that he is ju-  
 stifiable in imputing the taking of a  
 bribe to any editor of a newspaper,  
 merely on the ground of being able to  
 affirm that Bonaparte assured him of  
 the fact. Mr. O'Meara is guilty of  
 many improprieties of this kind, which  
 cannot be sufficiently reprobated. But  
 we return to Bonaparte.

The following passage needs no  
 comment from us :—

I mentioned the retreat of Massena, and  
 asked if he had not displayed great military  
 talents in it? That request, replied the  
 emperor, ' instead of being what you say,  
 was the greatest blunder that ever I committed.  
 If he had, instead of retreating,  
 made a stand, and pitched in the  
 rear of Prince Charles, (I think he said,)  
 he would have destroyed or taken the  
 Austrian army.—The directory were jealous of  
 me, and wanted to divide, if possible, the  
 military reputation; and as they could not

give credit to Moreau for a victory, they did for a retreat, which they caused to be extolled in the highest terms; though even the Austrian generals condemned Moreau for having done it. You may probably hereafter,' continued Napoleon, 'have an opportunity of hearing the opinion of French generals on the subject, who were present, and you will find it consonant to mine. Instead of credit, Moreau merited the greatest censure and disgrace for it.—As a general, Pichegru had much more talent than Moreau.'

The following observations prove neither the penetration of Bonaparte, nor the justness of his views, nor the propriety of his estimate of the character of the Emperor Alexander.—They prove simply the extraordinary facility with which he himself could resolve on similar enterprises:—

'By invading other countries, Russia has two points to gain,—an increase of civilization and polish, by rubbing against other powers,\* the acquisition of money, and the rendering friends to herself the inhabitants of the deserts, with whom some years back she was at war. The Cossacs, Calmucks, and other barbarians who have accompanied the Russians into France, and other parts of Europe, having once acquired a taste for the luxuries of the south, will carry back to their deserts the remembrance of places where they had such fine women, fine living, and not only will not themselves be able to endure their own barbarous and sterile regions, but will communicate to their neighbours a desire to conquer these delicious countries. In all human probability, Alexander will be obliged either to take India from you, in order to gain riches and provide employment for them and thereby prevent a revolution in Russia; or he will make an irruption into Europe, at the head of some hundred thousand of those barbarians on horseback, and two hundred thousand infantry, and carry every thing before him. What I say to you is confirmed by the history of all ages; during which it has been invariably observed, that whenever these barbarians once got a taste of the civility of Europe, they always returned to attempt new conquests and savages, and have finally succeeded in making themselves masters of the country. It is natural for man to desire to better his condition; and

\* The literal English of his words.

those *canaille*, when they contest their own deserts with the fine provinces they have left, will always have an itching to take the latter, well knowing also, that no nation will retaliate, or attempt to take their deserts from them. Those *canaille*,' continued he, 'possess all the requisites for conquest. They are brave, active, patient of fatigue and bad living, poor, and desirous of enriching themselves. I think, however, that all depends upon Poland. If Alexander succeeds in incorporating Poland with Russia, that is to say, in perfectly reconciling the Poles to the Russian government, and not merely subduing the country, he has gained the greatest step towards subduing India. My opinion is, that he will attempt either the one or the other of the projects, I have mentioned, and I think the last to be most probable.

We think Madame de Stael owes much of her brilliant reputation to her powers of conversation. *Her style is one of the chief merits of her writings; she was, probably, vain; though we do not think that she would throw her friends into the sea, that at the instant of drowning she might have an opportunity of saving them.* We totally disbelieve the assertion made by Bonaparte, that she offered to sell herself, and 'become black and white' for him.—See pp. 66-7.

The following account of Murat is interesting:—

I answered, it was asserted that Murat had imputed the loss of the battle of Waterloo to the cavalry not having been properly employed, and had said, that if he (Murat) had commanded them, the French would have gained the victory. 'It is very probable,' replied Napoleon, 'and it will be every where, and Murat was the best cavalry officer in the world. He would have given more impetuosity to the charge. There wanted but very little, I assure you to gain the day for me; as destroy three battalions, and in all probability Murat would have effected that. There were not, I believe, two such officers in the world as Murat for the cavalry, and Drouot for the artillery. Murat was a most singular character. Four and twenty years ago when he was a captain, I made him my aid-de-camp, and subsequently raised him to what he was. He loved, I may rather

say, adored me. In my presence he was, as it were struck with awe, and ready to fall at my feet. I acted wrong in having separated him from me, as without me he was nothing. With me, he was my right arm. Order Murat to attack and destroy four or five thousand men in such a direction, it was done in a moment; but leave him to himself he was an *imbecile* without judgement. I cannot conceive how so brave a man could be so *lache*. He was no where brave unless before the enemy. There he was probably the bravest man in the world. His boiling courage carried him into the midst of the enemy, glittering with gold. How he escaped is a miracle, being as he was, always a distinguished mark, and fired at by every body. Even the Cossacs admired him on account of his extraordinary bravery. Every day Murat was engaged in single combat with some of them, and never returned without his sabre dropping with the blood of those whom he had slain. He was in fact a Don Quixote in the field; but take him into the cabinet, he was a poltroon without judgement or decision. Murat and Ney were the bravest men I ever witnessed. Murat, however, was a much nobler character than Ney. Murat was generous and open; Ney partook of the *canaille*.

## Poetry.

### SONG OF WELCOME.

God Save the King.

God save great George our King!  
Long live our noble King!  
God save the King!  
Welcome on Scotia's strand!  
Welcome to Scotia's land!  
Welcome, with heart and hand!  
God save the King!

King of an ancient race,  
Hail to their dwelling place!  
Hail to our King!  
King, whom all Scotsmen own,  
Welcome on Scotland's throne!  
Up with the loyal tone,  
God save the King!

Welcome to every clan!  
Welcome to every man!  
Welcome, our King!

Welcome in Highland dale!  
Welcome on Lowland vale!  
Chieftain of Albyn, hail!  
God save the King!

Welcome in peace to us!  
Long may old Scotland thus  
Welcome her King!  
Yet should e'er war be nigh,  
Ne'er should one Scotsman fly!  
Up with the battle cry,  
God save the King!

Hail, hail, on Scotia's strand!  
Hail, hail, thro' Scotia's land,  
Hail to our King!  
Hark, hark, her children sing,—  
Hark, hark, her mountains ring,—  
Long live our noble King!  
God save the King!

*Buchanan Street.*

## NOTICES

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Camera Obscura will appear in our next.

We feel obliged for the good opinion expressed by our Dalry Correspondent, and are sorry we cannot insert his communication.

Secundus will be gratified as soon as it is in our power.

Perambulatory Literature is necessarily deferred till our next.

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# THE LITERARY MELANGE,

OR

## WEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 11. WEDNESDAY, 28th AUGUST, 1822. PRICE 3d.

### THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

No. I.

#### SHIPWRECK.

Of all the misfortunes which occur in life, none are so frequent and so distressing to the natives of a maritime kingdom as losses at sea. Death by the ordinary course of nature we can endure. They come on, as it were, with warning, and step by step the sufferer is carried to his last repose. He is not hurried off amid the conflict of contending elements—nor his ear stunned with the horrid voice of agony and despair. He is not flung like a vile weed into the great abyss, to perish unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown. He lies on the bed of death, and is taught to view his approach with composure. Friends weep around him and solace his sufferings with the voice of comfort. The hand of affection holds forth every earthly relief, and closes the eye when it can no longer look on worldly things. The grief of friends is great, but it is supportable. It is not the impetuous burst of passion which in a moment overwhelms the heart. It is more mild—more tempered—more gradual. It was wound up to the highest pitch long before the beloved object had

departed—his departure was expected and looked for—affliction had emptied the bitter cup of sorrow and could drink no more.

But in shipwrecks infinitely greater is the distress to the bereaved friends. There is no time for the slow approach of grief. In an instant the heart is assailed by the calamitous news. Perhaps an hour before all was joy and lightness of spirit. The world went gaily before us—we joined in its amusements and were happy. We have a husband, or a father, or a brother at sea, but what of that: they have braved many dangers and will brave this. The vessel they sail in is stout, the pilot is experienced, the seamen are active. Even their very absence gives rise to pleasurable sensations—we feel a happy kind of anxiety for their arrival; and in the buoyancy of fancy we anticipate the welcome and love they are to receive when we meet them again. But dreadful must the transition be when the messenger of woe announces, that they are no more—that the sea holds in its bosom all that was dear and beloved. Perhaps we were happy and smiling—perhaps we were talking of our friend and wondering what can stay his coming. Nothing of misfortune clouded our conjectures. In our imaginations

he was still alive and we were happy. But the countenance of the messenger dispels every dream. It wears the leaden aspect of death and we shudder as if a spectre stood before us. We would be cheerful before him but we are unable—and feel a load at our hearts yet we cannot tell why. Why is he afraid to deliver his message? He was always wont to bring us good tidings, and when he met us a smile adorned his lips. But now he is troubled. He sits down and rises up, and sighs heavily, and looks on us with sorrow. He has something to say, but he will not speak it out.—His appearance is talismanic, and throws over us a cloud of uncertainty whose dim and doleful mistiness we cannot penetrate. At last the awful, the overwhelming presentiment rushes upon us. Trembling, pale, and unspeakably anxious we let the unwilling question escape our lips. A struggling tear—a stifled sigh—an ominous shake of the head are our only answers—but they are enough. The cup of sorrow is full—affliction has done its worst. The gaiety, the splendor, the prospects of our former existence are in an instant eclipsed and forgotten. They fly away like the meteor bubble of midnight, and burst in silence and in darkness. No effort to be composed or resigned, while the dreadful struggle continues, can be successful. Neither harp nor psaltery, nor song, nor cunning tale of consolation can relieve the sufferer. There is no charm to charm away his agony—no balm to heal his wounds of affliction. The tide of nature must have vent in anguish and in tears. Philosophy cannot check its current nor make it glide more smoothly. Religion may make the sufferer more resigned, but can never religion root out the worm of anguish that preys upon the heart, and bid the tear cease to flow, and the bo-

som heaven with agony no more? Nor is the first throes of anguish the only affliction to be endured. No—every thought embitters calamity—every glance gives a retrospective view of new horrors. We could not say that the sufferer died in his bed surrounded by affectionate relations. We could not say that the word of consolation was poured into his dying ear, and that the last glance of his languid eye was on those he loved. We could not say that he was carried with sorrow and with tears to his rest, and that those who saw him laid *there* were his father and brethren. If ever we angered him we could not ask his forgiveness. If ever we did him injury we could not repair it on his dying couch. If he cast his sad eye on any side, nothing was visible but the boundless foaming abyss of waters which tossed the vessel as their plaything.—There was no time—no place for meditation here. None cared for him—none thought of him. No voice of prayer or repentance was sent up to heaven. The only sound that argued of mortality was the profaneness which the maddened crew sent forth as in derision of the elements. Stunned, deafened, confused, and shocked, what were his feelings? Did he think of those he left behind him? Did the tear start to his eye at this moment of calamity? Did he think of wife, or child, or brother, or father? He thought of all these, and they were so many arrows to his soul. But his cruel destiny he could not alter. Its thread was wound up and he must perish. The spirit that looks over him is the demon of the storm. Instead of being soothed with the music of grief and sighs, he expires amid the din of rushing elements and the convulsions of nature. Such are the thoughts of the survivors, and such must have been the desolation of spirit which pervaded the wild

island of Iona when so many of its inhabitants perished in the Frith of Clyde. This melancholy and deplorable accident was occasioned by the Hercules steam-boat running against a wherry containing forty-six men and women, of these only three escaped. The darkness of the night, the suddenness of the accident, and the time which elapsed ere the steam-boat could be stopped, rendered it impracticable to save a greater number. With the above small exception all perished.—If any thing could add to the greatness of the misfortune, many of the sufferers were related to each other, and these whole families are thus bereaved of several of their members.—Sisters and brothers—wives and husbands clung to each other in agony till the waters closed over them for ever. The cries of the perishing victims surpassed all description—they were heart-rending in the highest degree, and were even heard on the shore though a considerable distance away. All felt for the sufferers and compassionated their misfortune. No one who heard it but could have wept for the poor inhabitants of Iona. But to us who live together in multitudes—where the face of one man is scarcely known from another—where even our names have never been heard beyond our thresholds—faint must the impression of sorrow be in comparison with those who inhabited the same isle, and to whom every one was as a sister and a brother—our thoughts here may wander into a thousand channels.—We may cast them from us at pleasure and enter into new associations. Every day—every hour brings us fresh faces and fresh enjoyments. Unless the grief be great indeed, we may gild it away and deaden its force by a succession of novelty and enjoyment.—But far different is the heart in such a place as Iona. Not a person who

perished but was known in the classic isle. Not a house but had often held them within its walls—not an humble board at which they had not, at one time or other sat. Nay there is scarcely a single family but could claim some one as a relation. They were known every where, and have left behind them those who will long preserve their memory from being forgotten. In Iona there is no new object to drive away the dismal recollection. What scenes existed yesterday are to-day and shall be to-morrow.—There is no variety—none of that light ever-changing scenery which drives away melancholy. The mind must recoil as it were upon itself, and look to its own resources for consolation. Is the wretched survivor bid to wander about his island and enjoy nature?—If he goes forth, what objects meet his eyes but the cottages of those whom he knew rising here and there like so many tombs around him. To him they are indeed tombs, for their owners are no more, and they are the only standing memorials that they ever existed. Perhaps his fancy in the hour of midnight may people the neighbourhood of these cottages with the spirits of the departed. Perhaps he may see them glancing on the mountain's brink or rising up from the sanctified cemeteries of Scotch, Irish, and Norwegian Kings. Time will undoubtedly deaden the memory of this calamity—but it can only deaden. It never can efface it. In a crowded city or in a populous country side it would soon fade away.—But in Iona it shall be spoken of in ages to come, and every repetition of the story shall be so many coronachs or dirges to the dead.\*

\* Every body knows that the little island of Iona was the retreat of learning in the dismal era which succeeded the fall of the Roman Empire. There are many tombs



## PARIS.

In approaching Paris we saw nothing that deserved the name of a villa ; —we stepped at once, as it were, out of the silent lonely fields into a noisy and bustling capital ; and if the aspect of Calais, and of the provinces through which we had hitherto passed, appeared to have carried us back two or three centuries, we seemed, upon our entrance into Paris, to have jumped forward at least as much. The rattling wheels of equipages, cabriolets, and hackney-coaches—the cries of numerous hawkers and pedlars—the denser population—the rows of shops with their handsome signs and fantastical decorations, soon convinced us that we were traversing a great and busy city ; and as we passed under the noble gate of St. Denis, to the spacious Boulevards, flanked with double rows of trees, and crossed the Place Vendôme with its bronze column to our hotel in the Rue St. Honore, beholding on every side lofty edifices of fine design, and stately streets of stone, we felt as instant a conviction that it was a gay and magnificent capital. A walk in the morning after our arrival delighted us with the variety of grandeur which was accessible within the immediate vicinity of our hotel.—

As a place of modern architecture, the Louvre is justly rated high, and the facade which looks up the river, with its open gallery and beautiful colonnade, is truly admirable, though it has been objected that the almost Doric plainness of the lower, hardly accords with the rich Corinthian of the upper part. In the Place Caroussel stands the arch built by Napoleon, formerly surmounted by the celebrated Vene-

tian horses ; but it is every way unworthy the majestic objects by which it is surrounded. Here as elsewhere, our eyes were offended with the sombre effect produced by the closed shutters or blinds of the building ; but they were not much recreated by the few that were left open, for the coarse quality and dirty colour of the glass, as well as the clumsy construction of the frames, seemed totally inconsistent with English notions of a palace. For the present we had not leisure to feast our eyes with the treasures of art deposited in the halls and saloons of the Louvre, but passed through the spacious but antiquated Thuilleries, on the centre of whose lofty roof the white flag was flouting the sky, into the front gardens, with their numerous marble statues, formal parterres of flowers, circular fountains and stone basins for gold and silver fish and swans, clipped avenues, rectilinear plantations of chestnut and lime, and regularly distributed boxes of orange, pomegranate, oleander, and rose laurel trees, all trained by tonsure into a circular form. This I found less offensive to the eye than I had anticipated, and though I would never defend verdant sculpture, and the introduction of peacocks, pyramids, and griffins of evergreen, yet I cannot help thinking, that, with certain limitations, the French style may be very appropriate in the immediate precincts of such a palace as this. Statues and architectural decorations evince that we are still within the verge of the court :—it would be too sudden a transition to emerge all at once from the most elaborate triumphs of art to the blackness of unassisted Nature.—The hand of man should still be rendered perceptible, until, as we recede from the scene of its exertion, we relapse gradually into the unadorned scenery of the country. As far as was practicable, this has been realized at the

containing the ashes of the Kings of Scotland, Ireland and Norway, and the Lords of the Isles ; also the ruins of a nunnery, monastery, cathedral, &c.

Thuileries. A succession of noble gateways, entrances, and terraces, surmounted by bold statues and marble horses that appear to be leaping into the air, conduct you through the beautiful Place Louis Quinze, affording a fine view of the Palace of the Deputies and other handsome buildings, until you find yourself on the broad, far-extending, and well-planted causeway, which leads to the Champs Elysees, the avenue of Neuilly, and the triumphal arch which crowns the hill and closes the view. This is assuredly a noble assemblage of objects, to which the clearness of the sky, and freshness of the vegetation, gave full effect.

Retracing our steps, we crossed over to the Palais Royal, another vast piece of architecture, forming an oblong square, whose enclosure, of about six acres, is laid out in parterres, and formal rows of trees, with a jet d'eau in the centre; while the whole of its lower arcade is divided into innumerable shops, and its upper stories, as well as subterranean abodes, devoted to all imaginable purposes of business, amusement, and profligacy. As I recalled the fate of its first owner, recollections of the various scenes which had been enacted on the spot where I was standing crowded into my mind; but we had no time to indulge them, even if the succession of new objects would have permitted reflection, for we proceeded to inspect the brazen column in the Place Vendome. In its effect, when contemplated at a little distance, I was much disappointed.—Its proportions are not majestic; the reliefs, with which it is encrusted, roughen its outline, and give it the appearance of a huge trunk of a tree; the eagles at the bottom are sparrows; the gallery at the top is a miserable tin-looking affair, and the summit, which is conical, but should certainly have been flat, forms a very unsatisfac-

tory finish, not improved by the dirty white flag that crowns it. Napoleon's statue, fifteen feet high, was doubtless a handsomer termination; but nothing could ever have enabled it to bear a comparison with our Monument, the most beautiful piece of architecture in London, though nearly invisible from its unfortunate position. Columns on this large scale must always have a heavy effect if they be not fluted, and the dingy colour of that in the Place Vendome aggravates this tendency.—

I am aware that in that case the elaborate basso-relievo must have been sacrificed, (which, however, is already unintelligible except in the circles immediately above the base;) and that the example of Trajan's column may be pleaded; but this is a question of taste and opinion, not of precedent.

On approaching it, the defects become less obvious and the merits more so; for, independently of the value of the material and the historical associations which it awakens, the workmanship on the plinth, and as far up the shaft as it can be distinctly followed, is exquisitely delicate and spirited; though we may doubt the good taste of the hussar-boots and jackets which have been so liberally introduced upon the former. I was assured, that, in order to prove its stability at the time of its completion, a rope was carried from its summit to the Rue de la Paix, and that twelve stout horses could not displace a fragment of the capitolian mass. It is impossible not to attach a profound interest to this monument, when we reflect, that from its durability it will probably carry down to the remotest ages the name and exploits of the extraordinary man by whom it was erected, and prove, when we and many generations to succeed us shall have perished and become forgotten, the same source of inquiry and admiration to races yet unborn; that

Trajan's pillar now is to us. Nor is it easy to forget the terrific scenes in which the materials we behold were once such fatal actors, in the form of cannon; but, as the representations of the victories in which they were taken, are seen winding spirally up the thickly-embossed shaft before us, we can almost fancy that we hear the roar of their brazen mouths, vomiting out fire and thunder; while through the dust and smoke we discover waving banners and gleaming swords, and catch the neighing of steeds, the groans of the wounded, and the deafening shouts of victory. Such are the associations this trophy appears to awaken in the minds of the French, and they are proud of it, in proportion as they are blind votaries of the false glory which it illustrates. The most common engraving exhibited on the Boulevards and the different walls of Paris, is a representation of this pillar, with the inscription—"Ah! who is not proud of being a Frenchman, when he beholds this column?"—while a youth is delineated in an heroic attitude swearing to conquer or die at its foot. With a self-satisfied inconsistency peculiar to this country, one of the warriors is holding the white flag at the base, and the same irrefragable evidence of the futility of all their conquests is seen waving at top.—A ramble on the Boulevards afforded us the same subject of delight with which we had been struck in the gardens of the Thuilleries,—fresh and verdant vegetation, as well as beautiful flowers, in the very heart of the city, forming a pleasing contrast to the dingy leaves and sickly aspect of the London gardens; and wherever we could get a view of any extent, sharp and distinctly-defined masses of stone buildings stood out in the clear atmosphere, with a lucid effect never to be observed in our smoky metropolis. Having seen

in the course of a short morning's walk a richer assemblage of palaces, gardens, statues, magnificent hotels, noble streets of stone, and extensive avenues of trees, than we could have viewed in the whole circuit of London.

## LOOKING FOR LODGINGS.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,  
It has seen "*Lodgings to Let*," stare him full in the face;  
Some are good and let dearly, while some 'tis known,  
Are so dear and so bad, that they are best let alone.

Colman.

I have been lately under the necessity of looking for Lodgings, until sundry operations should be performed in my own habitation, which I have deferred so long that I began to be afraid of literally fulfilling the proverb of "pulling an old house about my ears." To remain under the same roof with a host of bricklayers, plasterers, painters, plumbers, glaziers, carpenters, smiths, and all the rest of the numerous tribes which modern refinements render necessary personages in the constructing or repairing of a dwelling would be almost impossible; I had therefore to choose between two evils,—to go to an hotel, or to take a furnished lodging. "At an hotel one has perfect liberty," said I to myself,—"*aye and comfort too*,"—but then it is comfort that must be paid for,—and enormously; one has not the liberty of keeping one's purse in one's pocket,—and every time the waiter calls out briskly "*coming sir*," he reminds me that my money is going. A writer has described the pleasure of being at an Inn, but he does not say a word on the disagreeables attendant on leaving it; therefore, as I cannot expect to share

in one without a due proportion of the other, I must content myself with a more moderate accommodation of ready furnished lodgings. But how many *pro's* and *con's* are to be considered, in entering upon this kind of uncertain home! The situation; the air; the neighbourhood; the outside of the house; the inside; the furniture; the landlady, generally a weighty consideration; and last, though seldom least, the terms. Innumerable are the fears, and doubts on taking a lodging. Does the house smoke? Never, but for the first time. Is the family quiet and orderly? Are the fellow lodgers in this modern Ark (for a man on ship-board, and in a lodging house are alike, in being fixed, for a part of their short passage through life with companions.) What sort of a woman is the landlady likely to be? If boisterous, a man wishes to endure the gale as short a time as possible; if talkative, she is the bore of his studies and reflections. Yet there is a degree of humanity as well as complaisance, in enduring garrulity, when it has kindness or attention for its main object. Is she curious? (she generally is) that becomes troublesome always, and sometimes dangerous. Is she handsome? still more dangerous. Very ugly? that's disgusting. A large family? very hostile to a thinking man. A scold? one must move in a week.—Has she a drunken husband? or does she herself in the decline of life, discover that Cupid is a treacherous and mischievous urchin, and therefore turn to Bacchus for support or consolation? But these queries are endless. And now, conceive I have knocked at the door, which was opened by the landlady.—She was a plump woman with a fine healthy complexion. Not a votary of Bacchus, thought I from the clear tint. She had in her countenance nothing sharp, which always augurs ill. A

man may then expect to be fleeced directly or indirectly; directly by an exorbitant price, or indirectly by the never-ending outlay for necessary trifles, most of which he neither wants, or are they got for him. Neither had she a saucy cocked up nose; for this a man always pays through the nose, either in money or comfort; and may expect a volley of sharp shot in the way of reproach, if he submit not to the lady's humour, be it what it will. She had a warm smile, a sun-bright eye, and something of benevolence, which made all bargaining impossible.

After mildly showing the apartments, she asked me those unwelcome questions—"are you a married gentleman, or single? a family or not? an establishment, or are you to be *done for*?" Now all these are disagreeable questions because they often remind a man of what he fain would forget; namely, of his misfortune if he be single, and perhaps of his wife, if he be in the holy bands of wedlock, but separated by fate, by misconduct, or by narrowed circumstances; and the having an establishment or not, is another question of uncomfortable tendency; for it may either remind a man of heavy charges and tradesmen's lengthened bills, or cost him a blush for his want of fortune; and lastly, the being *done for*, has such an equivocal sound, that it might puzzle a conjuror to solve the meaning in a moment.

In answer to these kind inquiries, I stated my solitary lot in the world, and begged to ask, in return, if the good lady was married herself, since she came to that;—Whether I might expect matrimonial concerts of vocal performance? and whether she could afford me the attendance which I required? She smiled at these counter-questions: which proved that she was not an unmarried person; because then she would have thought it neces-

sary to blush, or to hang down her head, or to look archly, or to play with the ring finger. Neither was she a widow; for then she would have sighed, and looked as interesting as she could. Nor had she a bad husband: else she would have looked grave, and probably have begun a chapter of grievances. She replied, that she was married, that she had a small family, and that her husband was struggling with the world, and opposing industry to hard times. I immediately felt an interest in their mutual welfare, and paid, with tenfold pleasure, the stipulated price of my apartments.

A man may proudly enter an Inn, command about him, treat all with indifference, from mine host, or fat hostess, down to the flippant waiter and John the hostler. He may be so absent or self-important, as not to know the man of the house from boots, or boots from the bull dog: but in a lodging it is otherwise. The objects are fewer; they are more immediately proximate, and assume a more important form. The rattling of fresh post horses, the mail horn, or Dolly the chambermaid, does not perpetually ring in your ears, so as to make you wish to be off, giving you at the same time an inimical feeling towards the maker-out of the bill. There one *coup de chapeau* at parting does for host, hostess, family, and all the tribe of charges: but in a lodging you have to pass the landlady daily, and bows and inclinations of courtesy may be exchanged very frequently in the course of each week between you; so that a man must be void of all sensibility, if he be wholly uninterested about the family in which he lodges.

The common race of lodging-letters it is true, are guided by self interest, and are callous to delicacy and scrupulous feeling towards their lodger:

but yet there are many exceptions to the rule. How may widows of clergymen, of officers of the army and navy,—how many reduced gentlewomen are forced to let lodgings? How many half-provided females, or unmerited unfortunates, derive benefit from this resource? How many wives of men of talent and genius, struggling to establish the fame they well deserve, cheerfully endeavour to assist their husband by this means, during the season of obscurity and hardship?—Such characters know how to act towards the inmate of their roof; can feel for his wants, take an interest in his welfare, and respect his situation, whether retired, studious, sick, or solitary. Can a true gentleman, then, be too delicate towards such as these, too correct in payment, too nice in blending good breeding with his conduct in every respect.

The man who makes an Inn of the humble roof of genteel poverty, is an ignorant ruffian. Nay indeed I could never enter an Inn without a feeling of interest for my fellow-men there; and if good treatment and fair charges accompanied my fare, I considered that I owed a subordinate debt of gratitude to my landlord, for the remote species of hospitality, namely civil and kindly accommodation.

A fellow traveller once asked a surly cynic whether he did not observe that the Inn-keeper at which they had rested, had a remarkably open countenance? The latter replied, that he observed nothing open in the house, except an open door and open hands. One who could thus close his heart and his accounts with his fellow creatures, should travel through life alone. To the child of sensibility, there is no class, no situation, no abode which excludes the movements of the heart, which forbids kindly intercourse, or prevents his sympathies from coming

into action, whether in a lodging-house an Inn, a stage coach, or a passage-boat, for the journey is always that of life; man is our companion, and humanity is the first and most pleasurable duty.

### PERAMBULATORY LITERATURE.

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;  
Though meek, magnanimous, though witty, wise.  
*Lyttelton.*

We have already had the iron age,—the golden age,—and the dark age, and we discover no reason why the present should not be ycleped the Literary age. The spread of learning is now amazing. Charlemagne we are told could not subscribe his name, whereas there is now scarcely a felon who cannot “subscribe his banishment.”—Did the benefits of Clergy still exist, the body of laymen would be limited indeed, and our temporal courts might be gazetted. Literature and Science have now obtained a most imposing eminence, and little indeed seems left to our children. We now bridle the ocean and defy the tempest. We now walk upon the water and skim through the air. Our deaf and dumb are taught the polite arts. Our blind are more favored than those of Palestine—for our Pool of Siloam is itinerant. Our hardened felons are reformed by being obliged to grind the air, and indeed it is even projected to banish vice entirely from society, by compelling the poor to live in quadrangular buildings, and to cultivate kail yards of a certain dimension and form. We are now no longer annoyed with wars, yet (thanks to the Glasgow Courier) disturbed with the “rumours.” In perfect peace ourselves, we are making rapid progress in the extirpation of war, utterly from the world, by means of the circulation of two-

penny tracts. We have literally “beat the sword into the ploughshare.” We slay whales with Congreve rockets, and we conduct the powerful gas through the bowels of the deadly musket.

With this exordium we proceed to the subject we design more immediately to pourtray, viz. the Perambulatory Literature of Glasgow. Whether it was from our lengthened rains, or continued east winds we know not, yet somehow or other this our western climate has been—and by many a southern is still—held ungenial to the growth of the plant of Literature, even under the fostering protection of the hot beds of the University and Andersonian Institution. We grant that from some cause Glasgow generally calls up to the imagination the association of checks and bandannas with far greater alacrity than dissertations, polemical, philosophical, or literary. Lately however, we hail a higher stretch in our literary horizon,—the harbinger we trust of a rich harvest. We have now our Literary Society, where all, without distinction of class or talent, may for the small honorarium of one shilling, descant on the various important topics announced for debate. We have only, in like manner, to glance at the correspondent columns of the Chronicle to discover innumerable seeds of embryo genius, under the names of *Civis*, *Aliquis*, *Readers*, *Constant Readers*, and other the like Classical appellatives.—There we find our civic literati discussing all the grave questions of political economy, even from the question of the Czar’s balance of power, down to Captain Black’s system of watering the streets—or cosmographical topics, even from the north-west passage to that from Monteith Row—and philosophical subjects, from the principia of Newton to the propriety of the Albion Steamboat sailing precisely at the hour.—We have also a vast variety of minor

literary rarities, which, like Colonel Hunter's Skirmishers pounce at our face and then quickly disappear. Thus we must have every Justiciary trial published in a variety of forms and editions. Every parliamentary debate or assembly speech condensed into a pamphlet—and these accompanied with statements and answers, and sometimes branching out into catholic contentions, Oban controversies, and Socinian disputes, and all the etceteras of literary hostility. Before introducing our main subject, our readers must learn that until these few years our reading population consisted of the gentlemen subscribers to the coffee room or public newspapers, and it comprehended no part of the great bulk of our manufacturing multitude, save indeed, where some lean weavers joined their penny into a fund and in deep divan read the pages of the Chronicle or Scotsman for their radical advantage. In those days the useful class of literary labourers now to be lauded were almost concentrated in the redoubted "Blue Thumbs" who held an undisturbed monopoly of this branch of Literature. The only productions too which then issued from the plebeian press were periodical "last dying speeches and confessions," with prophetic details of "behaviour on the scaffold." This dreary waste might betimes be enlivened in the sad months of winter by some "bloody murder" in Yorkshire, or ghostly appearance in Cock Lane of a specter, or Sneddan of Paisley—yet all besides was barrenness, and no enlivening ray cheered the populace.—Now "how altered is the theme!"—the multitude of *Planatory Stationers* amount to near a hundred, and two or three presses groan under the diurnal burden of matter to support their erratic demands. Thus all that is acted on the stage of the world is cheaply retailed to the greedy multitude. Now

we have an account of the Coronation, and then of an Air Balloon—this day we read a parliamentary contest—and the next day of a great battle between Turner and Cooper—in the forenoon we have a melancholy shipwreck—in the afternoon a funny marriage, and in the evening a Turkish massacre. These we have interspersed with frequent executions—processions—murders—marriages—sea serpents—piracies—duels—shipwrecks—mermaids—prophecies and songs. Now laying just aside, we ask what a delightful prospect does this afford of the spread of knowledge and the rapid strides of literature. When we consider that knowledge is thus conveyed into every alley and hovel; and when we consider too, the character and occupations of those who read with avidity these sweet morsels, we must say here indeed is truly THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS

X. Y. Z.

### SPECIMEN OF A PROSPECTIVE NEWSPAPER

*The North American Luminary, 1st July,  
4796.*

A celebrated professor of chemistry has discovered a method of composing and decomposing the surrounding atmosphere, so that any farmer can, with the greatest facility, and at a small expense, avert rain, or produce it in any quantity necessary for the perfection of his crops. The professor recently dispelled the clouds over the city of New York and its suburbs for the space of a week, converting the cold, damp weather of our winter into a clear and comparatively warm season. By this useful contrivance, any mariner may allay the violence of a hurricane,

or give the wind the direction and degree of force best suited to the objects of his voyage.

The corporation of Baltimore have subscribed a sum for erecting one of the newly-invented telescopes. It is to be liberally appropriated to the use of all the citizens, so that the meanest mechanic may amuse himself in his leisure moments by viewing the different occupations of the inhabitants of the moon. The effect of this invention upon morals is beyond all calculation. The labouring classes now give up the enjoyment of spirituous liquors, for the superior pleasure of contemplating the wonders which this invention exposes to the human senses.

The army of the northern states will take the field against that of the southern provinces early next spring. The principal northern force will consist of 1,490,000 picked troops.—General Congreve's new mechanical cannon was tried last week at the siege of Georgia. It discharged in one hour 1120 balls, each weighing five hundred weight. The distance of the objects fired at was eleven miles, and so perfect was the engine, that the whole of these balls were lodged in a space of twenty feet square.

According to the census just taken by the order of government, the population of New York amounts to 4,892,568 souls, that of Philadelphia to 4,981,947, and the population of Washington, our capital, exceeds six millions and a half.

Our celebrated travellers Dr. Clarke and Baron Humbold have just arrived

from their researches into two of the countries of ancient Europe. By means of a new invention, Dr. Clarke crossed the Atlantic in seven days. He sailed up the ancient river Thames, to a spot which our antiquaries are now agreed must be the site of the once renowned city of London, but not a vestige of a human habitation remained. There existed the mutilated portion of a granite arch, which Dr. Clarke conceived might be the last remains of the once-celebrated bridge of Waterloo.\* The Doctor proceeded further up the river, to an elevated situation on the left bank, which commanded a view of savage but delightful scenery. This our antiquary conjectured might be the ancient Richmond Hill, but he could not procure a single coin, or discover any one object of antiquarian research. Our traveller was extremely desirous of ascending the river yet higher, in order to reach the ancient Windsor, once the proud abode of England's monarchs, but he was so annoyed by the tribes of savages, that he found it impossible to proceed.—Dr. Clarke intends next year to renew his travels in this once glorious, and now almost forgotten, island; and he will take with him a body of five and twenty of the United States' troops, which will effectually repel any force that the savage inhabitants can bring against him.

Our traveller Baron Humbold directed his researches to France. He discovered the mouth of the ancient river Seine, and attempted to ascend as far as the site of the once-famed city of Paris, but he found the river entirely choked with weeds; and af-

\* The origin of this name of Waterloo is now irrecoverably lost, unless it be a corruption of the terms water low, or low water, the bridge perhaps having been built at a spot of less depth than the contiguous parts of the river.



ter he had proceeded about thirty miles, the stream became a mere muddy brook. The baron, however, found the inhabitants of the country so inoffensive and communicative that he proceeded to his object by land, protected only by two servants and three American sailors. The people could give the baron no information whatever, but seemed by far more ignorant than the savages of England; making up for this ignorance however, by a cheerfulness of disposition at once admirable and ridiculous. These poor barbarians appeared fond to excess of decorating their heads and bodies with feathers and skins dyed in the most gaudy and varied colours. The baron observed numberless groups of these people using the most ridiculous grimaces, and twisting the body into a dozen ridiculous attitudes. They then began to dance, an exercise which they seemed so attached to, that it appeared to be their only recreation. The musical instrument to which these poor creatures were so fond of jumping and dancing, was about two feet long, and consisted of a hollow body, with a solid handle of about the same length, and curved at the extremity. It had four strings, extending from the extremity of the handle, beyond the middle of the instrument itself, and being held between the chin and the collar-bone by the left hand, was played on by the right with a bent stick, curved at the two ends, being drawn together with horse-hair. This we have no doubt is some species or description of that instrument so celebrated amongst the Europeans between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries under the name of fiddle or violin: for the Society of Antiquarians, in their last report, have given it as their decided opinion that the ancient fiddle, viola, violin, violoncello, and bass-viol, were merely different kinds of the

same instrument; and they very ably refute Dr. Camden's conjecture that the violin of ancient Europe was an instrument of parchment and bells, played upon by the knuckles.—*Vide Report of the Antiquarian Society of New York, folio, vol 1783, p. 860\*.*

The late voyage of Professor Wanderhagen to the moon took up a space of nearly seven months, but the present expedition, it is expected, will take up much less time. The body of the balloon will be filled with the new gas discovered by our chemist Dr. Ætherly; and which is 800 times lighter than the lightest gas known to the ancient Europeans. The body of this balloon will not be circular, but a polygon, of an infinity of angles, and at each angle, a pair of wings, all of which are worked with the greatest precision and facility, by the most simple but beautiful machinery. These wings at once create a draft, and determine the direction of the air at the will of the aeronaut, whose balloon is easily steered by a newly-constructed air-rudder.—The boat of the balloon will contain twenty-five persons, and provisions for a twelvemonth. This boat has two immense self-acting wings, which, like a bird's, condense the air underneath the boat so as to assist in supporting the machine. The boat itself will be covered with a paste made of the essence of cork, as a non-conductor of heat; and Professor Wanderhagen, having suffered so much from the cold in his previous voyage, will provide himself with a store of the "condensed essence of caloric," a cubic inch of which will

\* The ancient fiddle, with its cognomen, or monosyllabic prefixure, was, we fancy, a low instrument, very generally played upon by the vulgar. Professor Von Helmont conceives it to have been not a stringed, but a wind instrument; but this is little more than conjecture.

keep up a brilliant light and an intense heat for four-and-twenty hours.

The new mechanical steam-coach left Philadelphia at eight in the evening of the 3d. ultimo, and arrived at Parrysburgh, Greenland, at noon on the 5th, a distance of 893 miles in 40 hours. It carried eighteen in, and twenty-seven outside passengers, besides a great quantity of luggage.

By the method of instruction which has been followed for nearly two centuries by the professors of our various universities, a gentleman is made thoroughly acquainted with literature, philosophy, and the sciences, in less than two years; but according to the new plan proposed by Professor Swift, the same perfection of knowledge may be acquired in less than twelve months.

*Advertisement.*—Shortly will be published, price two dollars, *The Complete Farmer*; shewing the art by which the earth is made to produce four crops in the year, and the crops preserved from any possibility of injury by season or weather.

In the press, and shortly will be published, price one dollar, *A Description of the Patent Safety Machine*, by means of which Dr. Boreum descended through the crater of a volcano, and discovered the cause of volcanic eruptions.

The present maturity of the medical science is beautifully displayed by the last report of our College of Physicians. By the assistance of the optical glasses which enable us to perceive minutely

all the most secret functions of the animal economy, and by the perfect state of the various sciences, relating to medicine, the modern physician is not only able to recover the human body from the various attacks of disease, but he is able to anticipate its causes, and to prevent its approach to a moral certainty. But more even than this can be effected by the magic of modern science. The physician can prolong life to treble that time which was formerly considered its natural period of duration, and can at once render the human body secure from disease and free from deformity.—Those medicines which, with infallible security either, totally prevent, or if not applied in time for prevention, will rapidly cure the gout, stone, phthisis pulmonalis, and other disorders, are now known to all. But, does Nature make us feeble and diminutive, the physician calculates the means by which he can effect the accretion of particles to the various parts of our bodies, and thus render his patient perfect in symmetry. If our teeth are not to the model of perfection, they can be extracted without pain, and by taking those elements of which by analysis teeth are found to be composed, they may be regenerated, and during their growth they can be formed to the standard of ideal beauty. Is our vision imperfect, the medicines which are found to affect the size and colour of our eyes are applied, and in a week those organs are both beautiful and of perfect operation. Thus we are brought to a state free from disease, a state of longevity, in which our form and features have no model but that formed by our ideas of perfection and beauty.

The manner in which the numerous productions of the earth are now exchanged between man and man; is

beautiful from the simplicity of its cause, and from the effect it has upon human happiness. It was a plausible theory amongst the ancients, that a statesman of wisdom should sit in his closet as in a focus of knowledge, to which should be brought all the returns of custom-houses, with the various reports and data of commerce—that, weighing these in the balance of wisdom, he should be able to instruct corporate bodies as well as individuals, as to the various channels into which their capital and industry should flow. From hence had arisen commercial treaties, bounties, drawbacks, imposts, licences, &c. until the simple principles of trade were lost in the most complex and absurd systems of commercial polity. But the experience of ages has at length proved what the speculations of ingenious men had previously advanced, and man is now very properly left to direct his capital and labour according to his own knowledge and discretion. Is it not the height of impertinence for a statesman to say to him who enters a commercial city for the purposes of trade, “Sir, you shall not employ your capital according to your own knowledge and experience, but according to my conceptions of commerce: you want to trade to the West; I think it better that trade should flow to the East, and I have therefore laid heavy duties, and even prohibitions upon western trade, whilst I will encourage eastern trade by drawbacks, bounties, and special immunities?” Thus every thing was forced out of its natural channel, and every country may be said to have been in a sort of peaceful siege. Now things are left to their own level. The common principles of demand and supply are now acknowledged to regulate markets much better than legislative calculations and interference. Human necessities and

the common principles of our nature are found to constitute the best barometers of commercial policy, and individuals are permitted to trade with their wealth, according to their own knowledge and calculations. Thus we have no circuitous channels of communication—no licensing—bonding—no unloading to load again, no entering one port as a passport into another, no waste of labour; man freely exchanges with man, and the bounties of providence are diffused over the whole earth.

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Last year, no less than 734 vessels sailed from Alaska, and the western coast of America, through the channels separating America from North Georgia and Greenland. It is curious to reflect that the very existence of such a passage was a problem of difficult solution to the Europeans from the 16th to the 19th centuries. This was then called the North-west passage, and was first discovered by a navigator of great celebrity amongst the ancient English; but whether his name was Parry or Croker it is now impossible to ascertain, from the imperfect state of our records at that period.

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The Honourable Mr. Northerly, we understand, intends to take his lady and their children in their yacht this summer to traverse the North Pole.

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A chemist, deeply read in the sciences of the middle ages, (the 18th and 19th centuries of the Christian era) assures us that the English men of science about the year 1800, plumed themselves much upon their discovering the means of making brilliant lights by reflectors, and the different ways

of oil and coal burnt in various descriptions of lamps. How these pigmies would have hid their diminished heads, could they have foreseen our present perfection in lighting the atmosphere, by exciting attraction and motion among the constituent particles of light and heat. The aerometer of New York, at a trifling expense, produces a light in the atmosphere equal to the brightest moon-shine. So that darkness is unknown to the moderns, and we experience only the gradations between the light of the moon and that of the sun.

## Poetry.

### FRIENDSHIP'S PARTING.

Ye friends of my bosom, how oft has my  
fond heart,  
Beat at your breathings and leapt at your  
smiles;  
Oft in the dreams of my soul have I ponder'd,  
On friendship like yours, when I've slumber'd  
the while.

Cast in the depths of life's dark-heaving  
ocean,  
Circled with wretchedness, horror and care;  
Still 'midst the clouds of each low-ring  
commotion,  
I feed on your fond glance, and laugh at  
despair.

May the double-edg'd darts of a tongue  
loving slander,  
Ne'er poison those kind hearts, so warm  
and so true;  
And oh! while the wilds of existence I  
wander,  
My hope and my heart shall still linger  
with you.

And though far from the land of my birth  
many a day,

I should journey unfriended, still destin'd  
to roam;

I shall think of your love, and forget not  
to pray

"Ever sweet be your rest, ever hallow'd  
your home."

Yea e'en though abandon'd by hope's every  
promise,  
Spurn'd by the rough wave, uncherish'd,  
alone;  
It reck not the mansion in which my sad  
home is,  
Provided its hardships to you are unknown.

N.

## VARIETIES.

### THE DUKE OF NIVERNOS.

When this Nobleman was Ambassador in England, he was going down to Lord Townshend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit, quite in dishabille, and with only one servant, when he was obliged, from a heavy shower of rain, to stop at a farm-house in the way. The master of the house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which, in all, might make his living about 80*l.* a year, and which was all he had to maintain a wife and six children. When the Duke alighted the clergyman not knowing his rank begged him to come in and dry himself, which the other accepted by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers of him, and warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the Duke observed an old chess-board hanging up; and as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play. The other told him he could pretty tolerably; but found it very difficult, in that part of the country, to get an antagonist. "I am your man," says the Duke.—"With all my heart," says the parson;—"And if you'll stay and eat pot-luck, I'll try if I can't beat you." The day continuing rainy, the Duke accepted his offer; when the parson played so much better, that he won every game. This was so far from

fretting the Duke, that he was highly pleased to meet a man who could give him such entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly inquired into the state of his family affairs,—and just taking a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title; thanked him, and departed. Some months passed over, and the clergyman never thought any thing of the matter; when, one evening, a footman in laced liveries rode up to the door, and presented him with the following billet:—

"The Duke of Nivernois' compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. — and, as a remembrance for the good drubbing he gave him at chess, begs that he will accept the living of — worth 400l. per annum, and that he will wait on his Grace the Duke of Newcastle on Friday next, to thank him for the same."—The good parson was sometime before he could imagine it any thing more than a jest, and was not for going; but as his wife insisted on his trying, he came up to town, and found the contents of the billet literally true, to his unspeakable satisfaction.

### A MEDICAL ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman of narrow circumstances, whose health was on the decline, finding that an ingenious physician occasionally dropped into a coffee-house that he frequented, not very remote from Lincoln's-Inn, always placed himself *vis-a-vis* the Doctor, in the same box, and made many indirect efforts to withdraw the Doctor's attention from the newspaper to examine the index of his constitution. He at last ventured a bold push at once, in the following terms: "Doctor," said he, "I have, for a long time been very far from being well, and as I

"belong to an office, where I am obliged to attend every day, the complaints I have prove very troublesome to me, and I should be glad to remove them."—The Doctor laid down his paper, and regarded his patient with a steady eye, while he proceeded: "I have but little appetite, and digest what I eat very poorly:—I have a strange swimming in my head," &c. In short, after giving the Doctor a full quarter of an hour's detail of all his symptoms, he concluded the state of his case with a direct question:—"Pray, Doctor, what shall I take?" The Doctor, in the act of resuming his newspaper, gave him the following laconic prescription:—"Take; why, take advice."

### NOTICES

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will insert with pleasure the communication that Juvenis has sent, which we think highly of.

"The lass wi' the bonnie blue e'e" is not fit for the Melange.

Our best thanks are due to our lively friend Agrestis.

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# THE LITERARY MELANGE,

OR

## WEEKLY REGISTER

### OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

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#### SOCIETY IN LONDON.

It often happens, that although individuals may exist in a society, endowed with every power of entertaining and enlightening, yet the forms of society may be such that it is very difficult to obtain the full advantage of their superior qualities. This difficulty is the misfortune of London, where there are more men of cultivated understanding, of refined wit, of literary and political eminence, than in any metropolis of Europe; yet it is so contrived, that there is little freedom, little intimacy, and little ease in London society. "To love some persons very much, and see often those that I love," says the old Duchess of Marlborough, "is the greatest happiness I can enjoy." But in London it is equally difficult to get any body to love very much, or to see those often we have loved before. There are such numbers of acquaintances, such a succession of engagements, that the town resembles Vauxhall, where the dearest friends may walk round and round all night without ever meeting. If you see at dinner a person whose manners and conversation please you, you may wish to become more intimate; for the chance is, that you will not meet so as to converse, a second time, for three months, when the dice-box

of society may, perhaps, turn up again the same numbers. Not that it is to be inferred that you may not barely see the same features again; it is possible that you may catch a glimpse of them on the other side of St. James's Street; or see them near you at a crowded rout, without a possibility of approaching. Hence it is, that those who live in London are totally indifferent to one another; the waves follow so quick that any vacancy is immediately filled up, and the want is not perceived. At the same time, the well-bred civility of modern times, and the example of some "very popular people," have introduced a shaking of hands, a pretended warmth, a sham cordiality, into the manners of the cold and warm alike—the dear friend, and the acquaintance of yesterday. Hence we hear continually of such conversations as the following:—"Ah! how d'ye do? I'm delighted to see you! How is Mrs. M——?"—"She is very well. I thank you."—"Has she any more children?"—"Any more! I have only been married three months. I see you are talking of my former wife—she has been dead these three years. Or "My dear friend how d'ye do— you have been out of town some time—where have you been—in Norfolk?"—"No, I have been two years in India."



Thus, ignorant of one another's interest and occupations, the friendships of London contain nothing more tender than a visiting card. Nor is it much better,—indeed it is much worse, if you renounce the world and determine to live only with your relations and nearest connections: if you go to see them at one o'clock they are not up; at two the room is full of indifferent acquaintance, who can talk over the ball of the night before, and of course are sooner listened to than yourself; at three they are gone shopping; at four they are in the Park; at five and at six they are out; at seven they are dressing; at eight they are dining with two dozen friends; at nine and ten the same; at eleven they are dressing for the ball; and at twelve, when you are going to bed, they are gone into society for the evening.—Thus you are left in solitude: you soon begin again to try the world;—let us see what it produces.

The first inconvenience of a London life, is the late hour of dinner.—To pass the day nearly fasting, and then to sit down to a great dinner at eight o'clock, is entirely against the first dictates of common sense and common stomachs. Some learned persons, indeed, endeavour to support the practice by precedent, and quote the Roman supper; but these suppers were at three o'clock in the afternoon, and ought to be a subject of contempt, instead of imitation, in Grosvenor Square. Women however, are not so irrational as men, in London, and generally sit down to a substantial luncheon at three or four: if men could do the same, the meal at eight might be lightened of many of its most weighty dishes, and conversation would be no loser; for it is not to be concealed, that conversation suffers great interruption from the manner in which English dinners are managed. First

the host and hostess are employed during three parts of the dinner, in doing the work of the servants, helping fish, or carving large pieces of venison to twenty hungry souls, to the total loss of the host's power of amusement, and the entire disfigurement of the fair hostess's face.—Much time is also lost by the attention every one is obliged to pay, in order to find out (which he can never do if he is short-sighted) what dishes are at the other end of the table; and if a guest wishes a glass of wine, he must peep through the Apollos and Cupids of the *plateau*, in order to find some one to drink with him; otherwise he must wait till some one asks him, which will probably happen in succession; so that after having had no wine for half an hour, he will have to drink five glasses in five minutes. Convenience teaches that this last manner of engaging society at dinner, is to leave every thing to servants that servants can do, so that you may have no further trouble, than to accept of the dishes that are offered to you, and to drink, at your own time, of the wines that are handed round. An English dinner, on the contrary, seems to presume before-hand on the silence, dullness, and stupidity of the guests, and to have provided little interruptions, like the jerks which the chaplain gives to the archbishop, to prevent his going to sleep during sermon.

Some time after dinner comes the hour for going to a ball, or a rout; but this is sooner said than done: it often requires as much time to go from St. James's Square to Cleveland Row, as from London to Hounslow. It would require volumes to describe the disappointment which occurs on arriving in the brilliant mob in a ball-room. Sometimes, as it has been before said, a friend is seen squeezed like yourself, at another end of the

room without a possibility of your communicating, except by signs; and as the whole arrangement of the society is regulated by mechanical pressure, you may happen to be pushed against those to whom you do not wish to speak; whether bores, slight acquaintances, or determined enemies. Confined by the crowd, stifled by the heat, and dazzled by the light, all powers of intellect are obscured; wit loses its point, and sagacity its observation; indeed, the limbs are so crushed, and the tongue so parched, that, except particular undrest ladies, all are in the case of Dr. Clarke, who says, when in the plains of Syria, some might blame him for not making moral reflections on the state of the country; but that he must own the heat quite deprived him of all power of thought.

Hence it is, that the conversation you hear around you, is generally nothing more than "Have you been here long?"—"Have you been at Mrs. H——'s?"—"Are you going to Lady D——'s?" But even if there are persons of a constitution robust enough to talk, they yet do not dare to do so, when twenty heads are forced into the compass of one square foot; nay even if, to your great delight, you see a person to whom you have much to say, and, by fair means or foul, elbows and toes, knees and shoulders, have got near them, they often dismiss you with shaking you by the hand, and saying "My dear Mr. — how do you do?" and then continue a conversation with a person whose ear is three inches nearer. At two or three o'clock, however, the crowd diminishes; and if you are not tired by the five or six hours you already have had, you may be very comfortable for the rest of the evening.

It has been said very justly of science, that the profound discoveries of the greatest philosophers of one age

become the elements of knowledge to the youth of the next. It is nearly the reverse in conversation. The anecdotes which form the buzz of card parties and dinner parties in one century, are, in the lapse of a hundred years, and sometimes less, transplanted into quarto volumes, and go to increase the stock of learning of the most grave and studious persons in the nation; a story repeated by the Duchess of Portsmouth's waiting woman to Lord Rochester's valet, forms a subject of investigation for a philosophical historian; and you may hear an assembly of scholars and authors, discussing the validity of a piece of scandal invented by a maid of honour two centuries ago, and repeated to an obscure writer by Queen Elizabeth's housekeeper.

The appetite for remains of all kinds, has certainly increased of late to a most surprising extent! every thing which belongs to a great man is eagerly hunted out, and constantly published. If Madame de Sevigne wrote some letters when she was half asleep; if Dr. Johnson took the pains of setting down what occurred to him before he was breeched, this age is sure to have the benefit of seeing these valuable works in hot-pressed paper: all that good writers threw by as imperfect, all that they wished to be concealed from the world, is now edited in volumes twice as magnificent as their chief works. Still greater is their avidity for *ana*: it is a matter of the greatest interest to see the letters of every busy trifler—yet who does not laugh at such men? To write to our relations and friends on events which concern their interests and affections, is a worthy employment for the head and heart of a civilized man; but to engrave upon the title-tattle of the day, with all the labour and polish which the richest gent could deserve,



is a contemptible abuse of pen, paper, and time which is on our hand.

It must be confessed, however, that knowledge of this kind is very entertaining; and here and there among the rubbish, we find hints which may give the philosopher a clue to important facts, and afford to the moralist a better analysis of the human mind, than a whole library of metaphysics.

### CALAIS.

Notwithstanding the merited reprobation to be met with in every traveller, of French beds and French chamberlains, we had no cause to complain of our accommodation in this respect at Dessein's. This house though it has changed masters, is conducted as well as formerly; and there was nothing in it, which could have made the most determined lover of ease repent his having crossed the Channel.

After our breakfast on the morning following our arrival, I began to consider with myself on the most suitable way of executing my purpose—of seeing France and Frenchmen, the scenery and manners to the best advantage. I called in my landlord to my consultation; and having explained my peculiar views, was advised by him to purchase a Norman horse, one of which he happened to have in his stables; a circumstance which perhaps suggested the advice. Be this as it may, I adopted his recommendation, and I had no cause to repent it. The bargain was struck upon the spot; and for twenty-seven Louis I became master of a horse, upon whom, taking into the computation cross-roads and occasional deviations, I performed a journey not less than two thousand miles; and in the whole of this course, without a stumble sufficient to shake me from my seat. The Norman

horses are low and thick, and like all of this make, very steady, sure, and strong. They will make a stage of thirty miles without a bait, and will eat the coarsest food. From some indications of former habits about my own horse, I was several times led to conclude, that he had been more accustomed to feed about the lanes, and live on his wits, as it were, than in any settled habitation, either meadow or stable. I never had a brute companion to which I took a greater fancy.

Having a letter to a gentleman resident about two miles from Calais, I had occasion to inquire the way of a very pretty peasant girl whom I overtook on the road, just above the town. The way was by a path over the fields: the young peasant was going to some house a mile or two beyond the object of my destination, and as I have reason to believe, not exactly in the same line. Finding me a stranger, however, she accompanied me, without hesitation, up a narrow cross-road, that she might put me into a foot-path; and when we had come to it, finding some difficulty in giving intelligibly a complex direction, she concluded by saying she would go that way herself. I was too pleased with my companion to decline her civility. I learned in the course of my walk that she was the daughter of a small farmer: the farm was small indeed, being about half an arpent, or acre. She had been to Calais, to take some butter, and had the same journey three mornings in the week. Her father had one cow of his own, and rented two others, for each of which he paid a Louis annually. The two latter fed by the road-sides. Her father earned twenty sols a day as a labourer, and had a small pension from the Government, as a veteran and wounded soldier. Upon this little they seemed, according to her answers, to live very comfortably, not to say

substantially. Poultry, chestnuts, milk, and dried fruit, formed their daily support. "We never buy meat," said she, "because we can raise more poultry than we can sell."

The gentleman to whom I had brought a letter of introduction was at Paris; but I saw his son, to whom I was therefore compelled to introduce myself. The young man lamented much that his father was from home, and that he could not receive me in a manner which was suitable to a gentleman of my appearance. All these things are matter of course to all Frenchmen, who are never at a loss for civility and terms of endearment. A young English gentleman of the same age with this youth (about nineteen,) would either have affronted you by his sulky reserve, or compelled you as a matter of charity to leave him, to release him from blushing and stammering. On the other hand, young Tan-tuis and myself were intimate in the moment after our first introduction.

Upon entering the house, and a parlour opening upon a lawn in the back part, I was introduced to Mademoiselle his sister, a beautiful girl, a year, or perhaps more, younger than her brother. She rose from an English piano as I entered, whilst her brother introduced me with a preamble, which he rolled off his tongue in a moment. A refreshment of fruit, capillaire, and a sweet wine, of which I knew not the name, was shortly placed before me, and the young people conversed with me about England and Calais, and whatever I told them of my own concerns, with as much ease and apparent interest, as if we had been born and lived in the same village.

Mademoiselle informed me that the people in Calais had no character at all; that they were fishermen and smugglers, which last business they carried on

in war as well as in peace, and had no reputation either for honesty or industry; that she had no visiting society at Calais, and never went to the town but on household business; that the price of every thing had doubled within four years, but that the late plenty, and the successes of the Emperor, were bringing every thing to their former standard; that her father paid very moderate taxes; her brother stated about five Louis annually; but they differed in this point. The house was of that size and order, which in England would have paid at least thirty pounds, and added to this was a domain of between sixty and seventy arpents.

The dinner, whether in compliment to me, or that things have now all taken this turn in France, was in substance so completely English, and served up in a manner so English, as almost to call forth an exclamation of surprise. When we enter a new country, we so fully expect to find every thing new, as to be surprised at almost any necessary coincidence. This characteristic difference is rapidly wearing off in every kingdom in Europe. A couple of fowls, a rice-pudding, and a small chine, composed our dinner. It was served in a pretty kind of china, and with silver forks. The cloth was removed as in England, and the table covered with dried fruits, confectionary, and coffee; a tall silver epergne supporting small bottles of capillaire, and sweetmeats in cut glass. The fruits were in plates very tastily painted in landscape by Mademoiselle; and at the top and bottom of the table was a silver image of Vertumnus and Pomona, of the same height with the epergne in the centre. The covering of the table was a fine deep green cloth, spotted with the simple flower called the double daisy.

I am the more particular in this description, as the dinner was thus served, and the table thus appointed, without any apparent preparation, as if it was all in their due and daily course. Indeed, I have had occasion frequently to observe, that the French ladies infinitely excel those of every other nation in these minor elegancies; in a cheap and tasteful simplicity, and in giving a value to indifferent things in a manner peculiar to themselves.—Mademoiselle left us after the first cup of coffee, saying, that she had heard that it was a custom in England, that gentlemen should have their own conversation after dinner. I endeavoured to turn off a compliment in the French style upon this observation; but felt extremely awkward, upon foundering in the middle of it, for want of more familiar acquaintance with the language. Monsieur, her brother, perceived my embarrassment, and becoming my interpreter, helped me out of it with much good-humour, and with some dexterity. I resolved, however, another time, never to tilt with a French lady in compliment.

Being alone with the young man, I made some inquiries upon subjects upon which I wanted information, and found him at once communicative and intelligent. The agriculture of the country about Calais appears to be wretched. The soil is in general very good, except where the substratum of chalk, or marl, rises too near the surface, which is the case immediately on the cliffs. The course of the crops is bad indeed—fallow, rye, oats. In some land it is fallow, wheat, and barley. In no farm, however, is the fallow laid aside; it is considered as indispensable for wheat, and on poor lands for rye. The produce, reduced to English Winchester measure, is about nineteen bushels of wheat, and twenty-three or twenty-four of barley.

Besides the fallow, they manure for wheat. The manure in the immediate vicinity of Calais is the dung of the stable-keepers and the filth of that town. The rent of the land around Calais, within the daily market of the town, is as high as sixty livres; but beyond the circuit of the town, is about twenty livres (sixteen shillings.) Since the settlement of the Government, the price of land has risen; twenty Louis an acre is now the average price in the purchase of a large farm. There are no tithes, but a small rate for the officiating minister. Labourers earn thirty sous per day (about fifteen-pence English) and women, in picking stones, &c. half that sum. Rents, since the Revolution, are all in money; but there are some instances of personal service, and which are held to be legal even under the present state of things, provided they relate to husbandry, and not to any servitude or attendance upon the person of the landlord. Upon the whole, I found that the Revolution had much improved the condition of the farmers, having relieved them from feudal tenures and lay-tithes. On the other hand, some of the proprietors, even in the neighbourhood of Calais, had lost nearly the whole of the rents, under the interpretation of the law respecting what were to be considered as feudal impositions. The Commissioners acting under these laws had determined all old rents to come under this description, and had thus rendered the tenants under lease proprietors of the lands.

The young lady who had left us returned towards evening, and by her heightened colour, and a small parcel in her hand, appeared to have walked some distance. Her brother, doubtless from a sympathetic nature, guessed in an instant the object of her walk. "You have been to Calais," said he. "Yes," replied she, with the lovely

smile of kindness; "I thought that Monsieur would like some tea after the manner of his countrymen, and having only coffee in the house, I walked to Calais, to procure some." I again felt the want of French loquacity and readiness. My heart was more eloquent than my tongue. I arose, and involuntarily took and pressed the hand of the sweet girl. Who will now say that the French are not characteristically a good-humoured people, and that a lovely French girl is not an angel? I thought so at the time, and though my heart has now cooled, I think so still. I feel even no common inclination to describe this young French beauty, but that I will not do her the injustice to copy off an image which remains more faithfully and warmly imprinted on my memory.

The house, as I have mentioned, opened behind on a lawn, with which the drawing-room was even, so that its doors and windows opened immediately upon it. This lawn could not be less than four or five English acres in extent, and was girded entirely around by a circle of lofty trees from within, and an ancient sea-stone wall, very thick and high, from without. The trunks of the trees and the walls were hid by a thick copse or shrubbery of laurels, myrtles, cedars, and other similar shrubs, so as to render the enclosed lawn the most beautiful and sequestered spot I had ever seen. On the further extremity from the house was an avenue from the lawn to the garden, which was likewise spacious, and surrounded by a continuation of the same wall. In the further corner of the latter was a summer-house, erected on the top of the wall, so as to look over it on the fields and the distant sea.

Tea was here served up to us in a manner neither French nor English, but partaking of both. Plates of cold

chicken, slices of chine, cakes, sweetmeats; and the whitest bread, composed a kind of mixed repast between the English tea and the French supper. The good-humour and vivacity of my young friends, and the prospect from the windows, which was as extensive as beautiful, rendered it a refreshment peculiarly cheering to the spirits of a traveller.

Before the conclusion of it, I had another specimen of French manners and French benevolence. A party of young ladies were announced as visitors, and followed immediately the servant who conducted them. Speaking all at once, they informed Mademoiselle T—, that they had learned the arrival of her English friend, (so they did me the honour to call me,) and knowing her father was at Paris, had hurried off to assist her in giving Monsieur a due welcome. They mentioned several other names which were coming with the same friendly purpose; a piece of information which caused the young Monsier T— to make me a hasty bow, and leave me with the ladies. He returned in a short time, and the sound of fiddles tuning below on the lawn, rendered any explanation unnecessary. We immediately descended; the promised ladies and their partners, soon made their appearance; and the merry dance on the green began. As the stranger of the company, I had of course the honour of leading Mademoiselle T—. In the course of the dance other visitors appeared, who formed themselves into cotillions and reels; and the lawn being at length well filled, the evening delightful, and the moon risen in all her full glory, the whole formed a scene truly picturesque.

After an evening, or rather a night, thus protracted to a late hour, I returned to Calais; and was accompanied to the immediate adjacency by one

of the parties, consisting of two ladies and a gentleman. I was assailed by many kind importunities to repeat my visit; but as I intended to leave Calais next day, I made my best possible excuses.

### NATIONAL CHARACTER.

I was sitting one day in company with a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an Italian, an Englishman, and a German, when a conversation began upon the merits of their respective nations. As I found the argument growing warm, especially on the part of the Frenchman, who was pouring a shower of small shot upon the Englishman; and of the Italian, who was near touching the ceiling with his hands, in order to wake the vengeance of heaven upon the German, I bethought me of a method to temper the discussion; I proposed that each should set forth his reasons for preferring his own nation in a continued speech, and that I, as an impartial hearer, should be the judge among them. My proposal was soon accepted, but harmony had like to have been again destroyed by a dispute who was to begin. The Frenchman talked loud, the German muttered, and the Italian spouted.—Amidst the confusion of their voices I could now and then distinguish the words, *comédie, boulevards, esprit empfindungen, genus, bequemlichkeit, contatrice, capo d'opera, casa superba, &c.*; only the Spaniard and the Englishman looked upon the contest with seeming indifference and contempt; at last I succeeded in stopping them, and prevailed on them to speak in the following order:

I addressed myself first to the Spaniard, who was by no means a Liberal, and said, "Tell me why you consider your own nation as the wisest, the

happiest, and the best?"—he answered, "I consider the two former epithets as entirely superfluous: for if we are the best, we must be the happiest; and if we are the happiest and best, we must be the wisest."

Now, I believe, there is no man who performs, so well as a Spaniard, his duty to God, and to his neighbour. He worships in the most exact, and even the most splendid manner, the Divine Creator, the Redeemer, the Holy Ghost, and the Blessed Virgin, and he does not forget to pray for the intercession of the least of the Saints whom the church has admitted; he is loyal to his King, to the utmost stretch of Christian patience and submission; he is kind and charitable to his fellow-creatures, helping the needy, and feeding the hungry; he reaps the reward of his good services in a perpetual cheerfulness. Cheerfulness is the habit of the good; gaiety is but the delirium of the wicked. Nor let it be supposed, as declamatory writers have asserted, that the Inquisition has diminished the happiness of Spain. It is only through the acts of the Inquisition, that the Spanish people have been preserved in an unanimous faith. Now even granting, for argument's sake, that altho' religions may be equally good for a future life, there is nothing which tends so much to union and harmony in the present, as worship at the same altar, reliance upon the same means of salvation, obligation to the same duties, and hope of the same final reward. Much has been said of the victims of the Inquisition. The care which that holy tribunal employed not to hurt the reputation of families, by publishing their proceedings, has served to spread a clamour against them; for that which is secret is always magnified by report. It is thus that fame revenges herself on those who wish to keep her out. But, in

reality, are the victims of the Inquisition to be compared to those of the day of St. Barthelemi, and the revocation of the edict of Nantz?—such are the effects of admitting the infection, and then endeavouring to stop it. Or are they to be compared with the thousands who suffered in England under Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth? Such are the consequences of admitting without controul, the preachers of heresy and schism.

If we do not want the religious toleration of England still less do we stand in need of her political liberty. The sun which favours our country with its propitious influence, gives us enjoyment sufficient without seeking to busy ourselves in the affairs of Government. Liberty is, in fact, a poor substitute for a fine climate. The people of the South only require the presence of that power which raises the corn—ripens the grape, in order to be satisfied with their position.—To ask if they are happy, you need only ask if they exist. But the people of the North find it necessary to dig mines, to hew forests, to build houses in order to attain, in a small space of a few feet, that warm comfortable sensation, which a southern peasant feels in the large mansion of nature; they are obliged to look for some artificial source of pleasure, to intoxicate themselves with the poison of distilled spirits, or the tumult of political contention. We want no such advantages. To those who love care we give the trouble of governing; and we should think it as absurd to insist upon electing deputies, and making laws, because we have a right to do it, as to carry burdens because we have backs capable of supporting them. I have said what is sufficient to content the men of sense, I will not say that the beauty of our country, the beauty of Granada, the splen-

dour of Seville, the fertility of Valencia. You know our land and can do justice to it! Having thus spoken the Spaniard folded his arms in his cloak, which he always wore; and I observed that he never listened to a word that was spoken afterwards.

Having put the same question to the Italian that I had addressed to the Spaniard, he answered to the following purport:—That what had just been said concerning the pleasure derived from climate, applied with equal force to Italy, and set these two countries above all the rest of Europe “Indeed,” he said, “the native of London, or Hamburgh cannot conceive, unless he travels to our land, the pleasure to be derived from the touch of a cisalpine atmosphere. Our nerves seem to swell and extend themselves to receive the delightful sensation; our eyes dwell without fatigue or pain upon the beauties of a rich and warm landscape; even the voice maintains its clearness only in the air which the sun has blessed. But if we had merely this advantage, we should rival and not precede Spain in happiness. It is to another circumstance that Italy owes her glory, her occupation, her delight:—to taste. With justice it has been said, that this is the only pursuit of which the pleasures far outbalance the pains. A man may meet with an unfaithful mistress, or be rejected by an ungrateful sovereign, but nothing obliges him to gaze at a bad picture, or dwell upon a disproportioned building. A great work of art may be said to be the most successful result of human effort; a fine statue requires as much genius in the conception as the most difficult problem of Newton; it demands as much skill in the execution as the formation of a time-piece, and when finished it attracts the admiration, and gratifies the senses of thousands of spectators for



thousands of years. It is, I hope, needless for them to prove that Italy in this respect excels all other nations. The sublimity of Michael Angelo, the grace and expression of Raphael, in fine, the innumerable merits of our great architects, sculptors, and painters, are not to be insulted by a comparison with the smoky buildings of London, the monuments of the Museo Francais, or the lusty goddesses of the Belgian painters. In music too we are without a rival; and for the prize of wisdom I think we may lay a fair claim. The greatest natural philosophers, the most skilful negociators, the most gifted poets, own Italy as their birth-place. The discovery of the laws of motion, of the resistance of of the air, of the barometer, of the telescope, and lately of galvanism; the knowledge of a fourth quarter of the globe; the history of Italy, of Florence, of the Council of Trent, and of the Civil Wars of France, the *Inferno*, the *Goffredo* and the *Orlando Furioso*, form a portion of the share which Italy has contributed to the civilization of Europe. It is for you, Sir, he concluded, turning to the German, "to prove that the universities of Halle and Heidelberg have done more."

The German, though he seemed to be smoking his pipe with great apathy, was not insensible to the reproach; and, like a skilful general, immediately changed the field of action.—"I can find but one fault with your discourse, Signor," he replied; it is that you have entirely omitted to answer the principal question, namely why you consider your nation as the best? To this interrogation, I can reply, with a safe assurance, that the Germans are the best people, because they do not assassinate secretly, or murder openly; because they are honest in their dealings; and pay their debts, whether to government or individuals, with con-

science-calming punctuality. From Hamburg to Clagenfurt, there is scarcely a village which has not its schoolmaster, while the capital of a province is almost ignorant of the name of executioner. Our fruit hangs on the trees by the road-side, without being touched by any one; and the streets of our largest towns become still as sleep early in the night. Other nations, indeed, may boast of great discoveries in science, and of a rapid progress in political philosophy, but we furnished them with the means. They have sown a great part and reaped the whole; but we gave the field and invented the plough. It is to us that they are indebted for the art of printing, without which knowledge could not have moved; and for the Reformation, without which it would have been arrested in its march. In modern times, too, our literature has taken a far-extended springing leap, which leaving behind it the long past glories of Italy and France, places it by the side of England in the race towards the spectator-girt laurel-surrounded goal, which is always in the horizon of those bright genuses, who have a heart-convulsing sense of immortality.

These last words caused a pause: even the Frenchman took a pinch of snuff, and sneezed twice before he would begin. At last he started with such volubility in praise of France, and of Paris, that I am quite incapable of representing his harangue. He gave the first ten minutes to those who had spoken before him, and tried to prove that France excelled them in the very particulars on which they had insisted. He said that there was no climate in Europe equal to that of the south of France, and that even in Paris the winter was over in February. As for the fine arts, he quoted Lazzaro, who had spent several years in



and written several volumes upon Italy, and who mentions there is nothing to be seen there equal to what is to be found in France. In modern times, he thought it beyond a question, that the French Painters were the first in the world, which however was not to be wondered at, as the English had not at all turned their attention to the fine arts. The works of David, he conceived, expressed a sublimity to which Raphael, born in a barbarous age, never could attain; in music the Frenchman far excelled the Italians. As for virtue, which his German friend had introduced somewhat *mal à propos* into the discussion, he, like the *Duchesse of Mantes de Stael*, defined it to consist in a succession of generous impulses. And these impulses acted no where with such vigour, as in the country where an officer sacrificed his life in order to give the alarm to his regiment, and a father went cheerfully to execution to save the life of his son. Having thrown out these remarks, he put on a more Socratic look, as he addressed himself to the Englishman. "It is with your nation, that ours is most fit to be compared. In England, and in France, knowledge is generally spread like the rays of the sun; in other countries it is scattered like flashes of lightning.— But it is more especially in French that elementary books in every art and science are written; it is in French that the reading of the world profound or trivial, is carried on. If a mathematician wishes to read the deepest books of science, he studies the *Mécanique Céleste*; if a Russian nobleman desires to know what is meant by the words *feeling* or *wit*, he takes up the Tragedies of Racine; or the tales of Voltaire, and learns to smile and to cry like a civilized being.— Even the discoveries of your great Newton have been brought to perfec-

tion by D'Alembert, and Laplace; and in pure mathematics you have not for a long time produced an equal to Lagrange. Impartial judges, (soothing to me) will agree, that in the most profound and abstract of human sciences, the people whom you treat as frivolous and superficial, have gone far beyond you. Your mathematicians of Oxford and Cambridge, are not even acquainted with that form of the calculus which we use for our investigations. If we excel you in abstract knowledge, there is still less doubt that we are superior in practical happiness. For happiness consists in nothing so much as in a temper of mind fitted for pleasure, or, in a chemical phrase, in having a capacity for enjoyment. A man may satisfy himself of this, by travelling the same road when he is gay, and when he is gloomy. In the first case, the country will appear to him smiling, beautiful, or sublime; in the second, it will appear tame, dull or savage. Now the disposition of a Frenchman is to see every thing agreeably. I remember being in a wretched prison; guarded by Spaniards, who, only in the week, might have taken a day to cut our throats, yet we laughed all day, and acted plays in the evening. An Englishman would have cut holes in the wall, and have been shot in the attempt to escape. If we know how to bear adversity, we also know how to enjoy prosperity. What in the world is so good as the Boulevards and the Theatres of Paris? what could you compare with France for wines, for dress, for dancing, and for plays?

You will affirm that these sensual and marketable enjoyments destroy the taste for domestic happiness; but it is not so: no people are more attached than the French to their near relations; and England cannot easily produce a mother more to be commended than

Madame de Sevigne. It is the same with all the domestic relations; and it is sufficient to go to the *cimetiere* of Pere la Chaise; to be convinced how true the affection which the mothers, and sons, and sisters of France have for each other! How simple, and yet how tender the inscription upon the tombs! There the sister goes to renew the tender recollection of her sister, and a son to place a garland over the grave of his mother. With you the dead are never mentioned, never visited, and, I believe, seldom remembered. With the kindest feelings to their relations, the French it is true, do not think it inconsistent to mix the sociability of a larger circle, and they endeavour to be happy through the short period of existence allotted them.

The Englishman began with the most diffident air, by refusing any comparison with the Spaniards, the Italians or the Germans. The first, he said, had no political liberty, the second had not even independence, and the Germans could scarcely be said to possess a classical literature; without every one of these advantages no nation could claim the pre-eminence. It was now his duty to show that the English nation was the wisest, the happiest, and the best.

The only mode of estimating the rank of England in science and literature, was to enumerate the men she had produced. Whatever claims the Parisians (for Paris was France) might have to distinction in the annals of modern science, they would not dispute that Bacon was the first theoretical teacher, and Newton the greatest practical discoverer of sound philosophy. Nor could England be said to be inferior to any in the science of the day, namely chemistry; when Priestley and Cavendish made discoveries contemporary with those of Lavo-

sier, and Davy had pushed his researches to a distance, which none of his rivals or fellow labourers had reached.

"If we turn from physical science," he continued, "and look to history, which, joining the investigation of fact, with the exercise of moral judgement, and the use of a cultivated style, seems to form the link between the exact sciences and polite literature, we shall find that Hume is the most profound, and Gibbon the most learned of modern historians. I will not compare them with De Thou or Rapin; D'Anquetille or Lacretelle; but I will assert, without hesitation, that they have far surpassed Davila, Guicciardini, Mariana, and Schiller.

"In the region of poetry we fear no comparison with France; in fact, except the Tragedies of Racine, two or three of Voltaire, and some passages of Corneille, France has no poetry of the higher class; but not even in those, have they any thing so sublime as the conceptions of Milton? or any character so true, or an invention so various as that of Shakespeare. Every man can with us speak, think, and write as he pleases; no previous censorship of the press prevents the general communication of facts and of ideas; truth is not squeezed under the hat of a Cardinal, or screwed by the vice of an officer of police, but carried into the broad day-light, and appreciated by the general judgement of enlightened men.

Nor have we stained the cause of liberty by innumerable murders and prescriptions; our revolution was fruitful in great qualities and great virtues; it produced but few crimes.

Perhaps of all the advantages our constitution has presented to us, none is more considerable than the freedom of industry. The consequence is a

perfection in the arts of life a solidity and completeness of happy comforts unequalled in any other part of the world.

"Nor have the English been less remarkable in foreign war; during the late war they gained by sea the battles of Camperdown, St. Vincent, Alboukir, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar."—"Oh, but then" said the Frenchman, "your nation are islanders, and cannot cope with us on the land." Talavera, Barrosa, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo are the answers to this objection."

When all the parties had been heard, I said, with the gravest face, and the most solemn tone I could put on, that I would read over my notes, and give my judgement another day. I did not say, however, that I would give the case another hearing, as they do in the English Chancery Court, although it might have been done, in this case, without putting the parties to an hundred pounds expence each.

#### REVIEW.

*Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from St. Helena. The opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his Life and Government, in his own words.*—By BARRY E. O'MEARA, Esq. his late Surgeon. 2 Vols.—Continued.

Wahavano doubt that the following testimony to the merits of our gallant countryman, Sir John Moore, whose military talents it has for sometime been the fashion to undervalue, if we are correctly informed, even among some of those who misled him by false intelligence, will be duly appreciated by the numerous admirers and

friends of that most perfect model of a soldier.

He then spoke of some English officers. "Moore," said he, "was a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent. He made a few mistakes, which were probably inseparable from the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and caused perhaps by his information having misled him." This eulogium he repeated more than once; and observed, that he had commanded the reserve in Egypt, where he had behaved very well, and displayed talent. I remarked, that Moore was always in front of the battle, and was generally unfortunate enough to be wounded. "Ah!" said he, "it is necessary sometimes. He died gloriously—he died like a soldier. Menou was a man of courage, but no soldier. You ought not to have taken Egypt. If Kleber had lived, you would never have conquered it. An army without artillery or cavalry. The Turks signified nothing. Kleber was an irreparable loss to France and to me. He was a man of the brightest talents and the greatest bravery. I have composed the history of my own campaigns in Egypt, and of yours, while I was at the Briars.—But I want the Moniteurs for the dates.

A report having been industriously circulated, that Napoleon hated the appearance of a British soldier, because it reminded him of the loss of Waterloo, he sent for Captain Poppleton, the officer on duty at Longwood, and thus addressed him:—

"Well, *M. le capitaine*," said he, "I believe you are the senior captain of the 53d?" "I am." "I have an esteem for the officers and men of the 53d. They are brave men, and do their duty. I have been informed, that it is said in camp, that I do not wish to see the officers.—Will you be so good as to tell them, that whoever asserted this told a falsehood.—I never said or thought so; I shall be always happy to see them. I have been told also, that they have been prohibited by the governor from visiting me." Captain Poppleton replied, that he believed the information which he had received was groundless, and that the officers of the 53d were acquainted with the good opinion which he had previously expressed of them, which was highly flattering to their feel-

ings. That they had the greatest respect for him. Napoleon smiled and replied, "I love a brave soldier, whatever nation he may belong to."

Our next quotation must speak for itself.

"Truly," said he, "it requires great resolution and strength of mind to support such an existence as mine in this horrible abode. Daily he imagines modes of annoying, insulting, and making me undergo fresh privations. He wants to shorten my life by daily irritations. By his last restrictions, I am not permitted to speak to any one whom I may meet. To people under sentence of death this is not denied. A man may be ironed, confined in a cell, and kept on bread and water, but the liberty of speaking is not denied to him. It is a piece of tyranny unheard of, except in the instance of the man with the iron mask. In the tribunals of the Inquisition, a man is heard in his own defence; but I have been condemned unheard, and without trial, in violation of all laws divine and human; detained as a prisoner of war in a time of peace; separated from my wife and child; violently transported here, where arbitrary and hitherto-unknown restrictions are imposed upon me, extending even to the privation of speech. I am sorry," continued he, "that none of the ministers, except Lord Bathurst, would give their consent to this last act of tyranny. His great desire of secrecy shows that he is afraid of his conduct being made known, even to the ministers themselves. Instead of all this mystery and espionage, they would do better to treat me in such a manner as not to be afraid of any disclosures being made. You recollect what I said to you, when this governor told me, in presence of the admiral, that he would send any complaints we had to make to England, and get them published in the journals. You see now that he is in fear and trembling lest Montholon's letter should find its way to England, or be known to the inhabitants here. They profess in England to furnish all my wants, and in fact they send out many things: this man then comes out, reduces every thing, obliges me to sell my plate, in order to purchase these necessaries of life which he either denies altogether, or supplies in quantities as small as to be inefficient; imposes daily new and arbitrary restrictions; insults me and my followers; con-

cludes with attempting to deny me the faculty of speech; and then has the impudence to write, that he has changed nothing. He says, that if strangers come to visit me, they cannot speak to any of my suit, and wishes that they may be presented by him. If my son came to the island, and it were required that he should be greeted by him, I would not see him. You know," continued he, "that it was more a trouble than a pleasure for me to receive many of the strangers who arrived; some of whom merely came to gaze at me, as they would at a curious beast; but still it was consoling to have the right to see them if I pleased."

We give next, a sketch of character:—

I asked him, whom he thought had been the best minister of police, Savary, or Fouché? adding, that both of them had a bad reputation in England. "Savary," said he, "is not a bad man; on the contrary, Savary is a man of a good heart, and a brave soldier. You have seen him weep. He loves me with the affection of a son. The English, who have been in France, will soon undeceive your nation. Fouché is a miscreant of all colours—a deist, a terrorist, and one who took an active part in many bloody scenes in the revolution. He is a man who can worm all your secrets out of you with an air of calm and of unconcern. He is very rich," added he, "but his riches were badly acquired. There was a tax upon gambling houses in Paris, but, as it was an infamous way of gaining money, I did not like to profit by it, and therefore ordered that the amount of the tax should be appropriated to an hospital for the poor. It amounted to some millions; but Fouché, who had the collection of the impost, put many of them into his own pockets, and it was impossible for me to discover the real yearly sum-total."

The following is his account of the affair of the infernal machine:—

I asked some questions about the infernal machine transaction. Napoleon replied in the following manner: "It was about Christmas time, and great festivities were going on. I was much pressed to go to the opera. I had been greatly occupied with business all the day, and in the evening found myself sleepy and tired. I threw myself on a sofa in my wife's palace;

and fell asleep. Josephine came down some time after, awoke me, and insisted that I should go to the theatre. She was an excellent woman, and wished me to do every thing to ingratiate myself with the people. You know, that when women take a thing into their heads, they will go through with it, and you must gratify them. Well, I got up, much against my inclination, and went in my carriage, accompanied by Lasca and Bessieres. I was so drowsy that I fell asleep in the coach. I was asleep when the explosion took place, and I recollect, when I awoke, experiencing a sensation as if the vehicle had been raised up, and was passing through a great body of water. The contrivers of this was a man named St. Regent, Imolan, a religious man, who has since gone to America, and turned priest, and some others. They got a cart and a barrel, resembling that with which water is supplied through the streets of Paris, with this exception, that the barrel was put cross-ways. This he had filled with gunpowder, and placed it and himself nearly in the turning of the street through which I was to pass.—What saved me was, that my wife's carriage was the same in appearance as mine, and there was a guard of fifteen men to each. Imolan did not know which I was in, and indeed was not certain that I should be in either of them. In order to ascertain this, he stepped forward to look into the carriage, and assured himself of my presence. One of my guards, a great, tall, strong fellow, impatient and angry, at seeing a man stopping up the way, and staring into the carriage, rode up, and gave him a kick with his great boot, crying, 'Get out of the way, *pekis*,' which knocked him down. Before he could get up, the carriage had passed a little on. Imolan being confused I suppose by his fall, and by his intentions, not perceiving that the carriage had passed, ran to the cart, and exploded his machine between the two carriages. It killed the horse of one of my guards, and wounded the rider, knocked down several houses, and killed and wounded about forty or fifty *badoues*, who were going to see me pass. The police collected together all the remnants of the cart and the machine, and invited all the *bourgeois* in Paris to come and look at them. The pieces were recognized by several. One said, I made this, another that, and all agreed that they had sold them to two men, who, by their accent were *Bas Bretons*, but nothing more could

be ascertained. Shortly after, the *huckney* coachmen, and others of that description, gave a great dinner in the *Champs Elysees* to Cesar, my coachman, thinking that he had saved my life by his skill and activity at the moment of the explosion; which was not the case, for he was drunk at the time. It was the guardsman who saved it, by knocking the fellow down. Possibly, my coachman may have assisted, by driving furiously round the corner, as he was drunk, and not afraid of any thing. He was so far gone, that he thought the report of the explosion was that of a salute fired in honour of my visit to the theatre. At this dinner, they all took their bottle freely, and drank to Cesar's health.—One of them, when he was drunk, said, 'Cesar, I know the men who tried to blow the first consul up the other day. In such a street, and such a house, (naming them) I saw on that day a cart like a water-cart coming out of a passage, which attracted my attention, as I never had seen one there before. I observed the men and the horse, and should know them again.'—The minister of police was sent for; he was interrogated, and brought them to the house which he had mentioned, where they found the measure with which the conspirators had put the powder into the barrel, with some of the powder still adhering to it. A little also was found scattered about. The master of the house, on being questioned, said, that there had been people there for some time, whom he took to be smugglers; that on the day in question they had gone out with the cart, which he supposed to contain a loading of smuggled goods. He added, that they were *Bas Bretons*, and that one of them had the appearance of being master over the other two. Having now a description of their persons, every search was made for them; and St. Regent and Carbon were taken, tried, and executed. It was a singular circumstance, that an inspector of police had noticed the cart standing at the corner of the street for a long time, and had ordered the person who was with it to drive it away; but he had made some excuse, and said that there was plenty of room, and the other seeing what he thought to be a water-cart, with a miserable horse not worth twenty francs, did not suspect any mischief."

## Poetry.

*Written in September, 1820.*

## A MOONLIGHT VIGIL.

---♦♦♦---

I gaz'd as I stood on the pale moon's height  
 Rais'd aloft in her tremulous glory;  
 I look'd till my eyes were bedimm'd with  
 her light,

And my fancy had dwelt on her story.

And aye, as the light of her beams  
 The heaven's blue zenith illumin'd more  
 clear,

The clouds sail'd along, while her bright'n-  
 ing beams

Pierc'd through as the light in a forest drear.

And ever anon her glory was crost  
 By clouds of a misty and sombre hue;  
 And the light of her splendour afar was  
 lost

In the untrod fields of ethereal blue.

But she shone through the gloom that at-  
 tended her train,  
 And scaled the high vault in her queenly  
 pride;

Till her strength burst forth on the fields  
 again

Like lava stream on the dark mountain  
 side.

And oh! how sweet thus to muse in her  
 beams,

When lightly careering the azure sky,  
 While she smiles in the breasts of the dim-  
 pling streams,

And woos their gentle murmuring by.

But mark: and the murky drapery veils  
 Her silvery glare from mortal eye;  
 And the moaning night-wind mournfully  
 wails,

While she sinks far off in the black'ning  
 sky.

I turn'd from the gloom that portentously  
 lowr'd,

And o'ershadow'd her far glimmering  
 light;

I sigh'd that the orb which so lately had  
 tower'd,

Was entomb'd in the blackness of night.

Ah! such said I then is too often the fate  
 Of the lights which our fond hope uprears;  
 And the fabric which rises in loftiest state,  
 Hath its cope-stone bedew'd with our tears.

N.

## IMPROMPTU.

TO A YOUNG POETESS WITH SOME FLOWERS.

---♦♦♦---

Accept dear maid, these flow'rets few,  
 Which friendship's hand hath call'd for you,  
 Nor give their boast of crimson'd dyes  
 To sun, or soil, or nursing skies;  
 But view them as by fancy dress'd,  
 And own her magic flow'rs the best;  
 Then in thy soft, thy melting lay,  
 Do them a gracious tribute pay;  
 And ne'er may meaner theme inspire  
 Thy breathing thoughts, thy words of fire.

N.

## NOTICES

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will always be happy to receive com-  
 munications from our esteemed correspond-  
 ent NEMO, as those he has already furnish-  
 ed are excellent; and we feel obliged for  
 his advice, and the interest he appears to  
 take in the Melange. The paucity of our  
 Poet's corner in the two last numbers, was  
 owing to particular circumstances.

Phocion's remarks are better fitted for a  
 Newspaper than the Melange. We wish  
 to keep free from politics.

Before we insert Jonathan Sharp's first  
 letter, we would like, as he promises us a  
 series, to see one or two more of them,  
 that we may be better able to judge of  
 their scope.

~~~~~

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## THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

No. 2.

### JULIA DE RONCEVALLES.

On a summer evening while walking in one of those beautiful vallies which abound in the mountains of Switzerland, I was attracted by a female figure sitting on the banks of the stream that runs through it. I did not observe her till she was close upon me; and perhaps I should have passed her without notice had my curiosity not been excited by the elegance of her dress and the extreme beauty of her countenance. She was gazing upon the stream with a fixed look of contemplative meditation, but on my approach she turned round and fixed her eyes upon me in curiosity and wonder. She seemed to be about the age of nineteen, and her countenance was beautiful in a high degree. On the first glance, however, it was easy to discover that she was the victim of mental delusion; and that, in the midst of lovely features, was planted an expression which they were never meant to wear. It was impossible to survey her without interest, for in the midst of an illusive thoughtlessness that was spread over her face

might be traced the marks of a deeply rooted sorrow. Her blue eye though wild and visionary was yet beautiful. Her complexion had an interesting paleness, and her hair, of a light flaxen colour, hung down her temples in artless ringlets, and shaded her cheeks, which to all appearance glowed once with the vermilion of health. Her dress and her mein bespoke her something above the vulgar. In her bosom she wore a miniature that was suspended round her neck, and her head was fantastically adorned with bell-heath and flowers. As she gazed upon me she drew the miniature from her bosom and kissed it while the tears fell from her eyes. 'Are you' said she 'Albert de Navarre who was once the pride of this valley?' No you are not Albert—he never looked on Julia de Roncevalles without speaking to her. Albert fought for Julia in this valley, and died for her. No he did not die. He has only gone to the wars and will return when they are over. Stranger, if you see Albert tell him to make haste, for the bridal feast waits his coming.' As she pronounced these words she kissed the little picture, returned it to her bosom and sat down again on the bank. I was struck with the affecting simplicity of these actions which conveyed a pathos of feeling



infinitely more profound than I ever witnessed before. Hurrying on therefore to the little inn of the glen where I lodged, I learnt the following particulars of this ill-fated beauty.

Her father was one of the first persons in the canton of Berne, and before the breaking out of the French irruption had been one of the richest. But being among those who abetted the patriots of La Vendee he became an object of destruction to the hirelings of Bonaparte; and so effectual were their efforts, that, from possessing an opulent fortune, he was reduced to great narrowness of circumstances.—His estate was siezed and confiscated, and he himself thrown destitute upon the world. In any situation this would have been a great calamity, but it was peculiarly so in his, as it involved not only himself but his wife and beautiful daughter in distress.—Often was he obliged to beg a night's shelter in the cottages of the peasantry; and had it not been for their hospitality the once opulent and liberal Roncevalles might have perished from want. These distresses he would have borne with fortitude had he alone been the sufferer; but the thoughts of those who shared his grief, rung his soul with agony, and plunged him into unfathomable despair. The tender frame of his wife sunk at length under these misfortunes and she died. Roncevalles had now only his daughter to claim his affection. Julia was the pride of her father and of the wide valley where she lived. While a child she was remarked for her extreme beauty; and riper years but confirmed her claim to the title of the flower of Berne, by which she was universally known.—Every month of her existence added fresh charms to her person, and rendered her more and more an object of admiration. As the child insensibly blended into the woman, her beauty

increased, and in her sixteenth year shone forth in full maturity. Nor was her mind inferior to her person.—With all the polish and dignity of rank—with all the unpresuming demeanour of the humblest life, she possessed a *neircte*, an intelligence, and an irresistible winningness of manners which stamped her far above the ordinary level of her sex. Thus blessed more than others with the most desirable qualities Julia lived happy—the only child of her parents. The world and all its concerns were to her as an ideal creation. She held no converse save with the few friends whom fortune placed around her. Nor had she any wish to widen the circle of her acquaintanceship. The pomp of cities and the glare of courts never met her eyes. They were accustomed to nobler objects: to the streams of her native rocks, and the surrounding Alps whose clear summits were dipped in the blue ether of heaven.

Among the youthful friends of Julia was Albert de Nevaire, the son of a gallant officer who was slain while fighting in the forces of the republic. The latter had been the friend of Roncevalles, and in remembrance of their friendship, he took his son into his family and adopted him as his own.—Albert proved every way worthy the regard of his foster father, and turned out a fine, stately, gallant youth. As he lived under the same roof, he became the constant companion of Julia. He was three years older—they grew up like brother and sister and were educated together. Julia would wreath garlands of flowers and place them upon the head of Albert. The latter too might often be seen climbing up the most dangerous precipices in search of falcon's eggs for his young mistress, while she, unconscious of his danger, was laughing and amusing herself far below.

In this manner the children were brought up, and years of mirth and happiness passed over their heads.— During these early periods when all is guilelessness and sincerity, they loved each other with the fondness of children, but this early intimacy was the foundation of a more deeply rooted feeling in the bosoms of both. Year after year flew by and saw them advancing in beauty and maturity. Their hearts expanded with higher feelings. Their eyes mutually met with new delight. Yet neither knew they were in love. The passion stole upon them so insensibly that they were ignorant of its approach, and before they suspected its vicinity, it had planted in each bosom its fascinating sorcery.— There were times however, in which had their years permitted, they might have detected the existence of a secret affection. The absence of one for a single day rendered the other unhappy. Nothing could so effectually damp the ardent mind of Albert as when Julia was removed for a few days on a visit with her mother. He would lose his buoyant lightness of spirit—would sit disconsolately by the banks of a stream and wander in cheerless silence into the deep recesses of the neighbouring rocks. Or if he were absent with Roncevalles in the hunt of the chamois, Julia would droop in silence and anxiety till his return, and would strive to beguile the heavy hours by weaving a flowery garland for his head. But if their parting was sorrowful their meeting was full of joy. The beautiful young fairy would rush into the arms of Albert with the fondness of a woman when she has not learnt to conceal her affections.

Roncevalles and his lady saw this but they regarded it not. 'Twas but the fondness of children which would be obliterated by riper years—when Albert was a man and panted after

more ambitious scenes than his retired home, and when Julia was a woman and was taught to look to wealthier lovers than Albert. But in this Roncevalles erred. As they grew up the latent spark which unknown to themselves had lain within each heart, burst forth. As reason began to displace imagination, and youth to succeed the reign of childhood, they suspected its existence. So soon as this became known they were changed to each other. Not that their first fondness abated but that it altered its character, became more rarefied—more intellectual—more refined. The undigested display of early fondness which was exhibited in the embraces of childhood became less and less. Julia no longer made the garland she was wont for Albert; nor did he now climb the precipice in search of curiosities for Julia; when they parted even for days, it was with less appearance of uneasiness, and when they met again their joy was not so decided. They were less frequent in company together, and even then there was not that free development of the heart which was wont to characterise them. Julia would frequently detect Albert gazing silently upon her, and each detection was accompanied on both sides with a blush and a sigh. Their former frankness of demeanour wore away, and a natural distance, not unaccompanied with awe, took its place. These changes came upon both so insensibly that they scarcely remarked them. They were the changes of a love which had assumed a more elevated form, and wove a deeper destiny around its votaries. As the outward emblems of affection diminished the inward increased. Their souls became knit closer together, and every idea which was denied utterance recoiled back to the heart and spoke with double feeling there.

These changes were not unnoticed by Roncevalles, who now saw that the intimacy between Julia and Albert had been too long continued.—With the penetration of experience he saw to what account this change was to be laid. He resolved to check it at once, for however much he loved the youth he never intended that he should arrive to the hand of his daughter.

One morning therefore he led Albert out to the top of a neighbouring hill which commands a vast prospect on every side.—The wild summits of the mountains of Brunik appeared in the distance before the eye, rising in many places with huge splintered rocky peaks, and shining like sparry columns in the sky. In other quarters of the sky were vast rounded protuberances covered on all sides with the shining glaciers whose sheets descending over the valleys appeared like seas of ice. The summits of many of the loftier hills were completely covered with white fleecy clouds, which were perpetually hovering on the sides of the peaks, and investing with a downy ethereal veil whatever spot they fell upon. The bright rays of the morning sun fell keenly upon the mountains. The vapours in many places were illuminated by his light, and hung like golden veils on their sides. Though the plains all was silent, yet the distant rolling of thunder could be heard, like the voice of the mountain gods. The whole scene was so vivid, and breathed such an unspeakable charm over the soul, that it seemed to be the land of spirits—too pure, heavenly, and intellectual to hold communion with mortals.

‘Albert,’ says Roncevalles, laying his hand on the shoulder of the youth and pointing to a ridge of mountains which hung like clouds on the brink of the horizon, ‘Albert do you behold

those hills whose distance almost mocks our sight. They are the boundaries of another nation? Within them lies our beloved Switzerland. On the other side lies the Kingdom of Italy. Have you never wished to go beyond these mountains—to see other nations—understand foreign customs, and make yourself a man? or do you desire to dwell for ever a hermit in this region of rocks and see no other sight but the ridges of Brunik and St. Gothard?’ ‘I wish,’ said Albert, ‘to view the countries beyond these mountains. I wish to visit that Italy I have heard so much about, and oh how my heart beats to join my countrymen in the Austrian army.’—‘Your wish shall be gratified,’ said Roncevalles, presenting him with a commission in the Swiss division of the Imperial forces. Albert accepted it with astonishment—he could scarce believe in its reality. It was nevertheless real, and his acceptance made him a soldier.

The bustle of preparation though it blunted, could not deaden his feelings. Though he felt himself exalted as it were in the scale of manhood, and though his heart beat high at the prospect of a military life, yet he could not banish from his mind the idea of Julia de Roncevalles.—In his sleeping and waking hours she was ever present the angel of his thoughts. Her loveliness appeared to his imagination even more lovely. In proportion as the prospect of losing her increased, he invested her with new graces and charms. On the day of his departure, he conversed with her privately for a short time. In despite of the awe which he had long felt, he seized upon this, the only opportunity he had, of revealing his heart. He avowed his love, she wept and acknowledged her's. The days of childhood started in retrospective review before their eyes. Albert pressed her

to his bosom. She sobbed and wept in his arms. The ecstasy of love was complete, and so was the bitterness of grief which bewailed their separation. Albert gave to Julia his miniature, and she in return bestowed on him a ringlet of her hair. Having given and received these tokens, Julia retired to her apartment, and Albert with a heavy heart bade adieu to the hospitable house of Roncevalles.

It was exactly three years after his departure that Roncevalles was stripped of his possessions. The French dynasty in that deplorable time extending to Switzerland carried its usual ruin along with it. The opulent lord of leagues of territory after many hardships was reduced to take up his habitation in a lowly cottage, and here with Julia, he passed a precarious and humble life. His daughter as usual, was the ornament of her station, and shewed herself equally calculated to shine in palace or in cottage. Though deprived of her former splendour, nothing could deprive her of her elegance. Instead of sinking under misfortune, she only seemed to rise above it, by comforting her father. While the old man was wrapt in sorrowful meditation she would snatch up her lute, and accompanying it with her voice, pour forth the most blythesome airs. Though her heart was breaking at the misfortunes of her parent, she constantly wore the aspect of cheerfulness. These arts of Julia revived her father's spirits. They made him endure misfortunes gone by, but they could not hide the prospect of those which might follow. He trembled for his daughter; for among the lawless banditti by which he was surrounded, what security had he that so much beauty and innocence could escape?—what pledge that there was any sanctuary so sacred they might not defile—that there was any cruelty however enormous that they

would not perpetrate? He saw before him murder and lust daily committed on the innocent. Every day some new tale of Gallic brutality rung on his ears—every repetition of these enormities made him tremble the more for his beloved daughter. On this account he felt a relief when Captain Jarnot, a respectable French officer, who had repeatedly seen his daughter offered to take her in marriage. The proposal which before he would have turned from in disdain, was, in his present situation too precious to be neglected. That opportunity of saving Julia gone, she might be undone for ever. Need it be told what were her thoughts on receiving this proposal: what the contest between love, fear, and duty, which agitated her bosom. Would Jarnot brook refusal from one in her defenceless condition. If she dared even to hesitate, what power could prevent him from seizing her and using her as hundreds had been used. If she wed him her lot she knew would be unhappiness—if she refused him it would be dishonour.—In the midst of these conflicting thoughts, the image of Albert perpetually haunted her mind. She wept bitterly on account of him—she gazed with fondness on his picture which hung round her neck. He was so beautiful, so kind, so faithful—the companion of her early years—could she leave him? no it was impossible. But then what could she do?—she could never be his.—He was a rebel Swiss who had fought against the French, and to appear among them was destruction. She tried to drive away his memory from her breast, but it was in vain. His image glided perpetually before her, and would not be denied.

The night before her marriage was to be consummated she was sitting alone in the cottage. Her father was at the

French quarters making arrangements with his future son-in-law. As her mind brooded painfully on the destruction of all her hopes, and on the new lot that awaited her, she heard a footstep approach the door. The door opened gently, and a tall military man entered. She shrieked at his appearance, and sunk upon the floor. It was Albert whose hard lot and absence she was bewailing, and who through innumerable dangers had found his way in disguise to the cottage of his mistress. Though only four years had elapsed since she saw him last, he was much altered. The sprightly youth was changed to the vigorous man. His sun-burnt countenance was marked with deep sorrow, which contributed to make him appear older than he really was. He was simply dressed in a slouched hat and feather, a military cloak and sword.—He raised Julia from the ground and embraced her tenderly. He saw that her beautiful features were shaded with unutterable sorrow, but in the midst of every distress he found her true to him. He had heard of the misfortunes of Roncevalles, and came to remove her to some place of safety in the Imperial dominions. He urged her to fly with him out of her distracted country. There was no time for reflection. The first thought rung Julia's heart, as she reflected on the misery of her solitary parent when she was away. But the calls of love overcame those of duty, and the hopes of escaping from perpetual misery with a husband, not of choice but of necessity, prevailed over every prudential consideration. Packing up a few articles for her journey, and breathing from her heart a blessing on her father she supported herself on the arm of Albert and left the cottage.

He had provided horses for their escape. In silence and by the light

of the moon they pursued their way through a deep valley, girded on each side by lofty mountains and having a stream of water running through it. They held their course by the windings of the stream: sometimes they were lost among the trees which in many places were growing by its banks. At other times they held their way on the narrow footpath between the water and savage rocks which rose up hideously almost from the borders of the stream. The moon shone brightly along the whole vista of the glen, and the gigantic shadows of the rocks were reflected darkly upon one another. The huge trunks of trees covered with ivy, might be seen projecting from the precipices in every quarter. As the two travellers wound along, a solitary bird, scared by their presence, would fly off from some bush on which it had perched, while the hoarse dismal screeching of the owl was heard at intervals above their heads. The whole scene was so solemn, so sublime, so full of deep toned feeling, that Albert and Julia paced it in silence, and held their way by a sort of mysterious and instinctive sympathy. But a hollow voice which burst upon them from the solitude shewed that it contained other beings besides themselves. In the French language they were commanded to halt. Looking to the spot from whence the voice proceeded, they could see the glittering of swords and muskets, which shewed that a French picquet had been placed even there. 'Heavens,' cried Julia, 'we are discovered, that is the voice of Jernot; fly Albert and save yourself, I cannot be worse than I was before.' 'I can die,' replied Albert, 'but I cannot leave you in extremity. Let us make for yonder thicket, we may escape them yet.' So saying he laid hold of Julia's horse by the rein, and gave the spur to his own. This ac-

tion was followed by a volley of musketry from the epicure which resounded through the solitude, and was re-echoed from a thousand caverns. Almost at the same moment a party of French soldiers rushed to the spot. 'Spies,' 'traitors,' 'rebels,' were in the mouth of each. They found both lovers lying on the ground—Albert was mortally wounded, and Julia in a deep swoon. Jernot came up to witness the scene. He was struck with surprise when he found that one of the midnight wanderers was his betrothed bride. She was conveyed home to her father's cottage, but her reason had fled, and a tide of new ideas occupied her once placid mind.

Moncevalles is still alive. The legitimate government of Switzerland is restored, and he has resumed his former possessions. But what are wealth and honour when all within is sorrowful. Julia resides with him, but the world is to her a blank, and a sealed sphere with which she has no relationship. She lives in a world of fancy, where wild ideas supply the place of reality. Her greatest delight is to linger in the glen where Albert died—to talk about him—to weep when a transient ray of reason exhibits him dead, and to smile when in her imagination he is alive and happy.—Often in the moonlight she may be seen like a fairy form glancing down the valley, and singing wild love songs to herself. This is all that is left of the once-admired, and still lovely 'Flower of Berna.'

#### PARIS—ITS PUBLIC BUILDINGS

With whatever sentiments a stranger may enter Paris, his feelings must be the same with regard to the monuments of ancient magnificence, or of

modern taste, which it contains. All that the vanity or patriotism of a long series of Sovereigns could effect for the embellishment of the capital in which they resided are there presented to the eye of the stranger with a confusion which obliterates every former prejudice, and stifles the feelings of national emulation in exultation of the greatness of human genius.

The ordinary buildings of Paris, as every traveller has observed, and as all the world knows, are in general mean and uncomfortable. The height and gloomy aspect of the houses; the darkness of the streets, and the want of pavement for foot passengers, convey an idea of antiquity, which agrees with what the imagination had anticipated of the modern capital of the French empire. This circumstance renders the admiration of the spectacle greater when he first comes in sight of its public edifices; when he is conducted to the Place Louis Quinze or the Pont Neuf, from whence he has a general view of the principal buildings of this celebrated capital. With the single exception of the view of London from the terrace of the Adelphi, there is no point in our own country where the effect of architectural design is so great as in the situations which have now been mentioned. The view from the former of these, combines many of the most striking objects which Paris has to present. To the east, the long front of the Thuilleries rises over the dark mass of foliage which covers its gardens; to the south, the principal aspect of the town is broken by the varied objects which the river presents, and the fine perspective of the bridge of Peas, terminating in the middle front of the palace of the Legislative Body; to the west, the long avenue of the Elysian Fields are closed by the pillars of a triumphal arch which Napoleon had commenced; while to the



north, the beautiful façade of the Place itself leaves the spectator only room to discover at a greater distance the foundation of the Temple of Glory, which he had commenced, and in the execution of which he was interrupted by those ambitious enterprises to which his subsequent downfall was owing.—To a painter's eye, the effect of the whole scene is increased by the rich and varied fore-ground which everywhere presents itself, composed of the shrubs with which the skirts of the square are adorned, and the lofty poplars which rise amidst the splendour of architectural beauty: while recent events give a greater interest to the spot from which this beauty is surveyed, by the remembrance, that it was here that Louis XVI. fell a martyr to the revolutionary principles, and that it was here that the Emperor Alexander and the other Princes of Europe took their station when their armies passed in triumph through the walls of Paris.

The view from the Pont Neuf, though not striking upon the whole, embraces objects of greater individual beauty. The gay and animated quays of the city covered with foot-passengers, and, with all the varied exhibitions of industrious occupation which, from the warmth of the climate, are carried on in the open air;—the long and splendid front of the Louvre, and the Thuilleries;—the bold projections of the Palais du Arts, of the Hotel de la Monnaie, and the other public buildings on the opposite side of the river;—the beautiful perspective of the bridges, adorned by the magnificent colonnade which fronts the Palace of the Legislative Body;—and the lofty picturesque buildings of the centre of Paris surrounding the more elevated towers of Notre Dame, form a scene, which, though less perfect, is more striking, and more characteristic than

the scene from the centre of the Place Lewis Quinze, which has been just described. It conveys at once a general idea of the French capital; of that mixture of poverty and splendour by which it is so remarkably distinguished; of that grandeur of national power, and that degradation of individual importance which marked the ancient dynasty of the French nation. It marks too, in a historical view, the changes of public feeling which the people of this country have undergone, from the distant period when the towers of Notre Dame rose amidst the austerity of Gothic taste, and were loaded with the riches of Catholic superstition, to that boasted æra, when the loyalty of the French people exhausted the wealth and the genius of the country, to decorate with classic taste the residence of their Sovereigns; and lastly, to those latter days, when the names of religion and of loyalty have alike been forgotten; when the national exultation reposed only on the trophies of military greatness, and the iron yoke of imperial power was forgotten in the monuments which record the deeds of imperial glory.

To the general observation on the inferiority of the common buildings in Paris there are some remarkable exceptions. The Boulevards, which are the remains of the ancient ramparts which surrounded the city at a former period, are, in general, beautiful, both from the circular form in which they are built, which prevents the view from being ever too extensive for the objects which it contains, and presents them in the most picturesque aspect; from the breadth which they every where preserve, and which affords room for the spectator to observe the magnificence of the detached palaces with which they abound; and from the rows of trees with which they are shaded, and which combine singularly

well with the irregular character of the building which they generally present.

In the skirts of the town, and more especially in the Faubourg St. Germain, the beauty of the streets is greatly increased by the detached hotels or villas, surrounded by gardens, which are everywhere to be met with, in which the lilac, the laburnum, the Bois de Judée, and the acacia, grow in the most luxuriant manner, and on the green foliage of which, the eye reposes with singular delight, amidst the bright and dazzling whiteness of the stone with which they are surrounded.

The Hotel des Invalides, the Chelsea Hospital of France, is one of the objects on which the Parisians principally pride themselves, and to which a stranger is conducted immediately after his arrival in that capital. The institution itself appears to be well conducted, and to give general satisfaction to the wounded men, who have there found an asylum from the miseries of war. We were informed that these men live in habits of perfect harmony among each other; a state of things widely different from that of our veterans in Greenwich Hospital, and which is probably chiefly owing to the cheerfulness and equanimity of temper which form the best feature in the French character. There is something in the style of the architecture of this building, which accords well with the object to which it is devoted. The front is distinguished by a simple manly portico, and a dome of the finest proportion rises above its centre, which is visible from all parts of the city. This dome was gilded by order of Bonaparte: and however much a fastidious taste may regret the addition, it certainly gave an air of splendour to the whole, which was in perfect unison with the feelings of exultation which the sight of this monument of military glory was then fitted to awaken

among the French people. The interior of this edifice was formerly surrounded by cannon captured by the armies of France at different periods: and ten thousand standards, the trophies of victory during the wars of two centuries, waved under its splendid dome.

If the character of the architecture of the Hotel des Invalides accords well with the object to which that building is destined: the character of the Louvre is not less in unison with the spirit of the fine arts, to which it is consecrated. It is impossible for language to convey any adequate idea of the impression which this exquisite building awakens in the mind of a stranger. The beautiful proportions, and the fine symmetry of the great façade, give an air of simplicity to the distant view of this edifice, which is not diminished, on nearer approach, by the unrivalled beauty of its ornaments and detail; but when you cross the threshold of the portico, and pass under its noble archway into the inner-court, all considerations are absorbed in the throb of admiration, which is excited by the sudden display of all that is lovely and harmonious in Grecian architecture. You find yourself in the midst of the noblest and yet chastest display of architectural beauty, where every ornament possesses the character by which the whole is distinguished, and where the whole possesses the grace and elegance which every ornament presents:—You find yourself on the spot, where all the monuments of ancient art are deposited—where the greatest exertions of mortal genius are preserved—and where a palace has at last been raised worthy of being the depository of the collected genius of the human race.—It bears a higher character than that of being the residence of imperial power; it seems destined to loftier purposes than



to be the abode of earthly greatness; and the only forms by which its halls would not be degraded, are those models of ideal perfection which the genius of ancient Greece created to exalt the character of a heathen world.

Placed in a more elevated spot, and destined to a still higher object, the Pantheon bears in its front the traces of the noble purpose for which it was intended.—It was intended to be the cemetery of all the great men who had deserved well of their country. The character of its architecture is well adapted to the impression it is intended to convey, and suits the simplicity of the inscription which its portico presents. Its situation has been selected with singular taste, to aid the effect which was thus intended. It is placed at the top of an eminence, which shelves in a declivity on every side; and the immediate approach is by an immense flight of steps, which form the base of the building, and increase the effect which its magnitude produces. Over the entrance is placed a portico of lofty pillars, finely proportioned, supporting a magnificent entablature of the simplest order: and the whole terminates in a dome of vast dimensions, forming the highest object in the whole city. The impression which every one must feel in crossing its threshold, is that of religious awe; the individual is lost in the greatness of the objects with which he is surrounded, and he dreads to enter what seems the abode of a greater Power, and to have been framed for the purposes of more elevated worship. The Louvre might have been fitted for the gay scenes of ancient sacrifice; it suits the brilliant conceptions of heathen mythology; and seems the fit abode of those ideal forms, in which the imagination of ancient times embodied their conceptions of divine perfection; but the Pantheon is adapted

for a holier worship, and accords with the character of a purer belief; and the vastness and solitude of its untrodden chambers, awaken those feelings of human weakness, and that sentiment of human immortality which befit the temple of a spiritual faith.

We were involuntarily led, by the sight of this great monument of sacred architecture in the Grecian style, to compare it with the Gothic churches which we had seen, and in particular, with the Cathedral of Beauvais, the interior of which is finished with greater delicacy, and in finer proportions, than any other edifice of a similar kind in France. The impression which the inimitable choir of Beauvais produced, was widely different from that which we felt on entering the lofty dome of the Pantheon at Paris. The light pinnacles, the fretted roof, the aspiring form of the Gothic edifice, seemed to have been framed by the hands of aerial beings; and produced even from a distance, that impression of grace and airiness which it was the peculiar object of this species of Gothic architecture to excite. On passing the high archway which covers the western door, and entering the immense aisles of the Cathedral, the sanctity of the place produces a deeper impression, and the grandeur of the forms awakens profounder feelings. The light of day is excluded, the rays of the sun come mellowed through the splendid colours with which the windows are stained, and cast a religious light over the marble pavement which covers the floor; while the eye reposes on the harmonious forms of the lancet windows, or is bewildered in the profusion of ornament with which the roof is adorned, or is lost in the deep perspective of its aisles. The impression which the whole produces, is that of religious emotion, singularly suited to the genius of Christianity; it is seen in that

obscure light which fits the solemnity of religious duty, and awakens those feelings of intense delight, which prepare the mind for the high strain of religious praise. But it is not the deep feeling of humility and weakness which is produced by the dark chambers and massy pillars of the Pantheon at Paris; it is not in the mausoleum of the dead that you seem to wander, nor on the thoughts of the great that have gone before you, that the mind revolves; it is in the scene of thanksgiving that your admiration is fixed; it is with the emblems of Hope that your devotion is awakened, and with the enthusiasm of gratitude that the mind is filled. Beneath the gloomy roof of the Grecian Temple, the spirit is concentrated within itself; it seeks the repose which solitude affords, and meditates on the fate of the immortal soul; but it loves to follow the multitude into the Gothic Cathedral, to join in the song of grateful praise which peals through its lengthened aisles, and to share in the enthusiasm which belongs to the exercise of common devotion.

#### THE FATAL PRAYER.

The village of Gourcock, is situated on the shore of a fine bay, about two miles from the town of Greenock.—I was taken with the pleasantness of its situation, when one day viewing it at a little distance on the Greenock road, and sat myself down on the dyke by the road-side to enjoy the prospect at my leisure.

Presently an elderly man, of a grave aspect and a maritime appearance passing slowly along the road, came and sat down near the same place.—I guessed him to be one of the better class of fishermen, who had purchased, with the toil of his youth and his man-

hood, a little breathing time to look about him in the evening of his days, ere the coming of night. After the usual salutations, we fell into discourse together, and I found him to be a man who had looked well about him in his pilgrimage, and reasoned on things and feelings—not living as the brutes that perish. After a pause in the conversation, he remarked, to my thinking, in a disjointed manner, 'Is it not strange, Sir, the thoughts that sometimes come into the brain of man sleeping or waking—like a wind that blows across his bosom, coming he knows not whence, and going he knows not whither—leave behind them an impression and a feeling, and become the springs of human action, and mingle in the thread of human destiny?' 'Strange indeed,' said I, 'what you say, has more than once occurred to me; but being unable to reason satisfactorily on the subject, I set down altogether such ideas as having no better foundation than the fears and superstitions of the ignorant. But it seems to me that your remark, though of a general nature, must have been made in mental reference to some particular thing; and I would fain strive to know what it is.' 'You are right,' said he; 'I was thinking at the moment of something which has sat, for some days past like a mill-stone on my mind: and I will tell it to you with pleasure.' So I edged myself closer to him on the stones, that I might hear the better: and without more ado he began to discourse as follows.

'About six months ago a wedding took place in the village, and a more comely and better looked-on couple never came together. Mr. Douglas, though the son of a poor man, had been an officer in the army—an ensign I am thinking—and when his regiment was disbanded, he came to live here on his half-pay, and whatever little else he might have.

Jeanie Stuart at the time was staying with an uncle, one of our folk—her parents had been taken away from her; and made up as far as she could for her board, by going in the summer season to sew, in the families that come out from the holes and corners of the great towns to wash themselves in the sea. So gentle she was, and so calm in her deportment, and so fair to look on withal, that even these nobility of the loom and sugar hog'shead, thought it no dishonour to have her among them: and unknowingly, as it were, they treated her just as if she had been of the same human mould with themselves. Well, they soon got acquainted with Jeanie and Mr. Douglas—and grew kindly together; and the end of it was they were married. They lived in a house there, just beyond the point that you may see forms the opposite angle of the bay not far from a place called Kempock; and Mr. Douglas just employed himself like any of the rest of us, in fishing and daundering about, and mending his nets, and such like. Jeanie was the happy woman now, for she had aye a mind above the commonality; and, I am bold to say, thought her stay long enough among them would be gentry, where she sat many a wearisome day for no use, and would fain have retired from their foolishness unto the strength and greenness of her own soul. But now she had a companion and an equal, and indeed a superior: for Mr. Douglas had seen the world, and had read both books and men, and could wile away the time in discoursing of what he had seen and heard tell of in foreign lands, among strange people and unknown tongues. And Jeanie listened, and listened, and thought her husband the first of mankind. She elung to him as the honey-suckle clings to the tree; his pleasure was her pleasure—his sorrow was her sorrow—and his bare word was her law.

‘One day, about two weeks ago, she appeared dull and dispirited, and complained of a touch of the head-ach; on which Mr. Douglas advised her to go to bed and rest herself awhile, which she said she would do; and having some business in the village, he went out. On coming back, however in the forenoon, he found her just on the same spot, leaning her head on her hand; but she told him she was better, and that it was nothing at all.—He then began to get his nets ready, saying he was going out with some lads of the village, to the deep-sea fishing, and would be back the next day. She looked at him, but said nothing; she looked at him long and strangely, as if wondering at what he was doing, and understanding not any thing that was going on. But finally, when he came to kiss her and bid her good bye, she threw her arms round him, and when he would have gone, she held him fast, and her bosom heaved as if her heart would break—but still she said nothing. ‘What can be the matter with you, Jeanie?’ said Mr. Douglas. ‘Stay with me to-day,’ said she at last; ‘depart not this night, just this one night—it is not much to ask—to-morrow you may go where you will, and I will not be your hindrance a moment.’ But Mr. Douglas was vexed at such folly, and she could answer nothing to his questions, than that a thought had come into her head and she could not help it. So he was resolved to go, and he kissed her and threw his nets on his shoulder, and went away.—For some minutes after, Jeanie stood just on the same spot, looking at the door where he had gone out, and then began to tremble all over like the leaf of a tree; at length coming to herself with a start, she knelt down on both knees, and throwing back her hair over her forehead, turned her face up to—

wards heaven, and prayed with a loud voice to the Almighty, 'that she might have her husband in her arms that night.' For some moments she remained motionless and silent in the same attitude, till at length a sort of brightness, resembling a calm smile, passed over her countenance like a gleam of sunshine on the smooth sea, and bending her head low and reverently, she rose up. She then went as usual about her household affairs, and appeared not any thing discomposed, but as tranquil and happy as if nothing had happened. Now the weather was fine and calm in the morning, but towards the afternoon it came on to blow—and indeed the air had been so sultry all day, that the sea-farers might easily tell there would be a racket of the elements before long. As the wind, however, had been rather contrary, it was supposed that the boats could not have got far enough out to be in the mischief, but would put back when they saw the signs in the sky. But in the mean time the wind increased, till towards night it blew as hard a gale as we have seen in these parts for a long time; the ships out there, at the tail of the bank, were driven from their moorings, and two of them stranded on their beam ends on the other side; every stick and witch on the sea made for any port they could find; and as the night came on in darkness and thunder, it was a scene that might cow even the hearts as if it was their proper element, and been familiar with the voice of the tempest from their young days.—There was a sad lamenting and murmuring then, among the women folk, for they knew them that were kith or kin to the lads on the sea; and they went to one another's houses in the midst of the storm and the rain, and put in their pale faces through the

darkness, as if searching for hope and comfort, and drawing close to one another like a flock of frightened sheep in their fellowship of grief and fear.—But there was one who stirred not from her home, and who felt no terror at the shivering of the night-storm, and sought for no comfort in the countenance of man—and that was the wife of Mr. Douglas. She sometimes, indeed, listened to the howling of the sea that came by fits on her ear like the voice of the water kelpie, and starting, would lay down her work for a moment, but then she remembered the prayer she had prayed to Him who holds the reins of the tempest in his hands, and who says to the roaring waters, 'Be still,' and they are still—and the glorious balm she had felt to sink into her heart at that moment of high and holy communion even like the dew of heaven on a parched land. So her soul was comforted, and she said to herself, 'God is not a man that he can lie,' and she rested on his assurance as on a rock, and laughed to scorn the threatenings of her woman's bosom, for why? the anchor of her hope was in heaven, and what earthly storm was so mighty as to remove it! Then she got up and put the room in order, and placed her husband's shoes to air at the fire-side, and stirred up the fuel, and drew in the arm-chair for her weary and storm-beaten mariner. Then would she listen at the door, and look out into the night for his coming; but could hear no sound, save the voice of the waters, and the footstep of the Tempest as he rushed along the deep. She then went in again, and walked to and fro in the room with a restless step but an unblanched cheek. At last the hours came to her house, knowing that her husband was one of them that had gone out that day, and that

her that they were going to walk down towards the Clough, even in the mirk hour, to try if they could not hear some news of the boats. So she went with them, and we walked altogether along the road, some women and some men, it might be 20 or 30 of us; but it was remarked, that though she came not hurriedly nor in fear, yet she had not even thrown her cloak on her shoulders, to defend her from the night air, but came forth with her head uncovered, and in her usual raiment of white, like a bride to the altar.—And as we passed along, it must have been a strange sight to see so many pale faces by the red glare of the torches they carried; and to hear so many human wailings filling up the pauses of the storm; but at the head of our melancholy procession there was a halcyon heart and a firm step, and they were Jeanie's. Sometimes, indeed, she would look back, as some cry of womanish foreboding from behind would smite on her ear, and strange thoughts would crowd into her mind; and once she was heard to mutter—*if her prayer had but saved her husband to bind some other innocent victim to the mysterious altar of wrath!* and she stopped for a moment, as if in anguish at the wild imagination.—But now as we drew nearer the rocks where the digby house is built, sounds were heard distinctly on the shore, and we saw the torches in the air and a great shout, which was answered by human voices—for they were some of our own people, and our journey was at an end. A number of us then went on before, and groped our way among the rocks as well as we could for the darkness; but a woful tale met our ear; for one of the boats had been shattered to pieces while endeavouring to land there; and when we went down they were just dragging the body of a comrade, stiff and stark

from the sea. When the women behind heard it there was a terrible cry of dismay, for no one knew but it might be her own brother or son; and some who carried lights dropped them with fear, and others held them trembling to have the terrors of their heart confirmed. There was one, however, who stood calm and unmoved by the side of the dead body. She spoke some words of holy comfort to the women, and they were silent at her voice. She then stepped lightly forward and took a torch from the trembling hand that held it, and bent down with it beside the corpse. As the light fell one moment on her own fair face, it showed no signs of womanish feeling at the sight and touch of mortality; a bright and lovely bloom glowed on her cheek, and a heavenly lustre burned in her eye; and as she knelt then, her white garments and long dark hair floating far on the storm, there was that in her look which drew the gaze even of that terrified group from the object of their doubt and dread. The next moment the light fell on the face of the dead—the torch dropped from her hand, and she fell on the body of her husband. *Her prayer was granted.* She held her husband in her arms that night, and although no struggles of parting life were heard or seen, she died on his breast.

When the fisherman had concluded his story—and after some observations were made by us both, touching the mysterious warning, joined with a grateful acknowledgement that the stroke of death might be as often dealt in mercy as in wrath—we shook hands, and asking one another's names, as it might so fortune that we should meet more, in the course of our earthly pilgrimage, be within call of one another, the old man and I parted, going each his several way.

## REVIEW.

*The Scrinium* By REBECCA ED-  
RIDGE. 2 v l.

We subjoin a specimen of the manner in which the *Scrinium* is written, selected rather on account of their convenient length, than for any superiority it appears to have over the rest of the work:—

## THE ELOPEMENT.

Among the many imprudent things which young inexperienced females are sometimes induced to do, there is none so baneful in its consequences as an elopement, in as much as they influence the whole of the subsequent lives of those who thus deviate from the rules of decency and decorum.—Nothing can be more evident than that a man is aware of the impropriety of what he proposes; for it is obvious that he never would attempt to persuade a young lady to elope, unless he were convinced that either his own friends or hers would object to a marriage in the respectable and honourable manner in which such connexions ought to be formed; and the very first step of compliance to which a young lady yields, degrades her in the eyes of him for whom she thus lays aside duty, obedience, and discretion. In some instances I have known him the first to reproach her with the indecorous fault she has committed. In no instance have I ever known it productive of happiness: but in some instances it brings on calamities of such deep aggravation, that it becomes the instigator of crimes for which there is no atonement. In proof of what I say, I will recount an event which occurred in Radnorshire many years before I was born, nay, before my father and mother were born: but it

happened in a family with which we were all acquainted, and in which the direful misfortune was handed down from father to son, through all the generations which have passed away since that time; and it was told to me by one of the descendants.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Presteign had among other children a daughter whom the son of another Welch gentleman requested in marriage. There was every reason to justify her father in refusing his consent to the alliance: but the greatest objections were the licentious riot in which the young man wasted his days and the dissipated idleness which destroyed all hope of domestic happiness. He however continued his visits and attentions to the young lady, on whose affection, notwithstanding her father's remonstrances, he had a powerful sway. He was at length peremptorily forbidden the house: yet, though the girl was watched, she contrived to correspond with him, and they agreed that on a certain night he should come, attended by some of his friends, and carry her off.

When the time arrived, the youth with his assistants came according to appointment, determined that nothing should prevent the accomplishment of their scheme. The signal was given, and heard, not only by the young lady, but by the family. She came forth at the gate of her father's mansion whence it had been settled that she should escape, and the young man received her. They were immediately followed by the father and his eldest son, attended by several servants.—When there appeared to be no chance of bearing away his prize, he turned upon his pursuers, and saying, I am armed, and none shall make a rescue, fired. The victim of his rashness was her father. He fell and instantly expired. A dreadful shriek from his son

and the wild exclamation, 'O he has killed my father,' compelled them all to flee; and quitting the wretched cause of all his woes, whom he had taken in his arms the moment after he fired, the desperate young man left her alone to weep for ever over the ashes of a parent whom her folly had brought to an untimely grave. She was taken home by her brother.— Though the cause, not the perpetrator of the fatal act, it may well be supposed that remorse embittered all her days, and that she must ever have considered herself to be a parricide. To add to the anguish of her mind, and increase the piognancy of her sufferings, the hapless youth was pursued and overtaken; confined, tried, condemned, and executed; and according to the barbarous custom then in practice, hung in chains near the spot where he committed the rash deed.— He perished piecemeal, and his bones whitened in the blast; a hideous spectacle to all around, and chiefly to his mistress. To her aching and weeping eyes he was a perpetual remembrancer of despair and grief; and to her terrified ears the rattling chains sounded a perpetual knell.

### Poetry.

#### LINES.

#### TO A SCENE OF CHILDHOOD.

The infant eve hath cull'd her dews;  
The lowing herd sunk down on the lea;  
When freed from care I fly to muse,  
Lake of my heart! to muse on thee.  
Wide nature sinks to sweet repose.  
The leaf hangs still on the stirless tree;  
Lake of my heart! I fain would lose  
My earth-born cares to think of thee.

The stars their curtain'd haunts forsake,  
And the moon uprears her crescent high,  
And throws her light o'er the rippling lake,  
Like a beam of hope on the dying eye.

The white cloud rests upon the bill,  
And the mantle of night spreads dim  
around;

And save the lull of the mountain rill,  
Mine ear doth catch, nor voice, nor sound.

Sweet O lake! is thy calm repose,  
While the bright moon nestles in thy breast,  
And deep in thy bosom doth disclose,  
A sphere serene as the home of the blest.

Sweet O lake! is thy strand to me,  
And sweet are the hills that shadow thy  
breast:

Long years have roll'd, but still to thee,  
Sick memory turns for its hallow'd rest.

N.

### NOTICES

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Several Poetical communications have been received which are under consideration. Some of them will shortly appear.

The article transmitted by Agricola possesses considerable merit, but not of a description to render it admissible to the Melange.

The advice of a well-wisher shall be attended to.

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# THE LITERARY MELANGE,

OR

## WEEKLY REGISTER OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

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PRICE 3<sup>d</sup>

### THE DAYS OF MY HAPPINESS.

The recollection of *past* pleasure, as well as the anticipation of *future*, is sweet and soothing to every mind.—We dwell on the feelings and pursuits of childhood with lingering fondness; and recount our schoolday exploits with boyish exultation. The scene of our youthful frolics is, thro' life, the spot dearest to the heart. The wonderful deeds achieved there, the daily sports engaged in there, and even the petty distresses endured there, are written on memory's brightest page: and, in after life, frequently perused with delight. I yet feel my heart tremble when I recollect how I daringly skimmed, the first, over the deep pool, while the newly-formed ice bent and crackled beneath my feet. Every one loves to tell what a sad dog he was in those days. I too have performed most memorable actions. It was I who undauntedly set at defiance the skill and strength of a mighty blacksmith's boy, whose father's forge was a notable object in our school's neighbourhood. I well recollect how the field of battle was marked out, and the terms of combat deliberately discussed and agreed to. I can yet picture to myself the anxious looks, and, in fancy, hear the blustering vaunts of either

party as they formed the awful ring. Every one applauded the prowess of the champion whose cause he espoused. I smile now to think how my wrath kindled and my courage grew hot, while, amid the vociferations of my comrades, I stripped off my jacket and dashed my cap to the ground; and how, after all was ready and the tumult hushed to silence, every eye looked eagerly on, while we advanced into the dread area, and projected the knee, and drew back the body, and raised the hostile fist. Can I help laughing at the consternation which siezed us, when suddenly the intrusion of the elder Vulcan broke up the meeting, putting the whole gang, fighting men and spectators, to inglorious flight? Great was my fame, and great my pride, in consequence of this doughty attempt. At every meeting, for months, the little bellows-blower and I regarded each other with lofty and sneering looks, which, being interpreted, might mean, how I would have drubbed you had we not been interrupted—yet to speak truth, neither of us ever display courage enough to renew the combat.

Well—the busy happy morning of life fleets rapidly away. The boy soon assumes the man. But there is still one brief hour of enjoyment—one ho-

liday of happiness ere he launch for life into that troubled ocean—the world. Of all the periods of life it will ever afford the sweetest subject for lonely musing. My little Anna! she was the morning star of my happiness—too soon banished by the more obtrusive beams of advancing day. When I first knew her she was considered by her mother to be still a child—tho' I for my part thought otherwise. It cost me a world of pains to get acquainted with her, and it was long, long,—a month or so—before I accomplished it. Her father's house was two miles or more from mine.—Many a time did I watch her, and follow her, and way-lay her—to no purpose. When we met, I gazed—nay once or twice had the courage to smile, but Anna smiled not in return. An acquaintance with whom I one morning happened to be walking spoke to her—but confusion sealed my lips. Oh how I could have cursed my sheepishness when I saw her lightly turn about and trip away. Yet bashfulness was not my foible. I had set my heart upon the lively little creature, and to be acquainted with her I was determined—whether she liked it or not. I set all my wits to work, but could conceive no better plan than the common one of writing a card. It was written after hours of painful study. How unlike the blotching and raggedness of the present scrawl! An acquaintance (then famous for his whishers and his impudence) undertook to give it into her own hand. He promised to meet her as she returned from school; but another whim entered his brain. In the evening he boldly walked up to the house, rapped at the door, asked for Anna, and politely bowed as he astonished her with his begift, be-painted and be-flourished commission. I felt little inclination to sleep on that night. How could I,

when next evening, if the moon shone clear, I doubted not that Anna would comply with my solicitation, and meet me in the arbour at the foot of her father's garden walk? Many a blunder did I commit, and many a laugh was raised at my expence during the day—for my mind was absent and busy contriving how I should make my *entree*, and how I should first address her, and what we should talk about, and (in short) how I might best gain her favor and insinuate myself into her heart. Considerably before the appointed hour—having leapt the garden wall—I approached the spot in what I thought a very smart and striking manner—my hat cocked on one side a *la blackguard*—a green green twig with a few leaves on the end in my hand, and a prefatory smile on my countenance. By the light of the moon I could perceive through the leaves the fluttering of white drapery—all my fears were laid aside.—I stepped briskly up and beheld—not Anna—but—her mother! My half-pronounced salutation ceased at once.—I stood not a moment.—I said not a word.—Never did I run with half the rapidity from a bean-field with the farmer's dog at my heels.—I cleared the wall—flew over the field—and not till I had gained the highway would I venture to stand still, and give vent to my vexation in a laugh, which was most heartily re-echoed by my friend with the whiskers, who waited there to learn the issue of my perilous adventure. This was a grievous disappointment no doubt; but my grief did not last long. Just two days after, accident brought us together in the house of a mutual friend. I could perceive that during the whole of our interview Anna had a great propensity to laugh in my face; and truly, every time that our eyes met, I felt it difficult to resist the same ill-bred inclina-

tion. The affair however was pretty well managed; I succeeded in detaining her till the moon rose, and *that* was not the last time that we walked farther and talked longer than the occasion absolutely required.

Thus far I love to tell my story.—The rest is between Anna and myself.—Who it was that interfered, and what it was that caused us to differ in opinion it is not worth my while to relate. My little love! we were happy while we walked together; and though we parted, it was perhaps because we loved too sincerely.

I can't forget thee—tho' no more  
We meet upon the green sward here,—  
Thy voice, that nightly charmed before,  
Now never never greets mine ear.  
I can't forget thee, Anna, dear! —  
The soft kind looks thine eyes have given  
My lonely heart no longer cheer,  
Yet will not from my heart be driven.

We both, when first we chanced to meet,  
Were young—yet not too young to feel,  
The moonlight walk together—sweet,  
The kiss half stolen sweeter still.  
In sighs and vows we did not deal—  
Our wooing all was smiles and glee.—  
To clasp thy little hand, and steal  
Down the burnside was bliss to me.

That bliss to me returns not now,—  
Oh! would it were but all forgot;  
I vex'd thy gentle heart, and thou  
Rememb' rest, but regard'st me not.  
My lips were foolish,—well I wot  
My heart another tale could tell;—  
'Tis over.—Blessed be thy lot,  
And ours more—Anna—Fare-thee-well.

15th Sept. 1822.

P.

## THE SLEEP WALKER;

*Or, quick as thought."*

I am one of those personages, Mr. Editor, whose unlucky doings have obtained for them the name of "Sleep Walkers." How, or when I acquired

a propensity for this *unaccountable* *stray ranging* habit, is a question; of which I shall leave the decision to those who are better versed in the doctrine of *principles of action*, and the mysteries of *habits-acquiring*, than I at all pretend to be. Certain it is, that ever since I can remember—and my remembrance carries me back to the time when I was "scarce a hand-spike high," I have not failed to put into frequent practice my sleep-walking functions. Many and many a time have I risen a-nights, and stalked about the house to the infinite terror of all ghost-fanciers and robbery-fearers. Indeed, I have occasionally met with accidents of no very pleasing complexion: sometimes I have been roused to a sense of *being* by applying my fingers to the only half-extinguished embers of the kitchen fire; once I was cooled to life by falling, during a winter night perambulation, into a large washing tub-full of half frozen water; at another time, I tumbled into existence down a flight of stairs, a passage, by-the-bye, which I would rather perform on my heels than my head any day of the week. Of all the sleep-walking performances, however, that ever were done, what I am now going to narrate is the—"But" I think I hear you exclaim, Mr. Editor, "of what importance is all this to me—to the public—or indeed to any individual on the face of the earth?"—Why, 'tis of no *importance* to any body, but the recital may, notwithstanding, afford some persons a little amusement; and if it should happen to meet with a reader possessing a little more than ordinary curiosity, it perhaps might induce him to bestow a little attention upon the curious, and hitherto unaccounted-for, fact of walking while asleep.

It was about the middle of last January. The weather was very bois-

terous, and I was extremely tired; for I had been walking about, amidst the wind and the rain, from eight o'clock in the morning. Just as I passed the Tron Church it struck seven—I hurried on for I was anxious to get home. As I turned the corner of the Saltmarket, I came right against an old crony, Sandy Bain. "Hech, man!" exclaimed he, "whar ye gaun?"—"I'm just gaun hame," returned I—"And what for are ye in sic a hurry?" "Troth," said I, "I'm just weary an' hungered—I've been fashed wi' a hantle o' messages the-day, an' I'm gaun to rest mysel' an' get my kail." "Come awa, man, come awa, ye'se tak' a stoup o' yill an' a spelding wi' me at the Boot." I thought the offer too good to be refused. We went up stairs, and got a cosey seat by the fire-side. Scarcely, however, were we seated before Sandy, as usual, got headlong into one of his long stories; and I, as usual, even when not so tired as I then was, began to nod.—The clack of his tongue, as he told the story, continued, the ale was that night uncommonly composing, the nod sunk into a profound sleep.—I felt a pain at my elbow—I had run against a wall. I looked up—the stars were dimly shining about my head, and the coldness of the wind, which "blew hallowly by," quickly reminded me that I was in the open air! How I got there was a mystery—a minute before I had laid my head down upon a table in the Saltmarket, and just then I had knocked it against a wall in the country. Upon looking round a little, as well as the darkness would permit me, I found myself to be within two miles of Dalmuir! I should not have known my situation so easily, but Mr. Collins' Paper Mill, at Dalmuir was one of the places to which I had been in the morning.—At finding myself to be so far from

home, my astonishment increased. I could only account for my situation by supposing that I had walked thither in my sleep—but a walk of six miles, in the open fields, and in a cold night—it was incredible!

But though I was unable to solve the mystery, yet I was not so confounded as not to perceive that the best way to proceed in—was the way to Glasgow. I accordingly turned my head towards home, and—I felt something strike my face; it was, as I soon discovered, the bar of the Toll at Partick, against which I had run: But, good heavens! the place I had just left was full three miles from Partick! How was it possible that I could have passed over such a space, in a length of time which to me appeared not to have exceeded a minute? After some little cogitation, I concluded, from the knowledge of my unfortunate propensity, that I had, wonderful to relate, again slept while walking on the road. The wind continued to blow very coldly, and, upon putting my hand to my head, I discovered that I had lost my hat—where I knew not. I was certain however, that I had it on when I first awoke on the road, and it must of course have dropped off during the last walk. The hat was too good a one to be lost, and I determined to regain it if possible; accordingly, cold and weary as I was, I bent, in no very complacent humour I confess, my steps once more towards Dalmuir. I walked on, and this time, I walked without sleeping. But my journey was labour in vain, for I came to the well-known wall without seeing anything of my hat.—I was vexed at this mischance, but situated as I was, I could do nothing but make the best of my way back to town.

I came again to Partick Toll-bar, and upon going to the other side, I

found my hat—my unfortunate hat, lying at my feet. It appeared that when my head had knocked against the gate, the jolt (of the two blocks, confound them) had thrown the hat over the opposite side; and I had turned about and walked six miles in vain search for what lay within arms reach. I could not however but be glad at finding it, and clapping it upon my head, I proceeded towards home, with all the speed I was able.

I had to go down the *Salmarket* in the way to my house, and just as I was passing the *Boot*, who should I see, standing at the end of the close, but *Sandy*. I was on the opposite side of the way, and he beckoned to me to come across, which I did; indeed, I was anxious to know exactly by what means the events of the evening had been brought about. When I had crossed, he, without saying a word, proceeded up stairs, and I followed him: the seats in which we had before sat were vacant, and we simultaneously resumed our places. I immediately began to question him, concerning the circumstances of my departure while asleep; instead of answering me, he began to drink the ale; I again questioned him——

"*Why don't you drink, man?*" exclaimed he. The voice roused me. I started up—clenched my hand, and (as I was afterwards told) looked wildly round. "Good God!" said I, "is it only a dream, then?" "Dream Man?"—why you've been sleepin' like a top for these ten minutes." "Ten minutes!—why—haven't I been—been—to Dalmuir to-night?" And I rubbed my eyes as I spoke, doubting whether I was asleep or awake. *Sandy* burst into a loud laugh. The clock caught my eye—it was *half-past seven!*

Reader, all the circumstances which I have narrated as having taken place, from the time I went to sleep in the

*Boot*, till the moment *Sandy's* "*why don't you drink man?*" caught my ear, *did NOT take place*. I had never stirred from my seat—that seat upon which I had been sitting scarcely a quarter of an hour. During so short a period what dangers had I not undergone? what a perilous journey had I not taken?—and—all in a dream! How curiously does *Fancy* gather together the odds-and-ends of men's ideas, forming thereof a barrier against reason!—How quick is thought!—What an active, out-of-the-way, busy, meddling, devil is the imagination!

## PARIS—ITS PUBLIC BUILDINGS

[Continued.]

The Cathedral of *Notre Dame* is the only Gothic building of note in Paris, and it is by no means equal to the expectations we had been led to form of it. The style of its architecture is not that of the finest Gothic; it has neither the exquisite lightness of ornament which distinguishes the summit of Gloucester Cathedral, nor the fine lancet windows which give to unrivalled a beauty to the interior of Beauvais, nor the richness of roof which covers the tombs at Westminster Abbey. Its character is that of massy greatness; its ornaments are rich rather than elegant, and its interior striking more from its immense size than the beauty of the proportions in which it is formed. In spite of all these circumstances, however, the Cathedral of *Notre Dame* produces a deep impression on the mind of the beholder: its towers rise to a stupendous height above all the buildings which surround them; while the stone of every other edifice is of a light colour, they alone are black with the smoke

of centuries; and exhibit a venerable aspect of ancient greatness in the midst of the brilliancy of modern decoration with which the city is filled. Even the crowd of ornaments with which they are loaded, and the heavy proportion in which they are built, are forgotten in the effect that their magnificence produces; they suit the gloomy character of the building they adorn, and accord with the expression of antiquated power by which its aged forms are now distinguished.

To those who have been accustomed to the form of worship which is established in Protestant countries, there is nothing so striking in the Catholic churches as the complete oblivion of rank, or any of the distinctions of established society which there universally prevails. There are no divisions of seats, nor any places fixed for any particular classes of society. All, of whatever rank or station, kneel alike upon the marble pavement; and the whole extent of the church is open for the devotion of all classes of the people. You frequently see the poorest citizens with their children kneeling on the stone close to those of the highest rank, or the most extensive fortunes. This custom may appear painful to those who have been habituated to the forms of devotion in the English churches; but it produces an impression on the mind of the spectator which nothing in our service is capable of effecting. To see the individual form lost in the immensity of the objects with which he is surrounded; to see all ranks and ages blended in the exercise of common devotion; to see all distinction forgotten in the sense of common infirmity, suits the spirit of that religion which was addressed to the poor as well as to the rich, and fits the presence of that Being before whom all ranks are equal.

Nor is it without a good effect upon the feelings of mankind, that this custom has formed a part of the Catholic service. Amidst that degradation of the great body of the people, which marks the greater part of the Catholic countries—amidst the insolence of aristocratic power, which the doctrines of the Catholic faith are so well suited to support, it is fitting that there should be some occasions on which the distinctions of the world should be forgotten; some moments in which the rich as well as the poor should be humbled before a greater power—in which they should be reminded of the common faith in which they have been baptized, of the common duties to which they are called, and the common hopes which they have been permitted to form.

We had the good fortune to see high mass performed in Notre Dame, with all the pomp of the Catholic service, for the souls of Louis XVI. Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin. The Cathedral was hung with black in every part; the brilliancy of day wholly excluded, and it was lighted only by double rows of wax tapers, which burned round the coffins, placed in the centre of the choir. It was crowded to excess in every part; all the Marshals, Peers and dignitaries of France were stationed with the Royal Family near the centre of the Cathedral, and all the principal officers of the allied armies attended at the celebration of the service. The King was present, though, without being perceived by the vast assembly by whom he was surrounded; and the Duchess d'Angouleme exhibited, in this melancholy duty, that mixture of firmness and sensibility by which her character has always been distinguished.

It was said, that there were several persons present at this solemn service who had voted for the death of the

King; and many of those assembled must doubtless have been conscious, that they had been instrumental in the death of those for whose souls this solemn service was now performing. The greater part, however, of those whom we had an opportunity of observing, exhibited the symptoms of genuine sorrow, and seemed to participate in the solemnity with unfeigned devotion. The Catholic worship was here displayed in its utmost splendour; all the highest prelates of France were assembled to give dignity to the spectacle; and all that art could devise was exhausted to render the scene impressive in the eyes of the people.—

To us, however, who had been habituated to the simplicity of the English form, the variety of unmeaning ceremony, the endless gestures and unceasing bows of the clergy who officiated, destroyed the impression which the solemnity of the service would otherwise have produced. But though the service itself appeared ridiculous, the effect of the whole scene was sublime in the greatest degree. The black tapestry hung in heavy folds round the sides of the Cathedral, and magnified the impression which its vastness produced. The tapers which surrounded the coffins threw a red and gloomy light over the innumerable multitude which thronged the floor; their receding rays faintly illuminated the farther recesses, or strained to pierce the obscure gloom in which the summits of the pillars were lost; while the sacred music pealed through the distant aisles, and deepened the effect of the thousands of voices which joined in the strains of repentant prayer.

Though the streets in Paris have an aged and uncomfortable appearance, the form of the houses is such, as, at a distance, to present a picturesque aspect. Their height, their sharp and irregular tops, the vast variety of forms

which they assume when seen from different quarters, all combine to render a distant view of them more striking than the long rows of uniform houses of which London is composed. The domes and steeples of Paris, however, are greatly inferior, both in number and magnificence, to those of the English capital.

The gardens of the Tuilleries and the Luxembourg, of which the Parisians think so highly, and which are constantly filled with all ranks of citizens, are laid out with a singularity of taste, of which, in this country, we can scarcely form any conception.—The straight walks—the oliv trees—the marble fountains are fast wearing out in all parts of England; they are to be met with only round the mansions of ancient families, and, even there are kept rather from the influence of ancient prejudice, or from the affection to hereditary forms than from their coincidence with the present taste of the English people. They are seldom, accordingly, disagreeable, with us, to the eye of the most cultivated taste; their singularity forms a pleasing variety to the continued succession of lawns and shrubberies which are every where to be met with; and they are regarded rather as the venerable marks of ancient splendour, than as the barbarous affectation of modern distinction. In France, the native deformity of this taste appears in its real light, without the colouring of any such adventitious circumstances as conceal it in this country. It does not appear there under the softening veil of ancient manners; its avenues do not conduct to the decaying abode of hereditary greatness—its gardens do not mark the scenes of former festivity—its fountains are not covered with the moss which has grown for centuries. It appears as the model of present taste; it is considered as



the indication of existing splendour; and sought after, as the form in which the beauty of Nature is now to be admired. All that association accordingly had blended in our minds with the style of ancient gardening in our own country, was instantly divested by its appearance in France; and we felt then the whole importance of that happy change in the national taste, whereby variety has been made to succeed to uniformity, and the imitation of nature to come in the place of the exhibition of art.

In every country, and in every department of taste, the first object of art is, the display of the power of the artist; and it is in the last period of its improvements alone, that this miserable propensity is overcome. It is hence that the imitation of nature is not what it at first attempted; that the forms which she presents are uniformly neglected, and the merit of the artist is thought to consist in such artificial designs as bear the most unequivocal marks of his individual dexterity.—

The forms of nature are everywhere to be met with—they are open to the most vulgar capacity; the power of art, therefore, is at first thought, must be shown in the complete subjugation of natural form, or the complete abandonment of natural beauty. It is hence that florists uniformly take delight in double flowers and monsters, which are the farthest removed from the forms of nature; and it is hence that gardeners always evince so great an anxiety to conduct strangers to the most ridiculous contortion of natural form, which their domains can exhibit. There is nothing unnatural or vulgar in this propensity; it pervades all branches of taste at a certain stage of its progress, and all ranks of society, to whom a limited capacity of mind is granted. It is hence that every society exhibits examples of individuals, who

aim at singularity of manners, merely that they may be different from the generality of mankind: it is hence that many persons, even of a cultivated mind, shut their eye to the charms of beauty in every department of taste, merely that they may display their own wretched vanity in criticising its imperfections: it is hence that painters select the moment of passion or exertion, for no other reason than for the display of their anatomical knowledge, or their skill in the delineation of extraordinary emotion; and that poets have so often neglected what is really pathetic in the scenes, either of nature or of man, to present the artificial conceptions of their learning or fancy. In all these instances, the degradation of taste arises from the vain anxiety of men to display the power of the artist, and their utter forgetfulness of the end of the Art.

The remarkable characteristic of the taste of France is, that this love of artificial beauty continues with diminished force, at a period when in other nations, it has given place to more genuine love for the beauty of nature. In them, the natural progress of refinement has led from the admiration of the art of imitation to the love of the subjects imitated. In France, this early prejudice continues in its pristine vigour at the present moment: They never lose sight of the effort of the artist; their admiration is fixed not on the quality or object in nature, but on the artificial representation of it; not on the thing signified, but the sign. It is hence that they have such exalted ideas of the perfection of their artist David, whose paintings are nothing more than a representation of the human figure in its most extravagant and frenzied attitudes; that they are insensible to the simple display of real emotion, but dwell with delight upon the vehement

representation of it which their stage exhibits; and that, leaving the charming heights of Belleville, or the sequestered banks of the Seine almost wholly deserted, they crowd to the stiff alleys of the Elysian Fields, or the artificial beauties of the gardens of Versailles.

In the midst of Paris this artificial style of gardening is not altogether unpleasing; it is in unison, in some measure, with the regular character of the buildings with which it is surrounded; and the profusion of statues and marble vases continues the impression which the character of their palaces is fitted to produce. But at Versailles, at St Cloud, and Fontainebleau, amidst the luxuriance of vegetation, and surrounded by the majesty of forest scenery, it destroys altogether the effect which arises from the irregularity of natural beauty. Everyone feels straight borders, and square porticoes and broad alleys, to be in unison with the immediate neighbourhood of an antiquated mansion; but they become painful when extended to those remoter parts of the grounds, when the character of the scene is determined by the rudeness of uncultivated nature.

There are some occasions, nevertheless, on which the gardens of the Tuilleries present a beautiful spectacle, in spite of the artificial taste in which they are formed. From the warmth of the climate, the Parisians, of all classes, live much in the open air, and frequent the public gardens in great numbers during the continuance of the fine weather. In the evening especially, they are filled with citizens, who repose themselves under the shade of the lofty trees, after the heat and fatigues of the day; and they there present a spectacle of more than ordinary interest and beauty. The disposition of the French suits the character of the scene, and harmonises with the

impression which the stillness of the evening produces on the mind. There is none of that rioting or confusion by which an assembly of the middling classes in England is too often disgraced; no quarrelling or intoxication even amongst the poorest ranks, nor any appearance of that degrading want which destroys the pleasing idea of public happiness. The people appear all to enjoy a certain share of individual prosperity; their intercourse is conducted with unbroken harmony, and they seem to resign themselves to those delightful feelings which steal over the mind during the stillness and serenity of a summer evening. It would seem as if all the angry passions of the breast were soothed by the voice of reposing nature—as if the sounds of labour were stilled, lest they should break the harmony of the scene—as if vice itself had concealed its deformity from the overpowering influence of natural beauty. The scenery itself assumes a finer character: the artificial taste in which the gardens are formed, is concealed by the obscure gloom which twilight produces; the rich and varied outline of the trees is clearly defined on the fading colours of the western sky; while the spires of the city appear reflected in deep shadow on the surface of the river, whose unruffled waters still bear the lingering light of the departing day.

Still more beautiful, perhaps, is the appearance of this scene during the stillness of the night, when the moon throws her dubious rays over the objects of nature. The gardens of the Tuilleries remain crowded with people, who seem to to enjoy the repose which universally prevails, and from whom no sound is to be heard which can break the stillness or the serenity of the scene. The regularity of the forms is wholly lost in the masses of light and shadow that are there dis-

played ; the foliage throws a chequered shade over the ground beneath, while the distant vistas of the Elysian fields are seen in that soft and mellow light by which the radiance of the moon is so peculiarly distinguished. After passing through the scenes of gaiety and festivity which mark these favourite scenes of the French people, we frequently came to small encampments of the allied troops in the remote parts of the grounds. The appearance of these bivouacks, composed of Cossac squadrons, Hungarian husars, and Prussian artillery, in the obscurity of moonlight, and surrounded by the gloom of forest scenery, was beyond measure striking. The picturesque forms of the soldiers, sleeping on their arms under the shade of the trees, or half hid by the rude huts which they had erected for their shelter ; the varied attitudes of the horses standing amidst the waggons by which the camp was followed, or sleeping beside the veterans whom they had borne through all the fortunes of war ; the dark masses of the artillery, dimly discerned in the shades of night, or faintly reflecting the pale light of the moon, presented a scene of the most beautiful description, in which the rude features of war were softened by the tranquillity of peaceful life : and the interest of present repose was enhanced by the remembrance of the wintry storms and bloody fields through which these brave men had passed, during the memorable campaigns in which they had been engaged. The effect of the whole was increased by the perfect stillness which everywhere prevailed, broken only at intervals by the slow step of the sentinel, as he paced his rounds, or the sweeter sounds of those beautiful airs, which, in a far distant country, recalled to the Russian soldier the joys and the happiness of his native land.

## IRRESOLUTION.

Paris.

Franchesemont is the man of my acquaintance who has the greatest quantity of English spirit, and French *esprit* : his opinions are always liberal, his intentions always upright, and his wishes always humane. As he joins to the possession of these qualities high rank and an immense fortune, it is no wonder that he is perpetually incited by his friends to enter into public life, to serve his country in the field, or his fellow-citizens in the senate. His own ardour seconds their advice ; but after ten years' deliberation he has not yet determined whether he shall pursue the career of arms, or whether he shall join himself to a party of patriots, and make himself the dread of an encroaching court ; nor is he entirely divided between these pursuits. I found him one day eagerly perusing Euler ; when he declared with emphasis, that the abstract sciences were the occupation best adapted to make man happy, to engage his mind without irritation, to offer obstacles without any great danger of defeat, and to point out results which contained no disappointment. On another occasion, he was examining Varro and Columella ; and when he informed me that he had fully determined to abandon public life, and to make himself useful to mankind by the improvement of agriculture, an occupation which was of certain benefit to the public, and gave a zest to domestic enjoyment, I endeavoured, with eagerness, to deter him from this resolution ; but the more I argued the more he persisted in exalting the charms of retirement. Two hours afterwards he burst into my room, and informed me of the landing of Bonaparte. After the first surprise I asked him " What do you mean to

do?"—"Oh! as for that, my resolution is taken: the success of Napoleon would put an end to the peace of Europe, and the liberty of France: whatever faults I find with the present government may be repaired: it is my duty as a citizen to arm. I shall offer to put myself at the head of the National Guard of my province, in which the enemy has landed, and if the King will allow me to be independant of his Generals, we may have a very speedy success:—a prosperous event will convince the court that the friends of liberty are not the enemies of royalty." I approved warmly of his intention, and advised him to go instantly to the Thuilleries. But before doing so he thought proper to consult his friends. The first he went to was a virtuous, but somewhat fanatical Constitutionalist. On hearing his friend's intention, "What," said he, "will you leave Paris till you have assured to your country the observation of the charter? The present is a moment of alarm to the court, and they will grant any thing; but if this movement is repressed, the cowl and the censorship will be more active than ever. If you value France, go to the Chamber, and ask for the appointment of a constitutional ministry." Franchemont, somewhat shaken, went to his next friend, who, being a Republican, said to him, "It is all over with the Bourbons: the whole country will be in favour of Napoleon; and, besides, their bad faith is too notorious to make any concession valuable: wait in Paris, and we may bind down Napoleon to a real charter."—"Perhaps," said Franchemont, "the country, as you say, is ready to pronounce the abdication of the Bourbons: if so, I am quiet; but even then I never can favour the cause of Napoleon. The assistance of a military chief has always brought on the downfall of real pa-

triot. Recollect the example of Cicero—with what fatal imprudence he lent himself to the policy of Pompey, and consented to prolong the command of Cæsar, till at length, aware of his folly, he exclaimed to his friend, on entering upon the civil war, *Si victus eris, proscribere; si viceris tamen servias*; so it will be with the adherents of Napoleon." Notwithstanding my friend's speech, his ardour in the Bourbon cause was somewhat cooled by his friend's ridicule, and he endeavoured to blow it again into a flame, by the help of a royalist bellows. His loyal friend, however, who was a staunch courtier, said, "Franchemont, your spirit is excellent, but you must not anticipate the King's counsels; it would be wrong to show any jealousy of his orders at this time:—go to the Throne, and declare yourself ready to serve, under any General his Majesty may appoint."

Distracted by such opposite counsel—unwilling to turn his back on liberty—suspicious of the sovereign he was about to serve—too proud to ask a favour where he meant a service, Franchemont returned to ask my opinion. M. de Lasnes, a man of great experience, who was with me, heard his doubts, and address him in a decisive tone:—"Avoid the perils of this crisis: you will lose your own life, and plunge your children into poverty and disgrace. Retire, with them and your wife, to your country-seat." To my great astonishment Franchemont seemed pleased, and even grateful for this advice: he went away to prepare his family for the journey. When he was gone, I remonstrated with de Lasnes on the mischief he had done, both to Franchemont and the public.—"You are mistaken," said he, "a man of his undecided temper cannot be of real use to any cause: before he has finally determined, the

first moment, which is almost the most favourable, will be lost; when he has determined, he will immediately repent his choice, and contrast the difficulties he encounters with a fanciful picture of the advantages attending an opposite conduct; too keen of sight not to perceive the absurdity of his adhering to it—too impartial to subscribe entirely to any creed—too anxious to be right, to bear the idea of being wrong, and too fagenuous and too sensitive to be blind to his own mistakes, he will often err, and always regret: his behaviour will be a tissue of rash action and more fatal inactivity; he will gradually lose his own confidence, and inspire the contempt of others. When applied to conduct, the work of a too subtle mind resembles the effects of a mean spirit, and the world are better satisfied with a solution which furnishes a gratification to malevolence, than one which supposes a refinement of intellect. They conceive themselves entitled to distrust him who does not seem unsuspicious of himself, whilst they respect the undeviating line of strong stupidity, and suppose reasons for a behaviour which proceeds from the want of them. What then shall withstand the man, who, to a tolerable understanding and a sagacious perception, joins boldness of decision? He will repair errors, whilst a man of nicer tact, but less firmness, is content to avoid them; and having once fixed his own plan, he will leave the rest to fortune.

### BOULOGNE.

About a mile from Calais, is a beautiful avenue of the finest walnut and chestnut trees I have ever seen in France. They stand upon common land, and of course, are public property. At the proper season of the year, the

people of Calais repair hither for their evening dance; and such is the force of custom, the fruit remains untouched, and reserved for these occasions.—Every one then takes what he pleases, but carries nothing home beyond what may suffice for his consumption on the way.

In my walk thither I passed several cottages, and entered some. The inhabitants seemed happy, and to possess some substantial comforts. The greater part of these cottages had a walnut or chestnut tree before them, around which was a rustic seat, and which, as overshadowed by the broad branches and luxuriant foliage, composed a very pleasing image. The manner in which the sod was partially worn under most of them, explained their nightly purpose; or if there yet could be any doubt, the flute and fiddle, pendant in almost every house, spoke a still more intelligible language.

I entered no house so poor, and met with no inhabitant so inhospitable, as not to receive the offer either of milk, or some sort of wine; and every one seemed to take a refusal as if they had solicited, and had not obtained, an act of kindness. If the French are not the most hospitable people in the world, they have at least the art of appearing so. I speak here only of the peasantry, and from first impressions.

The rent of one of these cottages, of two floors and two rooms on each, is thirty-five livres. They have generally a small garden, and about one hundred yards of common land between the road and the house, on which grows the indispensable walnut or chestnut tree. The windows are glazed, but the glass is usually taken out in summer. The walls are generally sea-stone, but are clothed with grape-vines, or other shrubs, which, curling around the casements, render them shady and picturesque. The bread

is made of wheat meal, but in some cottages consisted of thin cakes without leaven, and made of buck-wheat. Their common beverage is a weak wine, sweet and pleasant to the taste. In some houses it very nearly resembled the good metheglin, very common in the northern counties of England.— Eggs, bacon, poultry, and vegetables, seemed in great plenty; and, as I understood, composed the dinners of the peasantry twice a week at least. I was surprised at this evident abundance in a class in which I should not have expected it. Something of it, I fear, must be imputed to the extraordinary profits of the smuggling which is carried on along the coast.

After a light dinner, in which with some difficulty I procured fish, and with still more had it dressed in the English mode, I mounted my horse and proceeded on my journey on the road to Boulogne. I had now my first trial of my Norman horse; he fully answered my expectations, and almost my wishes. He had a leisurely lounging walk, which seemed well suited to an observant traveller. It is well known of Erasmus, that he wrote the best of his works, and made a whole course of the Classics, on horse-back; and I have no doubt but that I could have both read and written on the back of my Norman. To make up, however, for this tardiness, he was a good-humoured, patient, and sure-footed beast; but would stretch out his neck now and then to get a passing bite of the wheat which grew by the road side. I wished to get on to Boulogne to sleep, and therefore tried all his paces; and found his trotting scarcely tolerable by human feeling.

The main purpose of my journey being rather to see the manners of the people, than the brick and mortar of the towns, I had formed the resolution to seek the necessary refreshment as

seldom as possible at inns, and as often as possible in the houses of the humbler farmers, and the better kind of peasantry. About fifteen miles from Calais my horse and myself were looking out for something of this kind, and one shortly appeared about 300 yards on the left side of the road. It was a cottage in the midst of a garden, and the whole surrounded by a hedge, which looked delightfully green and refreshing. The garden was all in flower and bloom. The walls of the cottage were robed in the same livery of Nature. I had seen such cottages in Kent and in Devonshire, but in no other part of the world. The inhabitants were simple people, small farmers, having about ten or fifteen acres of land. Some grass was immediately cut for my horse, and the coffee which I produced from my pocket was speedily set before me, with ~~chickens~~ wine, some meat, and cheese—the French peasantry having no idea of what we call tea. Throwing the windows up, so as to enjoy the scenery and freshness of the garden; sitting upon one chair and resting a leg upon the other; alternately pouring out my coffee, and reading a pocket edition of Thomson's Seasons, I enjoyed one of those moments which give a zest to life. I felt happy, and in peace, and in love with all around me.

I reached Boulogne about sunset, and was much pleased with its vicinity. On each side of the road at different distances, from two hundred yards to a mile, were groves of trees, in which were situated some ancient chateaux. Many of them were indeed in ruins from the effects of the Revolution. Upon entering the town, I enquired the way to the Hotel d'Angleterre, which is kept by an Englishman of the name of Parker, Bonaparte having specially exempted him from the edicts respecting aliens. I had a

good supper, but an indifferent bed, and the close situation rendered the heat of the night still more oppressive. Mr. Parker himself was absent, and had left the management with a young Frenchwoman, who would not suffer me to write uninterrupted, and seemed to take much offence that I did not invite her to take her seat at the supper-table. I believe I was the only male traveller in the inn; and flattery, and even substantial gallantry, is so natural to French women, that they look to it as their due, and conceive themselves injured when it is withheld.

### REVIEW.

*Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from St. Helena. The opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his life and Government, in his own words.—By BARRY, E. O'MEARA, Esq. his late Surgeon. 2 Vols.—Concluded.*

"Had it not been for that fatal suspension of arms, in 1813, to which I was indebted to Austria, I should have succeeded. The victories of Lutzen and Bautzen had restored confidence in the French forces. The King of Saxony was triumphantly brought back to his capital, and the corps of the French army was at the gates of Berlin, and the enemy had been driven from Hamburg. The Russian and Prussian armies preparing to pass the Vistula, when the cabinet of Austria, acting with its characteristic perfidy, advised the suspension of hostilities, at a time when we had already entered into engagements with Russia and Prussia; the armistice was only a defusion to gain the time necessary to make preparations for being intended to declare against France in May. The unexpected successes obliged it to act with more circumspection. It was necessary to gain more time, and negotiations went on at

the congress of Prague. Metternich insisted that Austria should have the half of Italy, and made other exorbitant conditions, which were only demanded in order to be refused. As soon as she had got her army ready, Austria declared against France.—After the victory of Dresden, I was superior, and had formed the project to deceive the enemy by marching towards Magdeburg, then to cross the Elbe, at Wittenberg, and march upon Berlin. Several divisions of the army were occupied in these manœuvres, when a letter was brought to me from the King of Wirtemberg, announcing that the Bavarian army had joined the Austrians, and to the amount of eighty thousand men, were marching towards the Rhine, under the command of Wrede; that he, being compelled by the presence of that army, was obliged to join his contingent to it, and that Mentz would soon be invested by a hundred thousand men."

"This unexpected defection entirely changed the plan of the campaign, and all the preparations made to fix the war between the Elbe and the Oder, became useless. At Leipzig, afterwards, I was victorious on the 16th, and should have succeeded on the 18th, had not the whole of the Saxon army, which occupied one of the most important positions in the line, deserted to the enemy, with a train of sixty pieces of cannon, which were immediately turned against the French. Notwithstanding this, the field of battle remained in possession of the French, and the allies made a retrograde movement on the same day. During the night I ordered the army to retire upon our supplies behind the Ister. The defection of some other German corps afterwards, and the premature blowing up of the bridge at Leipzig, caused the most disastrous effects. When the army had passed the Saale, it should have rested to recover from its fatigues, and receive ammunition and other supplies from Erfurth. Intelligence, however, arrived, that the Austro-Bavarian army under Wrede, had arrived on the Mein by forced marches, and it was necessary to march against it. Wrede was driven from his position at Hanaw, completely beaten, and himself wounded. Conferences afterwards took place at Francfort, and proposals for peace were offered on condition that I should renounce the protectorate of the confederation of the Rhine, Poland, and the departments of the Elbe; but that France should be preserved in her limits."



of the Alps and the Rhine. These conditions were accepted as bases. This congress, however, like the others, turned out to be a delusion, as at the moment that those pacific proposals were made, the allies violated the neutrality of Switzerland, which they entered in large force. At Chatillon, afterwards, they presented their *ultimatum*, in which they demanded that France should be reduced to the limits she had previous to 1792, which I rejected.—Had it not been for the subsequent treachery of Talleyrand, Marmont, and Augerau the allies would not have succeeded in forcing upon the throne a detested family against whom, for twenty-five years, the nation has combated; and France would not have been degraded by the spectacle of a king upon the throne, who had the baseness publicly to declare that he owed it to the Prince Regent of England.”

He spoke of Sir Sydney Smith. “Sydney Smith,” said he, “is a brave officer. He displayed considerable ability in the treaty for the evacuation of Egypt by the French. He took advantage of the discontent which he found to prevail amongst the French troops, at being so long away from France, and other circumstances.—He also manifested great honour in sending immediate to Kleber the refusal of Lord Keith to ratify the treaty, which saved the French army; if he had kept it a secret for seven or eight days longer, Cairo would have been given up to the Turks, and the French army necessarily obliged to surrender to the English. He also showed great humanity and honour in all his proceedings towards the French who fell into his hands. He landed at Havre, for some *sottise* of a bet he had made, according to some, to go to the theatre; others said it was for espionage; however that may be, he was arrested and confined in the Temple as a spy; and at one time it was intended to try and execute him. Shortly after I returned from Italy, he wrote to me from his prison, to request that I would intercede for him; but under the circumstances in which he was taken, I could do nothing for him. He is active, intelligent, intriguing, and indefatigable.

I asked if Sir Sydney had not displayed great talent and bravery at Acre? Napoleon replied, “Yes, the chief cause of the failure there was, that he took all my battering train, which was on board of several vessels. Had it not been for that, I would have taken Acre in spite of him. He behaved

very bravely, and was well seconded by Phillipeaux, a Frenchman of talent, who had studied with me as an engineer.—There was a Major Douglas also who behaved very gallantly. The acquisition of of five or six hundred scammers as cannoniers, was a great advantage to the Turks, whose spirits they revived, and whom they shewed how to defend the fortress. But he committed a great fault in making sorties, which cost the lives of two or three hundred brave fellows, without the possibility of success. For it was impossible he could succeed against the number of French who were before Acre. I would lay a wager that he lost half of his crew in them. He dispersed proclamations amongst my troops, which certainly shook some of them, and I in consequence published an order, stating that he was mad, and forbidding all communication with him. Some days after, he sent, by means of a flag of truce, a lieutenant or a midshipman with a letter containing a challenge to me to meet him at some place he pointed out, in order to fight a duel. I laughed at this, and sent him back an intimation that when he brought Marlborough to fight me, I would meet him. Notwithstanding this, I like the character of the man.”

Longwood is situated on a plain, formed on the summit of a mountain about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea; and including Deadwood, comprises fourteen or fifteen hundred acres of land, a great part of which is planted with an indigenous tree called gumwood. Its appearance is sombre and unpromising.—Napoleon, however, said that he should be more contented to fix his residence there, than to remain in the town as a mark for the prying curiosity of importunate spectators. Unfortunately the house only consisted of five rooms on a ground-floor, which had been built one after the other, according to the wants of the family, and without any regard to either order or convenience, and were totally inadequate for the accommodation of himself and his suite. Several additions were consequently necessary, which it was evident could not be accomplished for some weeks, even under the superintendence of so active an officer as Sir George Cockburn. Upon his return from Longwood, Napoleon proceeded to the Briars, and intimated to Sir George that he should prefer remaining there, until the necessary additions were made to Longwood, to returning to town, provided the

proprietor's consent could be obtained.— This request was immediately granted.— The Briars is the name of an estate romantically situated about a mile and a half from James Town, comprising a few acres of highly cultivated land, excellent fruit and kitchen gardens plentifully supplied with water, adorned with many delightful walks, and long celebrated for the genuine old English hospitality of the proprietor, Mr. Balcombe. About twenty yards from the dwelling house stood a little pavilion, consisting of one good room on the ground-floor, and two garrets, which Napoleon, not willing to cause any inconvenience to the family of his host, selected for his abode. In the lower room his camp-bed was put up, and in this room he eat, slept, read and dictated a portion of his eventful life. Las Cases and his son were accommodated in one of the garrets above, and Napoleon's premier valet de chambre, and others of his household, slept in the other, and upon the floor in the little hall opposite the entrance of the lower room. At first his dinner was sent ready cooked from the town; but afterwards, Mr. Balcombe found means to get a kitchen fitted up for his use. The accommodations were so insufficient that Napoleon frequently walked out after he had finished his dinner, in order to allow his domestics an opportunity of eating theirs in the room which he had just quitted.

[To be Continued.]

## Poetry.

### THE BEACON.

The scene was more beautiful far, to my eye,

Than if day in its pride had array'd it;  
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky

Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmur arose, as I silently gazed

On the shadowy waves' playful motion,  
From the dim, distant isle, till the beacon light blazed

Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast  
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers:

The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girded nest—

The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sigh'd as I looked from the hill's gentle slope—

All hush'd was the billow's commotion—  
And I thought that the Beacon look'd lovely as hope,

The star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,

Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,  
Will memory sometimes re-kindle the star

That blaz'd on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies

And death stills the heart's last emotion—

Oh! then may the strength of mercy arise  
Like a star on eternity's ocean!

MARY.

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## THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

No. 3.

### FROM MY PATCH-BOOK.

One of the earliest friends I got acquainted with in the Highlands was S—. He was really a jolly blade—a fine, strong-limbed, able-bodied fellow, with a very fiddle of a face. I got acquainted with him by accident. He happened to call at the house of the gentleman I lodged with. There were half-a-dozen of us busily employed in the evening laying siege to a half-gallon bottle of whiskey, which stood on the table; and he called in as we were beginning to get a little frolicsome on our seats. In fact, we were at the time in a roar of merriment,—singing songs, drinking toasts, making speeches, cutting capers, and setting defiance to every sober law of house-keeping. This was the element for S—. After shaking us all by the hand, and saluting me in particular with a most unmerciful squeeze, he sat down, and we all fell to as vigorously as ever. The little bare-footed table boy was kept flying up and down, like a shuttlecock, supplying us with fresh whiskey, sugar, tumblers, glasses, and heaven knows what all! You know I am a little quizzical, and incurably ad-

dicted to laugh at almost every body I meet with, especially if they possess any thing absurd in their temperament. There were two or three such characters present, in particular a country lad named Butter, newly imported from the turnip fields of Mid-Lothian. He was a respectable farmer's son—very simple—very good natured—but possessing that kind of feeling incident to those who have seen little of the world, viz. a suspicion that when the company laughed, it was at him. This invariably put him in a passion, for he knew very well he could not defend himself against raillery. In fact, he was a proper country bumpkin, and I baptized him *Johnny Raw*, a name which he went by, all the time he was in the Highlands. There was another named L—, a little man about five feet high, somewhat advanced in years, and withal a very eccentric being.—He had picked up, somehow or other, a smattering of Geometry, Logarithms, Mathematics, and Astronomy, which he was everlastingly sporting forth in every company; but his harangues were so unconscionably long, that he considered himself well off if any person had patience enough to hear him through the half of one. It was quite common to interrupt him in the midst of his learned displays, by drinking his

health, singing songs, and other kinds of annoyance. He had a watch which he roundly matched against any time-piece in the kingdom. This famous watch he regulated by an enormous sundial, which he had erected in the garden; and the country-side was indebted to him for keeping them to true time, as there was neither oracle nor clock in the parish. With Johnny Raw, and Mr. L——, who went by the name of the philosopher, we enjoyed capital sport. Johnny, in particular, was an admirable butt for ridicule; and I was battering him in proper style at the very moment S—— made his appearance. I changed my battery, however, and commenced a similar one against him. But it is only a blockhead who can be laughed at, and even with a blockhead there is no jest; if he discovers that he is played upon. When I reflect upon my impudence, in ridiculing, before his face, a person whom I never saw before, I cannot help wondering how he kept his temper. But, as I have told you, he was a knowing blade, and took nothing in earnest which was given in joke. However, his acuteness and drollery rendered all attacks in vain. Instead of retorting, as a duller head would have done, he entirely agreed with me in all that was said to his disadvantage, and exhibited such boundless complacency, humour, and fellowship, that I was compelled to desist. We then associated ourselves together against poor Johnny Raw, and so dumbfounded him, that even the inspiring steams of John Barley-corn could not elevate his fallen crest. From this happy hour I dated my acquaintanceship with S——.

It would be impossible to relate all the mad pranks we played together. S—— took a particular pleasure in making people drunk; and as he possessed a light stomach, he could safely

hold out till nineteen twentieths were laid below the table. In fact, he was considered a sober fellow in the Highlands. He was also as fond as possible of ridiculous characters; and had a strong perception of human nature, especially when diversified with any thing odd. On a certain occasion we fell in with the Rev. Mr. B——, one of our ministers. He was one of those dull, heavy, metaphysical heads, who go, among the vulgar, for wise and learned men—whose dullness of expression passes for sanctity; and whose general heavyheadedness is considered an infallible mark of a correct, pious demeanour. While at the College of Aberdeen he went by the ridiculous nickname of the 'Boiled Fowl,' in consequence of some resemblance his pale-marbled physiognomy was thought to bear to that object. Notwithstanding the gravity of the worthy divine, we resolved to make him a butt. One evening, therefore, while at supper, I took notice of a drink very common in some parts of America; to wit, a composition of porter and sweet milk, which was used as a bitter for removing ague and curing weakness of the stomach. S——, who immediately smelt game, put on all his gravity, and asserted that it was a highly pleasant, wholesome, and nutritious composition. I resolved to put it to the test. Having filled a tumbler, therefore, with an equal quantity of the two remedies mixed together, I managed with infinite difficulty to swallow about a teaspoonful of the mixture. Encouraged by my commencement, the minister, with his characteristic dullness, took up the tumbler, and saying he was subject to weakness of the stomach, he fairly cleared the whole compound. Mercy on us! he cleared every drop at a single draught. I know not, in the name of miracle,



how I preserved my gravity at this ridiculous scene. It was too much for S——, who immediately left the room, and gave vent to his merriment in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. He afterwards told me that, if necessity had compelled him to contain his feelings on that occasion, he must have perished in the attempt.

I cannot say that I gained much the esteem of the clergy and more pious folks, while I dwelt there; and the reason was, I very seldom went to church. In the country, any neglect of religion is far more seriously noticed than in a town, and a sort of disrepute is attached to the neglect. However, I had a very good reason for my absence, as the church was many miles off, and my particular employment occupied my time as much on one day as on another. However, if I was deficient in this respect, I cannot plead guilty to any want of spiritual exertion while at home. I was often obliged to officiate, even for weeks, as landlord; and it was very frequently my lot to have Mr. B—— as my guest for days together. In such times, I always endeavoured to make up for my ordinary neglect; and the following is a sample of the discipline I kept in the family. Psalms and prayers before breakfast—a short sermon in the forenoon—Psalms and prayers before supper—and prayers after supper.—To this was constantly joined a long grace before and after each meal, and an almost incessant feast of spiritual conversation between the minister and myself. Mr. B——, honest man, was in no respect loath to do whatever I requested on this score—he did it readily and pleasantly. I should be most unwilling to treat sacred matters with levity, or ridicule the preacher of the Gospel. I am merely stating facts as they did occur, with every hope that no one can imagine, that what I

then did is to be approved of—or that what I now mention, is to be laid down as a model for them. This unexpected piety struck Mr. B—— with admiration, and the whole house with amazement. He considered me a strayed sheep recovered to the fold. As for the neighbours, they knew not what to imagine. Some thought, I had turned methodist—others, that my head was disordered—but the greater part regarded it as a piece of mere waggery carried on against the worthy parson. However, I gave the house trouble enough, for I made a point of making every individual attend prayers punctually, and called upon each by name before the minister, as I knew they would not disoblige him by a refusal. This conceit, however, was like to turn every thing topsy turvey. Was the dinner or breakfast ill prepared, the blame lay with me; I had called the servants to prayers. Were the cows not milked in time—the dairy maid was attending prayers.—Once, the pot containing fish that were boiling for supper, fell into the fire—scalded a dog, and destroyed with dust a fine sago pudding which was toasting hard by. I was dreadfully mortified at this event, and scolded the cook with all the powers of rhetoric. The only answer I got was, O Sir, I could na help it, ye ken I was at prayers. On one occasion, a child fell into a pot of boiling porridge, which had been shortly before lifted off the fire, and was nearly burned to death. I was firmly bent on turning off the cook for this other instance of carelessness—but lo! what is her defence. She canna baith pray and cook. Every fault was committed while we were at prayers. In short prayers, prayers, prayers resounded through the house. All misdemeanours were laid to the account of prayers, and I was compelled, by the universal voice, to banish prayers altogether.

On one occasion, S— and I laid our heads together to terrify the country-side; and this we did very easily, by placing field turnips, hallowed out, and lighted with a candle, in sequestered parts of the road. Sometimes, we would steal into the churchyard, and dressed in white sheets, walk like spectres among the grave stones. At other times, we would secrete ourselves in retired places, and moan and howl most dolefully. On hallowe'en we played fifty pranks, and among others, set off a balloon with a lighted candle attached to it. The speculations of the people on the latter phenomenon were very curious. Some considered it a comet; others, a burning star—some imagined the world was near an end, and that this was one of the signs of the times; others, that it was the evil spirit, in a bodily shape, seeking whom he may devour. In fact, this and other contrivances threw the whole country-side into perturbation. No person would venture out alone at night—the stoutest hearted trembled at their shadows. The people, seated around their fires in the evening, would listen to the most doleful tales of ghosts, wraiths, flying stars, copse candles, devils, and unnatural howlings. In short, the whole parish was in a state of alarm—the minister was plagued to death with their foolish terrors—the elders held meetings at which some quaked, some doubted, and some affected to disbelieve the tales altogether; but every one, whatever were their expressions, felt great fear come upon them. The country-side was never so thoroughly terrified in the memory of man.

As S—'s occupation and mine were the same, we were frequently together in our peregrinations through the country; and we never failed to blend profit and amusement. We drove our horses through thick and

thin—cleared dykes and ditches—bolted into the cottages—kissed the lasses, and clattered away with the old folks, with all the good humour in the world. Then came the whiskey bottle, and the kebbuck of ewe milk, and the bannocks of barley meal. What although the peat fire blazed in the middle of the room, and the rafters were black and sooty. What although the fire was surrounded by half-a-dozen of colliers, and the ground was neither floored nor flagged. These defects passed unregarded. Our object was to give and receive merriment—to receive the hospitable welcome of an honest worthy people, and to repay them with mirth and with thanks.—I think I hear some of our town-bred, milk and water dandies, and some of our refined female pieces of sensibility, tossing up their offended heads at this recital, and saying, 'What a low, tippling, unmannerly fellow, to sit and drink with peasants on a footing of equality. Stop a little my dear delicate creatures, be not too rash in your judgments. Remember, a smoky city, and the mountains of Scotland are different things. Remember, there is a difference between walking on the light fantastic toe along the Trongate, with a redicule in your hand, if you are a woman; or with a silver cane, high-heeled boots, and ornamental spurs which never scratched a horse's side, if you are a man. Remember, there is a difference between this, and riding thirty, forty, or fifty miles through the keen pure air of the hills, exposed perhaps to the bitter biting frost, and all the sharpness of the elements. Remember this, my dear little, slender-waisted creatures, and do not toss your pretty heads so high. To be sure, to be obliged to stoop a foot or so before you can enter the cottage, is not quite so pleasant to a laced and collared coxcomb, as to enter a seven

foot parlour door without stooping— and it is rather more agreeable to loll on stuffed bottom chairs, with high backs, than to sit on chairs with wooden bottoms and scarcely any back at all. All this, my dear misses and dandies, is verily true; but then we rough boys don't look with squeamish eyes on the worst part of the picture—we look to the glorious scene of old hospitality which breathes in such uncomely tenements; and though your sensations are a thousand times more refined and more pure than ours, yet they are not more joyful or delicious.

Mercy on us! what drinkers these Highlandmen are! Give them snuff and whiskey, and they will do any thing for you. They absolutely drink more spirits than any people in the nation, and are after all the soberest in it. If you see a Highlandman drunk upon his hills, you may sing 'woe to the gallon of whiskey.' It is quite common for two fellows to manage a Scots pint between them of a day, without ever feeling it, and very often a great deal more. We never meet with any of these tun-bellied, blear-eyed, fuming, bloated, disgusting objects which abound in towns—the monuments of dissipation. The spirit, in truth, is so good—the air so pure, and the constitutions of the people so light, that the whiskey flies off as soon as taken in. I shall never forget honest *Sgobassa*—what a hospitable hearty old cook. His real name is *Falconer*; but *Sgobassa* is the Gothic for *drink it off*. He got the name in consequence of his kindness. If *Falconer* presented you with a glass, and if you declined it, he cried out *Sgobassa, Sgobassa*, and kept standing with the glass held up to your nose till you cleared every drop like a gentleman. *Sgobassa* lives high up among the hills, and deals in sheep and black cattle. *S—*, Johnny Raw, and I

paid him a visit. O that I could depict, with any thing in nature, this happy day! We were literally mad with merriment. He called his son, his daughter, (a beautiful girl by-the-by) and half a score of the better sort of neighbours. Ham and eggs, cheese, bannocks, and whiskey, were sported in grand style. Then came the piper, and gave us Lord knows how many strathspeys and pibrochs. *L—* laughed—Johnny Raw sung his favourite 'Lumps o' pudding'—I quizzed and jocked—the lasses nearly lost their senses with laughing, and the very cows in the byre lowed with mirth. At last, nothing would serve us but reels in the barn. No sooner said than done. Away to the barn we went, and danced to the enlivening strains of the bagpipe till we could dance no longer. Our host made the whiskey fly about with unabated activity, and set us all together by the ears. If any one refused his glass—*Sgobassa, Sgobassa* resounded till compliance was enforced. Mirth and folly seemed to have reached their zenith, but—they rose a step higher than ever. What did they do, gentle reader—guess? why, they whispered, 'Run a race, *Sgobassa* mounted an old sheltie, his son another, while Johnny Raw, *S—*, and I got upon our own cattle. Away we went like march horses, driving through bog, moss, and ditch, at full speed. *S—* being soberest, managed his horse to most advantage, and kept the lead. I was next, and *Sgobassa* followed. Here, however, an accident occurred. The pride of Johnny Raw was hurt that his beast should be outrun by a Highland sheltie. So on he drove—spurred, kicked, and lashed his poney, and came with such force on *Sgobassa's* leg, that they were both pitched—the saddle in the twinkling—*Sgobassa* fell flat and un-  
neath; but poor



Johnny measured his length in a ditch full of water, and there he kept kicking and bawling till his rival helped him out. So much for *Sgobassa* and his entertainment.

## LYONS.

We reached Lyons in the evening of the third day after we left Moulins.

We remained there two days, and employed nearly the whole of the time in walks over the city and environs. I adopted this practice as the invariable rule in the whole course of my tour—to have certain points where we might repose, and thence take a view both of the place itself and a retrospect of what we had passed.

Nothing can be more delightful to the eye than the situation of Lyons. Situated on the confluence of two of the most lovely rivers in the world, the Rhone and the Saone, and distributed, as it were, on hills and dales, with lawn, corn-fields, woods and vineyards interposed, and gardens, trees, &c. intermixed with the houses, it has a liveliness, an animation, an air of cleanness and rurality, which seldom belong to a populous city. The distant Alps, moreover, rising in the back-ground add magnificence to beauty. Beyond all possibility of doubt, Lyons is unrivaled in the loveliness of its situation. The approach to it is like the avenue to fairy-land.

The horrible ravage of the Revolution has much defaced this town. La Place de Belle Cour was once the finest square which any provincial town in Europe could boast. It was composed of the most magnificent houses, the habitations of such of the nobility as were accustomed to make Lyons their winter or summer residence. That demon, in the human shape, Col-

lot d'Herbois, being sent to Lyons as one of the Jacobin Commissioners, by one and the same decree condemned the houses to be rased to the ground, and their possessors to be guillotined. A century will pass before Lyons will recover itself from this Jacobin purgation. In this square was formerly an equestrian statue of Louis the Fourteenth, adorned on the sides of the pedestal, with bronze figures of the Rhone and the Saone. This statue is destroyed, but the bronze figures remain.

The town-hall of Lyons is in every respect worthy of the city. It is in the form of a parallelogram, with wings on each side of the front, each wing being nearly one hundred and fifty yards in length. The middle of the wings are crowned with cupolas, and the gates have all Ionic pillars. The walls and ceilings are covered with paintings. There are several inscriptions in honour of the Emperor Napoleon; but as these have been already noted in other books of travels, I deem it unnecessary to say more of them. But the best praise of Lyons is in its institutions for charity, in its hospitals, and in its schools. In no city in the world have they so great a proportion to the actual population and magnitude of the town. They are equal to the support of one-eighth part of the inhabitants. The Hotel de Dieu is in fact a palace built for the sick poor. The rooms are lofty, with cupolas, and all of them very carefully ventilated. The beds are clean to an extreme degree, as was likewise every utensil in the kitchen, and the kitchen itself. The nursing, feeding, &c. of the sick is performed by a religious society of about one hundred men, and the same of women, who devote themselves to that purpose. The men are habited in black; the women in the dress of nuns. This charity is open to all na-



tions; to be an admissible object, nothing further is necessary than to stand in need of its assistance. This is true charity.

The cathedral is beautifully situated by the river; it is dedicated to St. John, and is built in the ancient Gothic style. The clock is a great favourite with the inhabitants. It is ornamented by a cock, which is contrived so as to crow every hour. Before the Revolution, the church of Lyons was the richest in France, or Europe. All the canons were counts, and were not admissible, till they had proved sixteen quarters of nobility. They wore a gold cross of eight rays. Since the Revolution, the cathedral has fallen into decay; but it is to be hoped, that, for the honour of the town, it will be repaired.

Lyons has two theatres, Le Grand and Le Petit Spectacle. Neither of them deserve any more than a bare mention. The performers had so little reputation, that we had no wish to visit either of them.

The manufactories of Lyons, being confined in their supply to the home market, are not in the same flourishing state as formerly. They still continue, however, to work up a vast quantity of silk; and on the return of peace, would doubtless recover somewhat of their former prosperity. Some years since, the silk stockings alone worked up at Lyons, were estimated at 1500

The workmen are unhappily not paid in proportion to their industry. They commence their day's labour at an unusual hour in the morning, and continue it in the night, yet are unable to earn enough to live in plenty.

Lyons appeared to me, from the cursory information which I could obtain, to be as cheap as any town in France. Provisions of all kinds were in great plenty, and were the best of their kind. There are three kinds of

bread—the white bread, meal bread, and black or rye bread. The latter is in most use among the weavers. It is very cheap; but the measures differ so much in this part of France, that I could not reduce them to English pounds, except by a rough estimate. The best wheaten bread is about one-third or rather more of the price that is in England; beef and mutton in great plenty, and proportionately cheap; a very large turkey for about two shillings and sixpence, English money.—

Pit-coal is in common use in almost every house in Lyons: it is dug in the immediate neighbourhood, and is very cheap. The best land in the province may be had for about fifteen pounds (English) per acre in purchase. In the neighbourhood of Lyons, the land lets high, and therefore sells proportionately. Vegetables are of course in the greatest possible plenty; and fruit so cheap and so abundant, as to be sold only by the poorest people.—Whoever is particularly fond of a desert, let him seek it in France: for a Livre he may set out a table, which in London, would take him at least a Louis.

Lyons has given birth to many celebrated men. Amongst them was De Lanzy, the celebrated mathematician, and friend of Maupertuis. He lived to such an extreme age as to survive his memory and faculties; but when so insensible as to know no one about him, Maupertuis suddenly asked him what was the square of 12, and he readily replied, 144, and died, as it is said, almost in the same moment. This illustrious genius was as simple as he was learned. His character, as given amongst the history of the French literati, is very amiable—of great learning, of extreme industry, simple and amiable to a degree, and invariably benevolent and good-tempered. He was yet more distinguished by his

charities than by his learning.—The learned Thon likewise was a native of this town.

The society at Lyons very much resembles that of Paris; it is divided into two classes—those in trade, *i. e.* merchants; and those out of trade; the military, gentry, &c. The military, though many of them are certainly of rather an humble origin, are characterized by elegant manners, by great politeness, and by a gallantry towards the ladies which would have done honour to the old court. It gave me great satisfaction to hear this character of them. I should put no value on any society in which the ladies did not hold their due place, and perform their due parts; and this is never the case, except where they are properly respected. Gallantry has the same effect upon the manners, which Ovid attributes to learning—“*Emolli morēs, nec sinit esse feros.*”

A stranger at Lyons, who makes the city his temporary residence is received with the greatest hospitality into all the parties of the town; he requires nothing but an introduction to one of them; and even if he should be without that, an unequivocal appearance of respectability would answer the same end. The fashionable world at Lyons, however, are not accustomed to give dinners; they have no notion of that substantial hospitality which characterizes England. Their suppers, however, are very elegant; they have always fish, and sometimes soup, roasted poultry, and, in the proper season, game, pease, cauliflowers, and asparagus, almost the whole year round. The sparkling Champagne then goes round, and French wit, French vivacity, and French gallantry, are seen in perfection.—There is certainly nothing in England equal to the French supper. It is usually served in a saloon; but the

company make no hesitation in the intervals of conversation and of eating, to visit every room in the house.—Every room is accordingly lighted and prepared for this purpose; the beds thrust into cupboards and corners, and the whole house rendered a splendid promenade, most brilliantly lighted with glass chandeliers and lustres.—This blaze of light is further increased by reflection from the large glasses and mirrors which are found in every room. In England, the glasses are pitiful to a degree. In France, even in the inns, they reach in one undivided plate from the top of the room to the bottom. The French furniture moreover is infinitely more magnificent than in England. Curtains, chair-covers, &c. are all of silk, and the chairs fashioned according to the designs of artists.—The French music too, such as attends on their parties, exceeds that of England: In a few words, a party in France is a spectacle; it is arranged with art; and where there is much art, there will always be some taste.

In the neighbourhood of Lyons are numerous chateaus, most delightfully situated, with lawns, pleasure-grounds, gardens, and green-houses, in the English taste. In the summer season, public breakfasts are almost daily given by one or other of the possessors. Marquees are then erected on the lawn, and all the military bands in the town attend. The day is consumed in dancing, which is often protracted so late in the night, as almost to trespass on the day following. These kind of parties are perhaps too favourable for intrigue, to suit English or American manners; but they are certainly delightful in a degree, and recall to one's fancy the images of poetry.

The French ladies frequently visit the farmers *incog.* and hire themselves for the day. Though the farmer knows them, it is the established cus-

tens that he should favour the sport by pretending ignorance, and treating them in every respect as if they were what they seemed to be. This is another mark of indulging that general disposition to gallantry which characterises a French woman, and they must have lovers of all degrees and qualities: for vanity is to the bottom of this assumed humility.

Lodging at Lyons, in which I incline to board, is extremely cheap; for about thirty pounds per annum you may board in the first houses; and I was informed that every one is welcome but Italians. The French have an extreme contempt for Italians. A house at Lyons may likewise be hired very cheap. The pleasantest houses, however, are situated out of the town; and I have no doubt, but that such a house as would cost in England one hundred per annum, might be hired in the environs of Lyons in the loveliest country in the world, by the sides of the Rhone and the Saone; and with a view of the Alps, for about twenty-five Louis annual rent. Every house has a garden, and many of them mulberry orchards, woods, and pleasure-grounds. On the 1st of Lyons on the morning of the 10th day after our arrival, much pleased with our stay and with the general appearance of the city and the neighbourhood, Avignon was the next business of our destination. As the distance between Lyons and Avignon is about 120 miles, we distributed our baggage into three divisions, and accordingly departed on the 10th to Rhodan, 40 miles from Lyons; the road continued very various, occasionally hilly and dale, bordered by hedges, in which were flowers and flowering shrubs that perfumed the air very delightfully. It is not uncommon to find even large flocks in the open fields; the very air of the country

seemed different from any through which I had before passed. There were many of the fields planted with mulberry-trees. I observed that this tree seemed to flourish best where nothing else would grow, on stony and gravelly soils. This indeed seems to be the common excellence of mulberry and the vine, that they may be both cultivated on lands which would otherwise be barren.

We passed several flour-mills on the river Gère; a beautiful stream, occasionally very thickly wooded, and passing in a channel which as seen from the road, has any appearance but that of a level. The smaller rivers in France, like the Gère, are infinitely more beautiful than the larger of the water, passing over a bed of gravel, is limpid and transparent, and green, and the grounds through which they roll, being left in their natural rudeness, have a character of wildness, romance, and picturesque, which is not to be found in the greater navigable streams. An evening stroll along their banks, would favour the imagination of a poet. I feel some surprise, that a greater proportion of the writers of France are not their descriptive poets.

PARIS.  
To those whose attention had been long fixed on the great political revolution which had brought the warring tribes of the Volga and the Don into the heart of France, and whose minds had been incessantly occupied for many months previous to the time of which we speak (as the minds of almost all Englishmen had been), with wishes for the success, and admiration of the exploits, of the brave troops who then occupied Paris, it may naturally be supposed, that even all the wonders of the capital were, at the

first instance; objects of equality consideration. It was a magnificent curiosity, had been testified by the sight of the Emperor Alexander, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis de Richelieu, Count Platen, and many numbers of the Russian and Prussian officers and soldiers, as we considered a fair specimen of the whole armies, that we could find it hard to appreciate the beauties, even of the Apollo and the Venus. The streets of Paris are always amusing and interesting, from the numbers and varieties of costumes and characters which they present: but at the time of which we speak, they might be considered as exhibiting an epitome of the greater part of Europe. Parties of Russian cuirassiers, Prussian lancers, and Hungarian hussars; Cossacks, old and young, from those whose beards were grey with age, to those who were yet beardless, cantering along after their singular fashion—their long lances, poised on their stirrups, and loosely fastened to their right arms, vibrating over their heads; long files of Russian and Prussian footmen; and long trains of Austrian baggage-waggons, winding slowly through the crowds, with soldiers of all nations, French as well as allied, lounging about in their loose great coats and blowers, smoking crooked pipes hanging from their mouths, patrols of infantry parading about under arms, composed half of Russian grenadiers, and half of Parisian national guards; Russian coaches and four, answering to the description of Dr. Clarke, the obstinates riding on the off horses, and dressed almost like beggars; Russian hacks, drawn by four homes a-breast, and driven by peasants in the national costumes; Polish Jews, with long black beards, dressed in black robes like the cassocks of English clergymen, with broad leather belts—all mingled with

the Parisian militia, upon the Boulevard; and in the midst of this indiscriminate confusion, the brilliant display of the uniforms of the Parisian militia, and all the arrangements of Paris, with its crowded galleries and fountains, and the Palais-Royal was crowded, (meaning noon and night, with Russian and Prussian officers, in full uniform, decorated with orders, whose noisy merriment, cordial salutations, and careless profusion, were strikingly contrasted with the silence and solemnity of the French officers.

It is fortunately superfluous for us to enlarge on the appearance, or on the character of the Emperor Alexander. We were struck with the simplicity of the style in which he lived. He inhabited only one or two apartments in a wing of the splendid *Château Bourbon*—slept on a leather mattress which he had used in the campaign—rose at four in the morning to transact business—wore the uniform of a Russian General, with only the medals of 1812, (the same as is worn by every soldier who served in that campaign, with the inscription, in Russian, *Nobis sed tibi Domine*); had a French guard at his door—went out in a chain and pair with a single servant, and no guards, and was very regular in his attendance at his small chapel, where the services of the Greek Church were performed. We had access to very good information concerning him, and the accounts which we received of his character even exceeded our anticipation. His humanity was described to us as almost unparalleled; he repeatedly left behind him, in marching with the army, some of the medical men of his own staff, to dress the wounds of the French soldiers whom he passed on the way, and it was a standing order of his, to his hospital staff, to treat wounded Russians and French exactly alike.

His conduct in the battle of Eylau, a few days before the capture of Paris, of which we had an account from eye-witnesses, may give an idea of his conduct while with the armies. The French column, consisting of about 5000 infantry, with some artillery, was attacked by the advanced guard of the allies, consisting of cavalry, with some horse-artillery, under his immediate orders. It made a desperate resistance, and its capture being an object of great importance, he sent away all his guards, even the Cossacks, and exposed himself to the fire of musketry for a long time, directing the movements of the troops. When the French squares were at length broken by the repeated charges of cavalry and Cossacks, he threw himself into the middle of them, at a great personal risk, that he might restrain the fury of the soldiers, exasperated by the obstinacy of the resistance; and although he could not prevent the whole French officers and men from being completely pillaged, many of them owed their lives to his interference. The French commander was brought to him, and offered him his sword, which he refused to accept, saying that he had defended himself as well as he could. He also stated that the wife and children of a General, who had been with the French army, were brought to him, and that he placed a guard over them, which was overpowered in the confusion. The unfortunate women were never more heard of, but he succeeded in recovering the children, which he had made for them in his own tent, and kept them with him, until he reached Paris, when he ordered enquiry to be made for some of her relations, to whose care he committed them. He was uniformly represented to as a man not merely of the most am-

able dispositions, but of superior understanding, and of a firm decided turn of mind. Of the steps which he individually took in directing the operations of the allied armies, we do not pretend to speak with absolute certainty; but we had reasons to know that the general opinion in the Russian army was, that the principle movements were not merely subjected to his controul but guided by his advice; and he was certainly looked upon by officers who had long served under him, as one of the ablest commanders in the allied armies.

He was much disconcerted, it was said, by the loss of the battle of Austerlitz; but his subsequent experience in war had given him the true military obstinacy, and he bore the loss of the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen with perfect equanimity; often saying, the French can still beat us, but they will teach us how to beat them; and we will conquer them by our *persistency*. The attachment of the Russian army, and especially of the guards to him, almost approached to idolatry, and the effect of his presence on the discipline and conduct of his troops is wonderful.

As a specimen of the general feeling in the Russian army at the time they invaded France, we may mention the substance of a conversation, which an officer of the Russian staff told us: he had held with a private of the Russian guard on the march soon after the invasion. The soldier complained of the Emperor's proclamation, desiring them to consider as enemies only those whom they met in the field. "The French," said he, "came into our country, bringing hosts of Germans and Poles along with them; they plundered our properties, burnt our houses, and murdered our families. Every Russian was their enemy. We have driven them out of Russia; we have

followed them into Poland, into Germany, and into France; but wherever we go we are allowed to find none but friends. This," he added, "is very well for us Guards, who know that pillage is unworthy of us; but the common soldiers and Cossacks do not understand it; they remember how their friends and relations have been treated by the French, and that remembrance *lives at their hearts*."

We were shown the projecting part of the heights of Belleville, immediately overlooking the Faubourg St. Martin, which the Emperor Alexander reached, with the King of Prussia, the Prince Schwartzburg, and the whole general staff, on the evening of the 30th of March. It was here that he received the deputation from Marshal Marmont and Mortier, who had fought all day against a vast superiority of force, and been fairly overpowered, recommending Paris to the generosity of the allies. Thirty howitzers were placed on this height, and a few shells were thrown into the town, one or two of which, we were assured, reached as far as the Eglise de St. Bustace; it is allowed on all hands that they fell within the Boulevards. The heights of Montmartre were, at the same time, stormed by the Silesian army, and cannon were placed on it likewise. Paris was then at his mercy. After a year and a half of arduous contest, it was at length in his power to take a bloody revenge for the miseries which his subjects had suffered during the unprovoked invasion of Russia. He ordered the firing to cease; assured the French deputation of his intention to protect the city; and issued orders to his army to prepare to march in the next morning, on parade order. He put himself at their head, in company with the King of Prussia, and all the generals of high rank. After passing along the Boulevard to the Champs

Elysees, the Sovereigns placed themselves under a tree, within a few yards of the spot where Louis XVI. and many other victims of the revolution had perished; and they saw the last man of their armies *defile* past the town, and proceed to take a position beyond it before they entered it themselves.

At this time, the recollection of the fate of Moscow was so strong in the Russian army, and the desire of revenge was so generally diffused, not merely among the soldiers, but even among the superior officers, that they themselves said, nothing could have restrained them but the presence of the Czar; nor could any other influence have maintained that admirable discipline in the Russian army, during its stay in France, which we have so often heard the theme of panegyric, even among their most inveterate enemies.

It is not in the columns of newspapers, nor in the perishable pages of such a Journal as this, that the invincible determination, the splendid achievements, and the magnanimous forbearance of the Emperor of Russia, and his brave army, during the late war, can be duly recorded; but when they shall have passed into history, we think we shall but anticipate the sober judgment of posterity, by saying that the foreign annals of no other nation, ancient or modern, will present, in an equal period of time, a spectacle of equal moral grandeur.

The King of Prussia was seen to be seen at the Parisian theatres, dressed in plain clothes, and accompanied by his son and nephews. The first time we saw him there, he was making some enquiries of a manager of the Theatre de l'Odéon, whom he met in the lobby; and the modesty and embarrassment of his manner were finely contrasted with the confident dignity

and officious courtesy of the Frenchman. He is known to be exceedingly averse to public exhibitions, even in his own country. He had gone through all the hardships and privations of the campaign, had exposed himself with a gallantry bordering on rashness in every engagement; his son and nephew always by his side; his coolness in action was the subject of universal admiration; and it was not without reason that he had acquired the name of the first soldier in his army. His brothers, who are fine-looking men, took the command of brigades in the Silesian army, and did the duty of brigadiers to the satisfaction of the whole army.

We had the good fortune of seeing the Duke of Wellington at the opera, the first time that he appeared in public at Paris. He was received with loud applause; and the modesty of his demeanour, while it accorded with the impressions of his character, derived from his whole conduct, and the style of his public writings, sufficiently showed, that his time had been spent more in camps than in courts. We were much pleased to find, that full justice was done to his merits as an officer by all ranks of the allied armies. On the day that he entered Paris, the watch-word in the whole army in the neighbourhood was Wellington; and the countersign Talavera. We have often heard Russian and Prussian officers say, he is the hero of the war:—we have conquered the French by main force, but his triumphs are the result of superior skill.

We found, as we had expected, that Marshal Blücher was held in the highest estimation in the allied army, chiefly on account of the promptitude and decision of his judgment, and the unconquerable determination of his character. We were assured, that notwithstanding the length and severity

of the service in which he had been engaged during the campaign of 1814, he expressed the greatest regret, at its abrupt termination; and was anxious to follow up his successes, until the remains of the French army should be wholly dispersed, and their leader unconditionally surrendered. An English gentleman who saw him at the time of the action, in which a part of his troops were engaged at Soissons, a few days previous to the great battle at Laon, gave a striking account of his cool collected appearance on that occasion. He was lying in profound silence, wrapped up in his cloak, on the snow on the side of a hill overlooking the town, smoking his pipe, and occasionally looking through a telescope at the scene of action. At length he rose up, saying it was not worth looking at, and would come to nothing. In fact, the main body of the French army was marching on Rheims, and he was obliged to retire and concentrate his forces, first on Crémant, and afterwards on Laon, before he could bring on a general engagement.

He bore the fatigues of the campaign without any inconvenience, but fell sick on the day after he entered Paris, and resigned his command, requesting only of General Sacken, the governor of the town, that he would allot him lodgings from which he could look out upon Montmartre, the scene of his last triumph. He never appeared in public at Paris, but we had the pleasure of seeing him in a very interesting situation. We had gone to visit the Hotel des Invalides, and on entering the church under the great dome, we found this celebrated commander, accompanied only by his son, and another officer, leaning on the rails which enclose the monument of Turenne. We followed him into a small apartment off the church, where the bodies of Marshals Bessieres and



Duroc, and the hearts of Generals Lariboissiere and Barraguay D'Hilliers lay embalmed under a rich canopy of black velvet, in magnificent coffins which were strewed with flowers every morning by the Dutchess of Istria, the widow of Bessiers, who came thither regularly after mass. This room was hung with black, and lighted only by a small lamp, which burnt under the canopy, and threw its light in the most striking manner on the grey hairs and expressive countenance of the old Marshal, as he stood over the remains of his late antagonists in arms. He heard the name of each with a slight inclination of his head, gazed on the coffins for some moments in silence, and then turned about, and, as if to shew that he was not to be moved by his recollections, he strode out of the chapel humming a tune.

We heard that he had vowed to recover possession of the sword of the great Frederic, which used to hang in the midst of the 10,000 standards of all nations, that waved under the lofty dome of this building; but on the day that the allies entered Paris, the standards were taken down and burnt, and the sword was broken to pieces, by an order, as was said, from Maria Louisa.

It is right to notice here, that the famous Silesian army which he commanded, consisted originally of many more Russian troops than Prussian—in the proportion, we were told, of four to one, although the proportion of the latter was afterwards increased.—Indeed it was at first the intention of the Emperor of Russia to put himself at the head of this army; but he afterwards gave up that idea, saying, that he knew the Russians and Prussians would fight well, and act cordially together; but that the presence of the sovereigns would be more useful in keeping together the heterogeneous materials composing the army

then forming in Bohemia, which afterwards had the name of the grand army.

## REVIEW.

*Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from St. Helena. The opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his Life and Government, in his own words.*

By BARRY E. O'MEARA, Esq. his late Surgeon. 2 Vols.—*Continued.*

Mr. Balcombe's family consisted of his wife, two daughters, one about twelve, and the other fifteen years of age, and two boys of five or six. The young ladies spoke French fluently, and Napoleon frequently dropt in to play a rubber of whist, or hold a little conversation. On one occasion he indulged them by participating in a game of blindman's buff, very much to the amusement of the young ladies. Nothing was left undone by this worthy family that could contribute to lessen the inconveniences of his situation. A captain of the artillery resided at the Briars as orderly officer; and at first a sergeant and some soldiers were also stationed there as an additional security; but upon a remonstrance being made to Sir George Cockburn, the latter, convinced of their inutilty, ordered them to be removed. Counts Bertrand and Montholon, with their respective ladies and children, General Gourgaud, and myself, lived together at Mr. Porteous's, where a suitable table in the French style, was provided by Mr. Balcombe. When any of them were desirous of paying a visit to the Briars, or of going out of the town elsewhere, no farther restriction was imposed upon them than causing them to be accompanied by myself or some other British officer, or followed by a soldier.—In this manner, they were permitted to visit any part of the island they pleased, except the forts and batteries. They were visited by Colonel and Mrs. Wilks, Lieutenant-colonel and Mrs. Skelton, the members of council, and by most of the respectable inhabitants, and the officers, both military and naval, belonging to the gar-

rison and squadron, and by their wives and families. Little evening parties were occasionally given by the French to their visitors, and matters were managed in such a manner that there was not much appearance of constraint. Sometimes the Countesses Bertrand and Montholon accompanied by one or two casual island visitors, passed an hour or two in viewing, and occasionally purchasing some of the productions of the East and of Europe, exhibited in the shops of the tradesmen; which, though far from offering the variety or the magnificence of those of the Rue Vivienne, tended nevertheless to divert them a little from the tedious monotony of a St. Helena residence.

Sir George Cockburn gave several well attended balls, to all of which they were invited; and where, with the exception of Napoleon, they frequently went. Attention was paid to their feelings; and upon the whole, matters, if not entirely satisfactory to them upon some points, were at least placed upon such a footing as to render their existence tolerable, had not the island in itself presented so many local wants and miseries. It would, perhaps, have been much better, and more consistent with propriety, had Napoleon been accommodated at Plantation House, until the repairs and additions making to Longwood were finished, instead of being so indifferently provided for in point of lodgings at the Briars. I must, however, do the admiral the justice to say, that upon this point I have reason to believe he was not at liberty to carry his own wishes into effect. In the mean time, no exertions were spared by Sir George Cockburn to enlarge and improve the old building, so as to render it capable of containing so great an increase of inmates. For this purpose, all the workmen, not only of the squadron, but in the island, were put in requisition; and Longwood, for nearly two months, presented as busy a scene as has ever been witnessed during the war, in any of his majesty's dock-yards, whilst a fleet was fitting out, under the personal directions of some of our first naval commanders. The admiral, indefatigable in his exertions, was frequently seen to arrive at Longwood shortly after sun-rise, stimulating by his presence the St. Helena workmen who, in general, lazy and indolent, beheld with astonishment the dispatch and activity of a man-of-war, succeed to the characteristic idleness which, until then,

they had been accustomed both to witness and to practise.

Every day bodies of two or three hundred seamen were employed in carrying up from James Town, timber and other materials for building, together with furniture, which, though the best was purchased, at an enormous expense, whatever it could be procured, was paltry and old-fashioned. So deficient was the island in the means of transport, that almost every thing, even the very stones for building, were carried up the steep side-path on the heads and shoulders of the seamen, occasionally assisted by fatigue parties of the fifty-third regiment. By means of incessant labour, Longwood House was enlarged so as to admit, on the 6th of December, Napoleon and part of his household, Count and Countess Montholon and children, Count and young Las Cases.

Napoleon himself had a small narrow bed-room on the ground-floor, a writing-room of the same dimensions, and a sort of small ante-chamber, in which a bath was put up. The writing room opened into a dark and low apartment, which was converted into a dining-room. The opposite wing consisted of a bedroom larger than that of Napoleon's, which, with an ante-chamber and closet, formed the accommodation for Count and Countess Montholon and son. From the dining-room a door led to a drawing-room, about eighteen feet by fifteen. In prolongation of this, one longer, much higher, and more airy, was built of wood, by Sir George Cockburn, with three windows on each side, and a veranda, leading to the garden. This, although it labored under the inconvenience of becoming intolerably hot towards the evening, whenever the sun shone forth in tropical splendour, by the rays penetrating the wood of which it was composed, was the only good room in the building. Las Cases had a room next the kitchen, which had formerly been occupied by some of Colonel Skelton's servants, through the ceiling of which an opening was cut, so as to admit a very narrow stair, leading to a sort of cock-loft above, where his son reposed. The garrets over the old building were floored, and converted into apartments for Marchand, Cipriani, St. Dennis, Josephine, &c. From the sloping structure of the roof, it was impossible to stand upright in those garrets, unless in the centre, and the sun, penetrating through the slating, rendered them occasionally in-

supportably hot. Additional rooms were constructing for them, and for General Gougaud, the orderly officer, and myself, who, in the mean time, were accommodated with tents. Lieutenant Blood, and Mr. Cooper, carpenter of the Northumberland, with several artificers from the ship, also

resided upon the premises; the two former under an old studding sail, which had been converted into a tent. A very liberal table, (considering St. Helena,) was found by order of Sir George Cockburn, for the orderly officer and myself.

## POETRY.

### STANZAS WRITTEN AT SEA.

O Thou, who bidst these ocean-streams  
Their primal bounds and limits keep;  
Who lay'st Thy temple's starry beams  
Unbroken on the mighty deep;  
Conduct us o'er the trackless waste  
That spurns the print of human feet,  
But where Thy presence may be traced,  
In every wind and wave we meet!  
And as these liquid plains we rove,  
Should stormy winds resistless blow,  
O save us from the flash above!  
O spare us from the gulph below!  
And in these soul-appalling hours,  
When death rides high on every wave,  
Assist, O Lord! our feeble powers,  
And save—when Thou alone canst save!  
And on those plains of early day,  
Where first the star-light was unfur'd,  
That shed salvation from its ray,  
And splendour o'er a nighted world;  
O shield us from the scorching beam,  
That burns on life's diminished spring,  
From fever's wild delirious dream,  
The tiger's wrath, the serpent's sting.  
But teach us,—more than all the rest,—  
To bow submissive to thy will;  
In all thy tender mercies blest,  
In all thy judgments patient still!

That Thou, life's weary voyage past,  
By favouring gales or tempests driven,  
Our steadfast barks may gain at last  
Their wished-for port—their port in  
heaven.

### TO A DYING ROSE.

Sweet flower, adieu! now Autumn strews  
thy sweets,  
And pale decay completes her sickly work;  
Although thy scatter'd leaves, like just  
men's deeds,  
Smell sweetly ev'n in dust; for thou dost hold  
Within the foldings of thy roseate breast,  
An incense sweeter far than all the stores  
Exhal'd in summer's most acknowledg'd  
charms,  
With beauty bursting:—now, alas! bereft  
Of all thy blushing kindred, thou alone  
Stand'st lovelier in thy parted loneliness.  
Sweet flower, for thee the Autumn blasts  
have nought  
Of Friendship, or the genial sympathy  
Which bids thy blushes speak, and gives  
unsought,  
The full fraught-odour of thy virgin  
charms;  
To thee their breath is bitter, and the dews  
Which chilly eve unconsensually distils,  
Though sweet to earth, are thy funeral  
tears. N.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rusticus will appear next week; and we would be happy to receive further communications from him. A Dwarf's 'Country Wedding' will make its appearance in our next. We would advise him, however, in future, to shorten his effusions. The Melange is by no means a fit publication for long-winded articles.

### TO THE PUBLIC.

The present Proprietors, in entering on the management of this Publication, beg to solicit a continuance of that support which it received under the former conductors; to merit which, they pledge their best and unwearied efforts to procure whatever is new and important in Literature and the Arts.

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**THE CAMERA OBSCURA.**

No. 4.

**THE ORPHAN.**

It was a beautiful afternoon in July, when the old minister and I were sitting on one of the grave stones of the little church-yard of Glentorly. The sun, which had burned intensely during the day, was steeped and cooled in the dews of the evening: nature, which had sickened under his sultry beams, began to revive; and there was a freshness and almost a satisfaction, when his vast burning orb sunk beneath the sea, trailing a mighty volume of burnished clouds along with it.—The declining luminary hid his golden visage in the deep; but, in his fall, he was not less glorious than when he arose, in majesty, at the dawn of that day. As he sunk downwards from his elevation, the clouds, which had fled to the uttermost parts of the sky, appeared, and decked the mighty azure of heaven with a thousand fantastic shapes;—but they could not shade the majestic ball from the eyes of man—they could not, like the vapours that pass before the moon, obscure his brilliant face, and cast a dim veil between it, and the inhabitants of the earth.—No, he made them subservient to his

glory—he pierced them with his irresistible beams—and, as they rose around him on every side, they were a bright investiture of shining veils, through which his majestic visage shone. It was a noble sight to witness that luminary fall into the deep, making himself every moment more beautiful,—investing himself with a prouder livery,—and sinking from mortal sight with undiminished grandeur.

The minister was a pious man, of a fine imagination, and did not fail to enjoy the splendour of such a scene. But he was an aged man, and I was young. I had met with no sorrows; and he was a man of many woes. I had dwelt in the house of feasting and mirth; but he had been long conversant with the house of mourning.—What wonder then, that we surveyed the setting sun with different eyes? I gazed upon it with the maddening poetical enthusiasm of youth; I likened it to the glorious empire of romance. The clouds that rolled along, were so many shining chariots moving, through space, by some magician's wand—the beings who basked in the celestial glow were the inhabitants of fairy land. I figured, in imagination, their vaulted bowers—their plains of burnished gossamer—their dance and melodious music in this strange region—and I

wished I could transform myself to one of these light forms, and see the secrets of a place so wonderfully hid from human eyes. But the minister looked on with sublimer feelings. He saw nothing but an image of the Eternal above him; and, as that image fell beneath the horizon, he sighed deeply, but not sadly, and said 'O Lord! what must thou thyself be, when even thine emblems are so majestic.'

The place of tombs, where we sat, appeared more lonely in the dusk of twilight. The rows of elm and alder trees, that shaded the avenue, nodded silently as the soft sweet breeze of evening came among their branches—and the melancholy cuckoo continued his plaintive and incessant cry. On every side were planted the sepulchres of the dead. Some were railed in, and adorned with a marble slab to tell who lay there. Some were simply flagged; and others had a head-stone at the top of the mound, with the ordinary inscription cut out upon it. Some of the dead had neither railing, nor marble, nor stone of any kind, to shield their remains. The green turf, raised a foot above the yard, was the only memorial that underneath reposed their ashes. 'This is a lovely place,' said the old man, 'but it is a place I love to sit in, for it minds me that I must soon lie down here; and prepares me for that last rest—come when it will. But there are those beneath that green sod whom I once called my own, and whom I loved more than life. There are those who, when alive, made me happy—too happy; but they are dead now, and have left me an hermit.—My wife, my daughter, and two of my fair sons, lie in yonder grave, to the right hand; and before us, beneath that stone, lie two others equally dear to me.' I turned to the stone to which he pointed, and read:

TO THE MEMORY OF  
HENRY WILLIAMSON,  
Aged 23,  
AND MARGARET, HIS WIFE, AGED 15.  
Obit. 18—

'These are young persons,' said I, 'they seem to have died in the same year.' 'They are young in years,' replied the old man, 'but I wish that many, three times older, were equally fit to die. Henry, whose name you see on the stone, was my son. Margaret, his wife, was an orphan, who lived in my house. I shall relate their story, it is short but affecting.' 'When I think on my dear Margaret Harvey, my heart warms within me, and I feel again, all the enthusiasm of youth.—I took her into my house when eight years old, for she was left an orphan by the death of her father and mother, who departed within six months of each other. I knew her parents well. They were a genteel but broken family—people without guile—fearers of God, and lovers of all mankind. I remember well, when I made my last visit to her dying mother. Poor, good woman, she felt no regret in dying, but that of leaving her orphan on the wide world. She told me that she wished to die, if it were not for little Margaret; but what would the poor orphan do when she was away? It would have melted a heart of stone to have seen the little child weeping by her mother's bed at this moment—sobbing bitterly, and holding her dying parent by the hand. She was so beautiful, so full of innocence, so helpless. My heart could not bear it. I took the sweet cherub up on my knees, blessed her, and told her mother that, while I lived, she should never want a parent. This went to the dying christian's heart. She strove to speak, and thank me; but she could not, for the dim shadow of death was already over her. She could only

hold out her hand, press mine, and shed upon both of us a benignant smile before her pure spirit departed.

When I took little Margaret into my house, my family consisted only of my wife and one surviving son.—Though I had lost three of my children I was still very happy. Their remembrance, no doubt, brought, at times, a tide of melancholy recollections over my soul; yet a sense of religion mellowed all these griefs, and I blessed God that he had not taken away all my house. I was truly happy, and my happiness was augmented when I found, in this poor orphan, a new daughter to solace my approaching age. My wife was as happy as I was, and so was my son; for, although only 12 years old, he was a feeling boy, and pitied her because she was a helpless orphan. Indeed who would not love such a bonny flower? You are a young man, and it may better fit your lips to speak of beauty than mine.—Nevertheless, she was a lovely being, and as I looked upon her, she seemed a child of heaven—a seraph sent down to bless my grey hairs. Experience and age have taught me to lay earthly charms to small account; but, in this sweet orphan, there was something so bewitching, that she won every eye, and there was a magic in her expression—an innocence—a purity—a single heartedness—and an affection that thawed the frosts of age, and made the blood of feeling circulate in channels it had long fled from and left dry. Well do I remember her yellow, sunny hair, which hung, in graceful ringlets, down her noble forehead, her sweet temples, and her snow-white neck. Well do I remember the beautiful blue of that soft winning expressive eye, which so often was turned in prayer to its God—or steeped in pity, or lighted up in mirth. I shall never forget these, nor the radiant smile of her ruby lips, nor the

exquisite blending of the lily and rose in her countenance. As she was my adopted child, I looked on her with a compassion I never felt for my own children; and I loved her at last, as well as it was possible for father to love his child. And how could it be otherwise, for her mind was even more beautiful than her body, and she seemed to me a being pure as the mountain snow. I half regretted that she was so lovely, and many an hour have I sighed to think, that so much beauty should ever decay—that the grave should ever close upon such a form—but I was comforted, because I knew that her better portion would inherit a country, where neither death, nor the grave can enter.

Here the old man wept.

‘Young man, if you had seen my Margaret, you would forgive this tear, or rather you would blame me, if I could have spoken of her without weeping. She was lovely, but it was not her loveliness I so much admired. It was her pure spiritual heart—her benevolence—her love of every thing virtuous, religious, and holy, that drew my heart irresistibly towards her. I taught her young lips to lisp the name of her Maker. I taught her to fall down morning and evening before him, and pray, that through the blood of the Redeemer, he would wipe away her sins. Pious and virtuous as she was, I taught her that she was but a sinner. She believed it, and profited by it. In the spring and summer mornings, I led her out to the fields, and showed her the goodness of God in clothing them with verdure; then I would take her to this spot—to this very spot, and show her the tombs of the dead—and tell her, that one day she would lie there, along with her sainted mother—aye, sleep there till the last trumpet pierce the dull ears of the slumberers, and make them listen and obey. And I would tell her,

that I hoped I would deliver her up—the child of my adoption—to God as a pure spirit. And she would listen with trembling awe to these dreadful mysteries, and she would weep, but her tears were those of hope and joy—not of bitterness.

‘Do not think that my child was unhappy. Religion—true religion leads to pleasant fields, and not to woe. Let the scoffer talk of the gloom and melancholy which shrouds the spirit of the religious, and say, that it is dark as the shadow of death. It is not so—it is bright as yonder golden sun, that lately shone upon us, and all its ways are pleasantness and peace. So Margaret found them. There was not a happier heart than her’s in the country side. Though her demeanour was shaded with a native and beautiful contemplation, she laughed with the blithest—she romped about with her playmates, and sung, and danced, and tripped the dew, with a step as graceful and joyful, as elegance and happiness could give.

‘Years passed over the head of my Margaret, and she became a beautiful young woman. There was not the like of her for leagues around; and indeed, without undue partiality, I never saw her equal. She was altogether, so blooming, so sweet, so polished, and affectionate, that she seemed a being from another sphere. To me, she was all in all. Although I was old, I loved her with such affection, I could have died for her, and the worst of human calamities that could befall me would have been to lose this sweet flower from my arms.

‘Years after adopting Margaret, I lost my wife—an event which plunged me into deep affliction. I laid her in the grave beside the rest of my family who were all now departed from me, except an only son. I never raised my head, after this bereavement, so lightly as before; but I loved

the sweet orphan, if possible, better than ever, and she was the only beam to the painful and insupportable melancholy that perpetually clouded me over. I had taught her the lessons of religion, and these she now poured out to me as if she had been my instructress, and I received at her hands that consolation which I had been the means of instilling into her heart.

‘My eldest son, who had been intended for the ministry, was dead—so was the next; but Henry, my beautiful Henry, still survived, and got a commission in the army. He was my pride and the stay of my grey hairs. I never thought of him but with joy; and indeed every one who knew him can tell how dearly he was respected. Well, he loved Margaret, and I was highly pleased. He had loved her from the moment his young eyes saw her first; and every day of her existence she wove the mysterious web of feeling deeper and deeper around his heart. And what wonder, for this beautiful being had been his early and constant playmate. They had crossed the moors a thousand times together. He had as often pulled the wild apple, and the blaeberry, and the rasp, and given them to Margaret. He had no pleasure in any amusement in which she was not a sharer, and happily could he have lived in the most desert parts of the earth, if his eyes had been blessed by that lovely phantom.

[To be continued.]

#### MR. KNIGHT.

The printed accounts of Mr. Knight’s biography, give no information respecting the place or date of his nativity; but it appears that, very early in life, he forsook his studies as an artist, in which he probably never very warmly endeavoured to succeed, and commenced actor. The first flame of theatrical enthusiasm was lighted in



his bosom, we are told, while a boy, at the representation of 'Hob in the Well,' by some stroller company in the North of England, in consequence of which, he some years after, offered his yet untried services to the manager of a similar concern, who visited the town of Newcastle under Line; and, equally to his joy and surprise, his offer was accepted. The part of Hob, which had originally kindled his desire to be an actor, was selected for the trial of his powers, which, it seems, so completely failed him, that he could not utter one syllable, and in spite of the pitying encouragement of the audience, and the intreaties of his companions, he fairly took to his heels, and made his escape from the scene of terror and confusion.

A year elapsed before he ventured to renew his attempt, when the love of the stage prevailing, he again joined an obscure and petty company of strollers, at Raither, in North Wales, therein following, as he informs us, the advice of some London theatrical friend, who had counselled him to begin 'by placing his foot upon the lowest stone he could find.' In such a situation fear was out of the question, and Mr. Knight succeeded in his favourite part of Hob so triumphantly that his performance was announced for a second representation.

In this wretched concern, were six candles stuck into the bare earth which formed the stage, were all that illuminated the bays, Mr. Knight remained about a twelvemonth, notwithstanding several attempts natural to a superior and ambitious mind, to amend the means and aggrandize the character of the establishment. Under his directions, his companions were exalted from the ground to the appropriate dignity of a wooden stage, formed by placing a taylor's shopboard crossway upon a bedstead, to the sides of which, steps

were affixed to accommodate the ladies with an easier access. The profits of the company appear to have been improved by this ingenious contrivance of Mr. Knight, who, at the same time, added to his own private resources by the occasional exercise of his original employment as an artist.

Mr. Nunns, the manager of the Stafford company, saw and admired the young actor in this obscurity, and offered him an engagement at twelve shillings per week: this was a proposal the magnificence of which transported him. He was introduced to his new situation as Frank Oatlands, in 'The Cure for the Heart Ache,' and succeeded. His prospect now began to open more clearly upon his view: by dint of unwearied industry, attention, and propriety, he gradually rose into notice and esteem, and shortly afterwards married the daughter of a wine merchant, in Stafford.

During his continuance in this circuit, his first communication with Tate Wilkinson of York, took place, in a manner unpromising enough to the actor, but highly characteristic of that celebrated humorist and manager. While the Stafford company were performing at Uttoxeter, a sort of practical joker, inclined to laugh at poor Knight's expense, sent for him after the play to an inn adjoining the theatre, and after complimenting him highly on his performance, said, with a grave and earnest face of friendship, 'Sir, my name is Philips, I am intimately acquainted with Mr. Tate Wilkinson, the manager of the York theatre. Now, Sir, you have only to make use of my name, which I fully authorize you to do, and you may rely on being well received. Say that I have seen you on the stage and declared my satisfaction at your performance.' Mr. Knight, flattered with this notice, and delighted at the promised advance

in his condition, wrote accordingly to Tate, making the most of the name of Philips, whose influence was to be so powerful in his favour. He received the following answer :

"Sir,  
"I am not acquainted with any Mr. Philips except a rigid quaker, and he is 'the last man in the world to recommend an actor to my theatre. I don't want you."

"TATE WILKINSON."

Disappointed and mortified, Mr. Knight replied with similar quaintness and brevity :

"Sir,  
"I should as soon think of applying to a methodist parson to preach for my benefit, as to a quaker to recommend me to Mr. Wilkinson. I don't want to come."  
"E. KNIGHT."

This reply met the humour of Tate, who treasured it in his remembrance ; for, more than a year after, Mr Knight was agreeably surprised by the following specimen of the ' wandering patentee's oddity and kindness :

"MR. METHODIST PARSON,

"I have a living that produces twenty-five shillings per week, will you hold it forth ?

"TATE WILKINSON."

It was to supply the place of Mr. Matthews, then on the eve of quitting York for the little theatre in the Haymarket, that Mr. Knight had been thus remembered, and invited by Mr. Wilkinson. He accepted the invitation, and succeeded in establishing himself in the favour, both of the manager and the audience of York.

This was in the year 1803 ; shortly afterwards he lost his wife, and being left with the care of a small family, he, about a twelvemonth after, married again. His second wife was Miss Smith, then the heroine of the York stage, and daughter of an actress formerly of some celebrity in the Bath Theatre.

After remaining seven years at York, he received proposals from Mr. Wroughton, manager at Drury Lane, which he eagerly accepted, and made his first appearance, with the Drury-lane company, at the Lyceum, as Robin Roushead, in 'Fortune's Frolic,' on the 14th of October, 1809.

Mr. Knight has profited by every opportunity which has been afforded him of establishing himself in the favour of the London audience. His principle department is the representation of country boys, in which, his manner is peculiar and original. His person is very small ; his countenance handsome, expressive and arch ; his voice sharp, but well adapted by him to comic effects ; and his action is a curious compound of quietude and restlessness. He is alternately expressively still or ludicrously in motion. There is always oddity, and sometimes pathos in his acting ; though the utterance of a sentiment the critics have remarked, is now and then apt to betray him out of the general truth to nature which he observes. Pleasant, lively, and ever attentive to the business of the scene, minutely exact to the proprieties of costume, anxious, ardent, and industrious in his profession, Mr. Knight, in his best efforts, ranks, among the favourites of the day, as a clever little actor.

## COUNTRY LIFE.

### A SKETCH.

'Far from the busy scenes where commerce dwells'

Every one pants for the country. The statesman toils ; the merchant risks his all, in the expectation that he may, one day or other, amass a sufficiency to allow him to retire from the smoky town, and dirty street, to the silent, the retired, and the peaceful villa,

The bubbling stream; the thundering cascade; the towering mountain; and the extensive forest, are objects of the most intense interest to every lover of rural life; he studies them; loves them, and enjoys them; they are to him the greatest of all earthly pleasures; they are enough to make him imagine himself transported into the fairy regions. With what infinite satisfaction and delight does he take a walk into the country, and there enjoy himself for a few hours after toiling the whole day in the busy town; it is to him an intrin end of all his toils and pains.

In the country we are charmed with the finest views, lulled with the softest sounds, and treated with the richest odours in nature: what can be wanting to complete our delight? Here is every entertainment for the eye; the most refined gratification for the ear; and a perpetual banquet for the smell, without any insidious decay for the integrity of our conduct, or even for the purity of our fancy.

Scenery is not the only attraction which the country possesses. To a person who has long resided in town, and who has had no other society but the interested sycophant, his heart must bound with joy at the thought of retiring to the neighbourhood of a people 'whose brow is the real index of the temple, and whose speech is the genuine interpreter of the heart.' It is to him, as if he were about to enter into the society of superior beings, there are few fawning for power; there, few inducements to sue, that he might almost exclaim, with a certain hermit,

\* Free from all vices, free from care,  
Age has no pain, and youth no snare.\*

An autumn spent in the country is, of all the seasons of the year, the one most fraught with objects for the exercise of the philosophic eye and contemplative mind. During this season,

the rye, white and hoary, as it were, with age, waves its bearded billows, and gives a dry busky rustle before the breeze. The wheat, laden with plenty, and beautifully brown, hangs its heavy head, and invites, by its bending posture, the reaper's hand. Fields of barley and acres of oats, stand whitening in the sun, upright, and perfectly even, as though the gardener's shears had clipped them at the top; they gratify the spectator's eye, and gladden the farmer's heart. Some of the grain lies flat, in regular rows, on the new made stubble. Some are erected in graceful shocks, along the bristly ridges. Some is carrying homeward on the loaded waggon, nodding over the growing circle.

This is the most joyful period of the countryman's life; the long-expected season of all his labours; for this he broke the stubborn glebe, and manured the impoverished soil; for this he bore the sultry beams of summer, and shrunk not from the pinching blast of winter; for this, he toiled away the year in a round of ceaseless, but willing activity.

Spring, summer, and winter, also bring along with them their own peculiar pleasures.

How often have patriots and heroes laid aside the burden of power, and stole away from the glare of grandeur, to enjoy themselves among the composed retreats of the blooming walks and flowery lawns, surrounded with dewy landscapes. On the mossy couches, and fragrant bowers, skirted with cooling cascades, how many illustrious personages, after all their glorious toil for public good has come to an end, have sought an honourable and welcome repose on their downy laps. Who can number the sages and saints who have devoted the day to study, and resigned the vacant hour to healthy exercise, beneath the sulvan

porticoes of the gigantic oak and solemn groves, far from the dull impertinence of man, and listened to the instructive voice of God; and contemplated the wonders of his adorable hand amidst the moss-grown cells and rocky shades? How inelegant, or how insensible is the mind which has not awakened lively relish for these sweet recesses, and their exquisite beauties!

Almost all the beauties of poetry have been drawn from the country. Our Thomson, our Burns, our Hogg, and indeed, all our best poets were bred here; they received the rudiments of their poetic education from the picturesque scenery which surrounded them; their writings breathe, as it were, the country air; their minds were formed, as it were, by the ground they trod on; and their growing passions influenced by the surrounding scenery.

Many of the most important discoveries in astronomy were made by people dwelling in the country. During the long winter nights, 'when deep sleep falleth upon men,' the shepherd, attended only by his faithful dog, traverses the mountain to tend his flock, he has therefore every opportunity to observe the appearances of the heavens. Ferguson was a Scottish shepherd, and he made astronomical discoveries which will immortalize his name while astronomy is a science.

I shall conclude this short sketch by merely observing, that the country is, in many respects, preferable to the town. Here we have the best of men to converse with, and the exquisite beauties of nature to behold and admire.

RUSTICS.

### CHERTSEY MEADOWS.

While Chertsey Abbey stood, these meadows were the favourite resort of the fairies; the turf for miles around

was thickly spangled with cowslips, and each cowslip cradled a spirit, that, at the sound of the curfew-bell, would start from her day-light sleep to join her sisters in the fairy gambols. The same bell still hangs in the new church, and its Saxon inscription tells, that it is the same. But now it speaks another language—the language of the bridal or the grave; and though its sound often breaks the stillness of the evening, no fairy rises at its summons; either the elves likened its altered tones, or they sleep in a warmer moonlight. But my tale is of other times, when the curfew-bell tolled, and the fairies danced, and the monks brewed their wine from the grapes that clustered around the Abbey.

It was a lovely evening—the bath was bright and the skies were brighter, when, at the usual summons, each spirit started from her cowslip to join in the fairy revels. Some bathed in the liquid moon-beams, some played with the shooting stars, others chased the humming beetle with spears from the thorns of roses, and others again danced about their elf-queen, who sat seated on a throne of gossamer; that was tinged by the moon-beams into like the colours of the rainbow. But they had scarcely revelled it an hour, when their sports were interrupted by the tread of human feet, and the sound of human voices. In an instant all had vanished to their cowslip-bells, save the elf-queen and her favourite, who hid in the gossamer, listened with impatient anger to the cause of this interruption; but the voices spoke of sorrow, and the anger of the good elf-queen was quickly changed to pity. 'Tulip,' she exclaimed, to her attendant—'O Tulip it moves me for these human mortals; this earth has a thousand forms of life, and every form of life has its happiness; man only seems destined to unchanging mis-

ery. But go, Tulip, and dry up those tears, if they are the tears of innocence. This talisman will show you their hearts without disguise, and at the same time will give you power to do all that may be requisite for their welfare. Be wary, however, in its use; for once given, the gift cannot be recalled, and it is no slight task to make man happy: that, which not to have is his misery, too often becomes indifferent to him when obtained. With these words the elfin-queen floated away on the moon-beams while Tulip, rocked on a blade of grass that waved backwards and forwards in the night-wind, anxiously watched the business of the intruders. To the human sight she was nothing more than a gossamer woven about the grass, and moving with its motion.

The mortals approached;—a young man, and a maiden in her seventeenth year, who had one arm twined about her lover, while her head was drooped to earth like a tulip heavy with the night-dew. Her form was so delicate, and yet so beautiful in its delicacy! The auburn locks flowed about a neck so white! so dazzling white! Oh, such loveliness is not often looked on either by sun or moon!—And the youth was worthy of such a maid; though sorrow lay pale on his cheek, and no light was in his eyes.

Maria sighed the lover, 'I hear you weep! I feel the palpitation of your bosom! Alas! is there no hope left?—No hope?—Till now you could always find some consolation for your poor William!—And the time flies so fast, too!—Though I cannot see I hear the moments tramp—tramp—tramp by me with the speed of a horse, and then I stretch out my arms to stop the next minute that is coming by, but that minute passes like the former. Would that I were dead!

I am going a little way to see the

Maria answered not with words, but her tears spoke for her, as she lifted up her lovely head and gazed on the heavens, with a look that told the piety as well as sorrow of her heart. It was a look so mild! so beseeching! so full of anguish!—The fairy felt all the force of the appeal, and wished to relieve her suffering; but her mistress had warned her against a hasty judgment, and consulting her talisman, she read the history of the lovers as if it had been a written volume. William had been blind from his birth, and, according to the astrologer who had cast his nativity, would either recover his sight at the age of twenty, or be blind for ever. For years every remedy of art and witchcraft had been tried, but neither herb nor mineral, neither prayer nor charm, had power to remove his darkness. Still, even in his dark state, he loved, and was beloved by Maria: she was the playfellow of the child, the companion of the boy, the mistress of the youth; but their love was without hope; the father of Maria would not consent to her union with the blind and helpless William, who, so far from being able to protect a wife, was unable to protect himself. He had, indeed, the gift of poesy in no ordinary degree, and could touch the harp as few have; but these qualities alone were useless to the knight of those turbulent times, when each man was secure only as he could secure himself, and each baron being a sort of king, of course exercised the royal prerogative of murder and rapine, under the usual name of honourable warfare. A poet, therefore, was a much more useless animal in those days, than he is even in the present; and, accordingly, the Baron rejected the poetical alliance, except under the condition of William being able to see his enemies—a condition that was not very likely to be fulfilled.

The hour of twelve the next day would bring him to the fatal age of twenty, when, if the astrologer might be believed, all hope of recovery was fruitless. But whether he spoke truth or not was little to the purpose, for the Baron would grant so long, and not an instant longer.

As the moon waxed paler and paler, the despair of the lovers became wilder and wilder, till at last it swelled to the utmost endurance of human nature, and they resolved, since they could not live together, that they would die together. This was a pleasure no parent could deprive them of; accordingly, they exchanged the first and last kiss, twined their arms closely round each other, and thus united were about to seek death in his cold dwelling at the bottom of the stream, when they were held back by the fairy, who suddenly stood beside them in the form of a female warrior.

“Forbear!” she exclaimed to the astonished lovers; “no flowers spring on the grave of the suicide; no hope is for those who abandon hope.—But I come to save, and not to chide; in my hand is the talisman that will restore your sight.”—Maria clung more closely to her lover, and her cheeks glowed like the crimson evening.—“Look on this vial; it is of purest diamonds, but the water it contains is still purer,—on you, Maria, it depends whether William shall continue in his blindness.”

“On me?—O then he sees already.”  
 “Hear me and then decide.—Yours he shall be at all events, for my art can work greater wonders than that with your father—but as to his sight, pause yet a moment; much may all be on your choice. The blind William will always love you—to your sightless husband you never will be older, for age is to the eyes, and not to the ear or mind. You will be every

thing to him, and when the last sickness touches you, death will be rendered gentler by the thought of past happiness; for you will never have felt the pains of neglect, the madness of jealousy, or the venom of ingratitude!”

“But William!—will he too be happier?”

“No; the sight is the noblest of the human senses. But you will be most happy—

“Enough!” exclaimed William, “enough! benevolent being whom I see even in my blindness, take not from me the spell with which her happiness is bound. Unite our hands, as our hearts have long been united.—I care not for other joys; for what joys can be greater—what joys so great—as to rest on her bosom—to hear her voice break forth in love to me? I know no other happiness—I wish to know no other.”

Maria’s eyes were cast to earth as she murmured in accents that were broken by fear, and hope, and doubt.—“But can you not open his eyes, and yet preserve him faithful to me?”

“How!” replied the fairy,—“Do you not know the fickleness of men? The whole round of creation is not sufficient to their wishes. All they see they desire; all they obtain they despise; and thus they go on from wish to wish, till desire itself is exhausted, and they grow weary of life, without losing the innate apprehension of the grave. How then can you hope to fetter such a being?”

“Alas!” said Maria,—“if William continues blind, his happiness must rest solely upon me; and then if any ill-starred hour should snatch me from him, he would be left on the earth, helpless and hopeless. No, benevolent spirit—I will not buy his love at the price of his felicity.—I will not withhold from the sight of this beautiful

world, and the beings that are on it. Let the veil fall from his eyes—let them be opened to the sun, and all that the sun gives life to!

‘Never—never!’ interrupted William—‘Blindness!—utter unalterable blindness!—if sight is to make me forget Maria!’

A tear—a heavenly tear was in the fairy’s eye, as she joined their hands. ‘May your love,’ she said, ‘be always as it is in this hour—as pure, as glowing!’—But I must be quick, for the last star is fading in the heavens, and the breath of morning comes drowsily on my senses.

Thrice the fairy touched his closed eyes with the talisman, and thrice every nerve trembled with a feeling of pleasure so acute as to border on pain.—As the last thrill ceased to vibrate, his eyes opened on the fair form of Maria. For a moment he gazed on her in silence; his heart swelled in his bosom, and his whole form trembled with expectation.

‘William!’ exclaimed the maiden.

‘Tis she!—’tis Maria!’—and he folded her to his breast as if eternity were in the embrace, while the benign fairy bestowed on them her parting blessing; ere she melted into air.—Nor was that blessing fruitless; when the moon, which was then young, had completed her monthly course, the lovers were united in the chapel of Chertsey Abbey; and the torch that shone on their nuptial couch, was lit by the hands of the Elfin Queen herself; and when they died, after an union of thirty years, it was inscribed on their tomb—*Here rests the remains of two faithful lovers.*

G. S.

ANECDOTES OF J. MACPHERSON,  
THE ANCIENT FREEBOOTER AND MUSICIAN.  
From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

MR. EDGEMOND.—You are, no doubt, acquainted with many traits of character pe-

culiar to the *Gael*; and it is believed the following account of a gipsy freebooter will show, how much the ferocity and meanness of his maternal tribe were corrected by occasionally associating with the generous mountaineers who countenanced him, for the sake of his father. James Macpherson, the subject of our memoir, was born of a beautiful gipsy, who at a great wedding attracted the notice of a half-intoxicated highland gentleman. He acknowledged the child, and had him reared in his house, until he lost his life in bravely pursuing a hostile clan, to recover a sprailth of cattle taken from Badenoch. The gipsy woman, hearing of this disaster, in her rambles the following summer, came and took away her boy; but she often returned with him, to wait upon his relations and clansmen, who never failed to cloathe him well, besides giving money to his mother. He grew up in strength, stature, and beauty, seldom equalled. His sword is still preserved at Duff-house, a residence of the Earl of Kife, and few men in our day could carry, far less wield, it as a weapon of war; and if it must be owned his prowess was debased by the exploits of a freebooter, it is certain no act of cruelty, no robbery of the widow, the fatherless, or distressed, and no murder was ever perpetrated under his command. He often gave the spoils of the rich to relieve the poor; and all his tribe were restrained from many atrocities of rapine by their awe of his mighty arm. Indeed, it is said that a dispute with an aspiring and savage man of his tribe, who wished to rob a gentleman’s house while his wife and two children lay on the bier for interment, was the cause of his being betrayed to the vengeance of the law. The magistrates of Aberdeen were exasperated at Macpherson’s escape, when they bribed a girl in that city to allure and deliver him into their hands. There is a platform before the jail, at the top of a stair, and a door below. When Macpherson’s capture was made known to his comrades by the frantic girl, who had been so credulous as to believe the magistrates only wanted to hear the wonderful performance on the violin, his cousin, Donald Macpherson, a gentleman of Herculean powers, did not disdain to come from Badenoch, and to join a gipsy, Peter Brown, in liberating the prisoner. On a market day they brought several assistants, and swift horses were stationed at a convenient distance. Donald Macpherson and Peter



Brown forced the jail, and while Peter Brown went to help the heavily-fettered James Macpherson in moving away, Donald Macpherson guarded the jail-door with a drawn sword. Many persons assembled at the market, had experienced James Macpherson's humanity, or had shared his bounty; and they crowded round the jail as in mere curiosity, but, in fact, to obstruct the civil authorities from preventing a rescue. A butcher, however, was resolved, if possible, to detain Macpherson, expecting a large recompence from the magistrates: he sprang up the stairs, and leaped from the platform upon Donald Macpherson, whom he dashed to the ground by the force and weight of his body. Donald Macpherson soon recovered, to make a desperate resistance; and the combatants tore off each others' clothes. The butcher got a glimpse of his dog upon the platform, and called him to his aid; but Macpherson, with admirable presence of mind, snatched up his own plaid which lay near, and threw it over the butcher, thus misleading the instinct of this canine adversary. The dog darted with fury upon the plaid, and terribly lacerated his master's thigh. In the mean time, James Macpherson had been carried off by Peter Brown, and was soon joined by Donald Macpherson, who was quickly covered by some friendly spectator with a hat and great coat. The magistrates ordered webs from the shops to be drawn across the Gallowgate; but Donald Macpherson cut them asunder with his sword, and James, the late prisoner, got off on horseback. — He was some time after betrayed by a man of his own tribe; and was the last person executed at Banff, previous to the abolition of heritable jurisdiction. He was an admirable performer on the violin; and his talent for composition is still in evidence in 'Macpherson's Rant,' 'Macpherson's Pibroch,' and 'Macpherson's Farewell.' He performed those tunes at the foot of the fatal tree; and then asked if he had any friend in the crowd to whom a last gift of his instrument would be acceptable. No man had hardihood to claim friendship with a delinquent, in whose crimes the acknowledgment might implicate an avowed acquaintance. As no friend came forward, Macpherson said the companion of many gloomy hours should perish with him; and, breaking the violin over his knee, he threw away the fragments. Donald Macpherson picked up the neck

of the violin, which to this day is preserved as a valuable memento, by the family of Cluny, chieftain of the Macphersons.

B. G.

## REVIEW.

*Paramythia; or, Mental Pastimes.*

London, 1822.

We accompany our announcement of this volume with a wish that one half of what we peruse, in our critical capacity, were but half as entertaining as this little collection of original anecdotes.

We learn as we proceed in the volume, that the author is an engraver, who resided at St. Petersburg some time during the reigns of Catherine and Paul. Under the title of 'Scraps' with introductory paragraphs, he gives us a number of amusing particulars, which have occurred under his own observation.

The first two 'Scraps' that occur will suffice to give our readers a fair idea of the contents: —

A German of the name of Klutsh, a very worthy man, was cook and maitre d'hotel to the empress Catherine. Though old, he was a court beau, and very spruce about the head; and, being a favourite with her imperial majesty, used to hand some particular dishes to her on great occasions. One of the torments in high northern latitudes, where the summer is so short and hot, is the innumerable hosts of flies that tease you. Some wags, aware of this, got the old gentleman's best bag-wig, and powdered it with the finest pulverized double-refined white sugar; so that, when he waited at table, he was beset, like Pharaoh, with the worst of his plagues. He beat with his hands, blew, puffed, rattled in the face, and at last, no longer able to bear silently the torment he endured, burst out suddenly with the exclamation of 'Donder and blitz was is dat for a fly summer! Her majesty, aware of the trick, soothed him, and affected to wonder the flies should exclusively level all their stings at him, advised him to pull off his wig,

which he reluctantly was obliged to do, and actually finished his attendance in a full dress suit of embroidered clothes, with his naked shaved head, to the no small amusement of the company present.

The cook just mentioned, though able to please the palates of all his friends, and admitted into very respectable society, had unfortunately, finished his studies rather in the kitchen than the library, and could not read. His intimate friend, a court jeweller, who had like him, studied the setting of precious stones with more application than the setting of types, also could not read, at least manuscript. This misfortune, though known to most of their friends, was not acknowledged by either; and they were appointed, rather maliciously, to deliver, as stewards, the invitations to a great ball and supper. They seated themselves in their carriage, with their hands full of cards; the coachman's enquiry of where he should drive was a thunder-bolt to each; our friend, the cook, to ease his embarrassment, said he had forgot his spectacles. The jeweller had his on!—Still it would not do. They stared at each other, then at the superscriptions, but all in vain. The coachman still looking round for orders. At last, each finding out the other's secret, they shook hands, swore eternal friendship; and very philosophically concluded, though learning was an excellent thing, a court cook and court jeweller might pass through this best of all possible worlds tolerably happy without it.

*The Lollards; a Tale.* In 3 Vols. London: 1822.

It is a great pleasure to us, both as a matter of patriotism and of taste, to draw the attention of our readers to a Tale founded on events in English history; having English personages foremost of its principal characters, and written in the pure well of English undefiled.

The title of the work sufficiently explains both the nature of the story, and the time of action. A narrative that concerns the 'Lollards' can only belong to the fifteenth century, and can turn only on incidents of persecution and suffering. The author has adhered to history, chronology, and

costume, quite enough to give fidelity to his picture, though not so slavishly as to destroy the spirit of it; nevertheless, for whatever deviations he may make from them, he offers satisfactory explanation in a preface, the modesty of which sufficiently inclines the reader to look on the pages that follow with an anticipation of pleasure which they are well calculated to fulfil, and to bestow on them the meed of admiration which they will be found every way to deserve.

The story opens with the brave and conscientious Sir John Oldcastle, better known by the title of Lord Cobham, being summoned before the convocation at St. Paul's, to answer for the heresies of which he is accused; he maintains his opinions with the constancy which a conviction of their truth and importance alone could inspire, and which makes him also listen with unshaken fortitude to the sentence passed on him by the proud and arbitrary Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury. He is sent to the tower, to wait the time fixed for his execution; but Henry, reluctant to commit to the flames one so brave, so accomplished, so justly beloved by the people, and whom he had long honoured with his particular favour, grants him a respite of fifty days, and unknown to him contrives at a plan which his friends contrive for his escape. The reader's interest here begins to be strongly excited: he sympathizes in Cobham's hopes and fears, plunges with him into the moat, and arrives fairly breathless on the opposite side; where waving torches assure the heroic defender of liberty of conscience, that he is waited for by those who are prepared to succor and defend him.

Tower Hill was then but a wild neglected field, to which few persons repaired after night-fall. The friends of Lord Cobham, accompanied by his son Edward, had drawn

him from the ditch, without danger of encountering the observation of curious passengers, and mounted him on a fleet horse, before any attempt to interrupt their operations could be made on the part of Sir Robert Morley. The moment Cobham was lifted from the moat the torches were extinguished, and the parties separated.—The late captive passed by the then new Abbey, called Eastminster, and on to Aldgate. Turning to the right, he took his road through Bow and Stratford, to a cottage on the borders of Epping Forrest.—Here he was provided with a change of clothes, and with refreshments, of which he stood much in need, and his happy liberation was celebrated by pious thanksgivings, and prayer.

Still anxious to serve the cause of truth, Cobham frequently leaves his place of concealment under the cover of night, to attend the meetings of the Lollards, who look up to him as their guide and head. These meetings are represented to the king as connected with traitorous designs against government, and at last he is prevailed upon to attack the unfortunate sectarists when they are peaceably assembled in St. Giles' Fields, then called Thicket Fields; and to the disgrace of the future conqueror at Agincourt, numbers of these, his harmless subjects, are put to the sword, and others taken prisoners, to expiate their imaginary crimes by a mode of death still more terrific and revolting. Lord Cobham, as their supposed leader, is again the object of clerical hate and royal displeasure, and a reward of 1,000 marks is offered for his apprehension; at the same time that a bill of attainder is framed against him, and laws of the greatest severity are passed respecting the Lollard's generally. Lord Cobham, who now seeks concealment in a retired spot in Wales, though careless of rank and fortune for himself, yet feels the loss of them keenly on account of his children, Edward and Alice. Edward Oldcastle has been from infancy destined, by the wishes of both fami-

lies, as the husband of the beautiful Matilda, only daughter and sole heiress of Sir Thomas Venables, an opulent knight of ancient lineage, residing in 'the village of Charing.' Shocked however, at what he deems the monstrous heresies of Lord Cobham, and perhaps not less influenced by his loss of power, and consequence at court, the alliance no longer appears desirable to Sir Thomas; who, strengthened by the arguments of Henry Chicheley, then Bishop of St. David's—a name celebrated in the annals of the church—makes known to Edward that he must relinquish his affianced bride; and Matilda is at the same time given to understand, that she must receive as a suitor in his place, Octavius, the son of Earl Powis, a gallant young soldier, who, though slightly tainted with the libertinism of his profession, yet possesses too generous a spirit to rejoice over the fallen fortunes of his rival, whose fellow student he had been at Oxford; and the first advance he makes towards the esteem of the dejected Matilda, is gained by his vindication of Edward Oldcastle against the aspersions of Chicheley, who would gladly impute to the son a share of the alleged crimes and heresies of the father. When Lord Cobham flies into Wales, Edward Oldcastle seeks an asylum for his sister, the gentle and lovely Alice, just ripening into womanhood, at Lutterworth in Leicestershire, to which place they are invited by Mr. Whittington, brother of the famous Sir Richard, of bell-ringing memory. This worthy gentleman has been for many years in habits of intimacy with Lord Cobham, and is as devoted to the doctrines of Wickliffe; inasmuch that he has taken up his abode at Lutterworth for the satisfaction of being near the spot where the remains of that celebrated man reposed. Here, sheltered from

persecution, chastened by sorrow, yet cheered by hope, the young people wait patiently for the dispersion of that storm, which bigotry and tyranny have raised over their heads:—

One evening towards the decline of the year, seated with their host after supper, Edward indulged him with the dear prohibited delight of hearing a few chapters read from the Scriptures. Lord Cobham had obtained a copy of Wickliffe's translation from Wickliffe himself. This was considered by him of greater value than all he possessed in the world beside. Edward had made a copy from that which belonged to his father; and he had executed it with such persevering care and exquisite ability, that it was a perfect fac-simile of the original. It was, indeed, so like, that to guard against its ever being forgotten which had actually come from the venerable translator's hands, a mark had been put on the rude iron-edged binding which had been supplied to protect it from injury. Edward, in compliance with the wish of Mr. Whittington, was engaged in reading the

first chapter of the third gospel, and was proceeding with the following verses:—

'And it befel that whanne Zacarye schould do the office of presthod, in the ordir of his course to fore God.

'After the custom of the priestthod, he wente forth by lot, and entride into the temple to enceneen.

'And al the multitude of the pupel was without forth, and preyede in the our of encensying.

'And an anngel of the Lord apperide to him, and stood on the right half of the auter of encense.

'Methought,' said Edward, offering to close the book, 'that I heard a knocking without.'

'No,' cried Mr. Whittington, 'no such noise have I heard. Close not thy book, but proceed.'

Edward complied.

'And Zacarye seying was afraied; and drede fel upon him.

'And the anngel sayde to him, Zacarye drede thou not.'

[To be continued.]

## POETRY.

### COUNTRY WEDDING.

'Tis sweet, upon a summer's eve, to stray,  
Among scented shrubs, and flower enamel'd plains,  
To see the warblers hop from spray to spray,  
Or list to cheerful Philomela's strains.  
To mark the sun's declining ray,  
Call, from the smiling fields, the rural swains,  
To hear their little offspring lap, and fawn  
In all the innocence of nature's dawn.  
Sweet unto Chloe was the shady bower,  
That gently screen'd from the intruding eye,  
When Phillis came, at the appointed hour,  
To whisper love, or still the fising sigh;  
But sweeter, dearer, is the hallow'd pow'r,  
That the desir'd connubial knot doth tie,  
Then, sweet enjoyment spreads her swelling sails,  
And launches into bliss with pleasing gales.  
Sweet dawn'd the morn of the eventful day  
That saw at Hymen's altar this young pair:  
Phyllis shone conspicuous in his best array,  
And she, among rural nymphs, was passing fair.  
The welcom'd guests, the bidden time obey,  
The rites to witness, and the sports to share;  
The faithful parson soon performs his work,  
And blends their interests by a mutual joke.  
The guests return; they throng the festive board,  
Where soups and surlins, roast and boli'd invites,  
And other natchel'd dainties, which afford  
Taste and variety to chequer'd appetites.  
All done, enough was left to gust a hoard  
Of tinkers, or a troop of Carmelites.—  
But, to the point, we need not so far roam,  
Methinks Phillis may find Carmelites at home.  
And now, the sparkling bumpers amble round,  
In decent pledges to fair Chloe's charms,  
That health and happiness should still abound,  
And shield her rural cot from all alarms;

That proofs of mutual love might aye be found,  
In yearly scions in her lovely arms:  
The husband smiling, roll'd a glance his eye,  
And seem'd to say, 'tis now no sin to try.  
Old Hab, an orator of reputation,  
Ran, with elastic speed, o'er feats of pore;  
Each circling cup gave birth to variation,  
Each variation to a fresh encore.  
Till, by a nice and seeming just gradation,  
Phil was the subject of his musing lore;  
Do not, says Hab, like some untid'd baboon,  
Spend all your prowess in the honey-moon.  
Young Hodge, a man of senatorial power,  
Well vers'd in court and cabinet cabal,  
Did, in a trice, o'er Europe make a tour,  
While drinking punch in B—t's dancing hall;  
Near'd empires, and o'erthrew them in an hour,  
While tyrant's prostrate at his feet did fall;  
Each groaning state felt quick emancipation,  
From his all-asserted administration.  
Sly Dick, reclin'd in musing attitude,  
Some brooding cares seem'd to o'ercloud his joy;  
But now, emerging from his pensive mood,  
He shouts, you ho, you piper, come my boy,  
Mirth has not half regain'd its altitude,  
Life is enjoyment, let us care destroy;  
Come, give us bobbin John, or some such thing,  
But hark's, let it be a merry spring.  
Hark! now the music heaves its loftiest strain;  
Each bosom beats with a responsive glee;  
Each blooming nymph is coupled with her swain,  
They drop a curtsey, t'other a covey:  
Yelps'd, what shuffling, setting, and in vain,  
Description is to high a task for me;  
These strut, the floor was soon replaced with more,  
And each eclipses those that went before.

But O, illusive joy, 'twas but a dream,  
The false accoucher of a moment's mirth,  
To flush the features with a transient bloom;  
To be, then bid for aye adieu to earth.  
Just emblem of the worm whose life's a gleam,  
Aurora is the herald of its birth;  
It fleets in life while day doth ambient blaze,  
But sinks to endless rest as light decays.  
A truce to metaphors. With satisfaction  
I'll quickly give the sequel of my song;  
Famprimis then, fell Ate, in reaction,  
Now waxed her vengeful pinions o'er the throng:  
Young Hodge inglorious left the scene of action,  
While Dick, with hasty steps, did brush along;  
Old Hab did grin, and prove by length of face  
That woe was not confin'd to time or place.  
But, as my reader's patience is worn out,  
I now will draw to an abrupt conclusion.  
O'erwhelming qualms pervades the merry group,

The soup had been emb'd with some confusion:  
In search of l—s each took a separate rout,  
All stir within, and all without confusion;  
Say, how shall I, the cause of this developé,  
P.x take scholastic terms, 'twas simply l—p.

A Dwarf

—♦♦♦—

## FROM THE ARABIC OF TOGRAI.

Thou sleep'st, while the eyes of the planets are  
watching,  
Regardless of love and of me.  
I sleep, but my dreams at thy lineaments catching  
Present me with nothing but thee.  
Thou art chang'd, while the colour of night  
changes not,  
Like the fading allurements of day;  
I am chang'd, for all beauty to me seems a bait,  
While the joy of my heart is away.

## VARIETIES.

**CONFLICT WITH A TIGER.**—The following curious account of a personal conflict with a tiger, is given in the Asiatic Journal:—Lieut. Collet, of the Bombay army, having heard that a very large tiger had destroyed seven inhabitants of an adjacent village, resolved, with another officer, to attempt the destruction of the monster.—Having ordered seven elephants, they went in quest of the animal, which they found sleeping beneath a bush. Roused by the noise of the elephants, he made a furious charge on them, and Lieut. C's. elephant received him on her shoulder, the other six having turned about and run off, notwithstanding the exertions of the riders. The elephant shook off the tiger, and Lieut. C. having fired two balls at him, he fell; but again recovering himself, he made a spring at Lieut. C. Having missed his object, he seized the elephant by her hind leg, and having received a kick from her, and another ball, he let go his hold, and fell a second time. Supposing that he was now disabled, Lieut. C. very rashly dismounted, with the resolution of killing him with his pistols; but the tiger, who had only been crouching to take another spring, flew on Lieut. C. and caught him in his mouth. The strength and intrepidity of the Lieut.

however, did not forsake him: he immediately fired his pistol into the tiger's body; and finding that this had no effect, he disengaged his arm with all his force, and directing the other pistol to his heart, he at last destroyed him, after receiving 25 severe wounds.

**MAYORS OF GALWAY.**—Extracts from the Council Books of Galway, in Ireland:

'James Lynch, Mayor of Galway, built the choir of St. Nicholas's Church, and hanged his own son out of his window, for killing and defrauding strangers, without martial or common law, to show a good example to posterity.

'Edmund Deane, Esq. Mayor; came from England to Galway in the year 1500, and brought his pedigree with him, showing his being of the ancient family of the Deanes, of the forest of Deane.

'Stephen Lynch, Esq. Mayor, 1523; ordered that none be made free of the corporation unless he shaves his upper lip and speaks English.

'Dominik French, Esq. Mayor, 1568; an Italian traveller, saw out of a window in a house in Galway, the blessed Sacrament—boats coming and going on the river—a ship coming in full sail—a salmon speared—and hunters pursuing a deer.'

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We return our best thanks to the writer of the Camera Obscura; but are sorry we could not insert all his last article in one number.

Could Mathew Spindle make his adventures more interesting they would be acceptable.

The article sent by Cymon Cynple has not fallen into our hands; we should be happy to receive a copy of it.

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# THE LITERARY MELANGE;

OR,

Weekly Register

OF

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

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## THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

No. 4.—Continued.

### THE ORPHAN.

' At eighteen he joined the army, and never was there a parting more bitter—more agonizing—more affecting, than between Margaret and he. I am old, and cannot now describe it, but it is as deeply graven in my heart, as if it happened yesterday. I was old then, but I wept with a mingled emotion of grief and joy, on seeing two such fair and affectionate creatures, clasped in each other's arms, to undergo for the first time the pains of separation.

He left us, and went to the West Indies. I thought the orphan would never have recovered from the shock; but the lessons I had taught her enabled her to triumph over despair, and to look forward to a delightful futurity. She now lived only for Henry. He was perpetually present in her dreams, and dwelt in the empire of her imagination, as a pure spirit in whose society she was hereafter to dwell and be blessed. I need not tell how many happy days we passed together, while Henry was away. Under my manifold bereavements, it was impossible I could be completely

happy; but she smoothed the rugged front of care, and made me relish life. She looked over my house, and supplied my wants with the love of a daughter. She would sing to me in the evening, and play upon yon harpsichord in the parlour, the most enlivening airs—for religion is not the austere, gloomy thing, the worldly-minded think; but abounds in a thousand unspeakable delights, which its votaries only can know. Every month we had letters from Henry, and every one increased my joy; for I found him to be the affectionate, manly boy I always believed. I still found that he thought tenderly on mine aged life, and on my beautiful orphan, and that he had not been corrupted by a military life. Five years had elapsed since we beheld his face; and this, although perhaps brief, compared with the absence of many, was an age to a floating father, and to a faithful, affectionate girl. But the day of meeting came, and I was happy. Margaret and I were seated in our little parlour. She took up the harpsichord, and, looking with angelic sweetness in my face, 'Father, what tune shall I give you? Positively I shall play no more of these blythe Irish airs. My heart is sick—I have a good mind to play one of the Highland coronachs.' She said this

in a mood between jest and earnest, and looked in my face for an answer. 'Please yourself, my love, and give us then a Highland tune.' She threw her fingers, carelessly, confusedly, and with a delicate tremor, over the notes, but commenced no air. She turned her face to me again. I saw it was suffused with a blush. 'No,' said she, 'I will not play one of these.—There is a beautiful one of Burns' I prefer to them all, 'The Soldier's Return.' You know Henry is a soldier. The young rogue, he will never come back to us; but I shall sing him a song.' She accordingly commenced

'When wild war's deadly blast was blown,' and sung it with inexpressible sweetness, but with a tremor in her voice, occasioned by the images and allusions of that exquisite poem. She had scarcely finished when the door opened, and a young military officer, in full uniform, entered. Before I could account for this intrusion, Margaret screamed, threw down the instrument, and rushed into his arms. 'My Henry, my dear Henry, have you come at last?' It was my son, a noble, stately youth. It was my son—my dear Henry, that lies beneath this clod. I cannot tell you the unspeakable joy of that day. It was enough to throw into the shade a whole life of misery. I kissed him on the cheek—I seized his powerful young hand in mine, and shook it with such gladness. O! I would give an age of ordinary life, to have such another day. I wished to die; and gladly would I have yielded my life to its giver, for such a feast of pure delight. However, my hour has not yet come. I am doomed to see the whole of my race pass by me like shadows, while I remain a sad monument of childless, solitary loneliness. My children were married. I joined them together; and, as my lips blessed them, I felt my soul

expand, and triumph within me, in the ecstasies of happiness. My inward eye was lighted up with the torch of joyful anticipation; and, as it pierced through the dim veil of futurity, it saw visions of bliss, and revelled in the delicious scenes of imagined felicity.'

Here the clock of the steeple struck the hour.

'Aye,' continued he, 'that sound is melancholy. It subdues the soul to grief in such a lonely place as this; and while it falls on my ear, it shall ever seem to me a knell of death. It ushered the whole of my family to their graves; but they heard it not, for they were beyond the pale of human feeling; in a land which the notes of earth cannot reach, unless they be those of prayer. O that I was in such a land, in the midst of my kindred!

You anticipate the catastrophe of my story. Scarcely had the bridal music ceased to play,—scarcely had the smile left the lips of the bridesmaids,—scarcely had the marriage garments been laid aside, and the husband pressed the wife to his bosom and called her his own,—scarcely had they looked upon each other with that unutterable fondness which looks alone can express, than they were doomed to be no more,—to sleep in each other's embrace the sleep of eternity. Only three weeks after marriage Henry was seized with a contagious fever, and he died. Margaret, in waiting upon him, caught the infection, and died also. This is the whole of their story, I need say no more—it speaks for itself.—They were laid together in that grave; and never slept together greater beauty, love, and virtue. I have now no chain to hold me to earth: every link has been broken. Those whom I knew in my youth have passed away like a dream, and I feel myself a pilgrim in a strange land—among strange faces. My enfeebled mind is filling



with strange fancies—I am drooping into second childhood. The moon is up, and throws the long shadows of the elms over the church-yard. In nights like this, when there is nothing to disturb my meditations, I love to sit here. Visions frequently pass before my dim eyes, like the shadows of my family. I often think I see Margaret and Henry standing before me, and waving on me to follow them: they shall not linger long upon me. My spirit longs to burst its tenement and be united to theirs. But these strange forms are only the moon-beams dancing before a disturbed imagination.—I know they are but delusive phantoms; for the veil of the invisible world cannot be thrown aside to expose its mysteries to human eyes. But there is one relief to my sorrows, and that is in heaven.

#### ON THE STANDARD OF TASTE.

If by a standard of taste we were to understand some test to which all men appeal, and by which they were guided, in all their decisions respecting the beauties and sublimities of nature and of art, we could have no hesitation in asserting, most decidedly, that no such standard ever existed; but this definition would circumscribe it within too narrow limits. We are willing to grant, that considerable diversity of opinion always has existed, and still does exist, on this subject, among different nations and individuals: for example, the Asiatics, and all the nations of the east, have ever delighted in exaggerated description, swollen imagery, and bombastic language; while the inhabitants of the west have more generally preferred a simpler style, chaster figures, and more unaffected description. We grant, that the nations of the west differ from one another in the preference which they give to particular works of taste. Shakespeare is, in general, almost the god of an Englishman's idolatry; the French have politely honoured him with the name of a barbarian, and have scarcely refrained from paying the nation, which awarded that mighty soul such ho-

nours, the same handsome compliment.—There are, of our own country again, who do not scruple, sacrilegiously, to tear the laurels from the brows of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, representing them as frigid pedants, totally destitute of truth and nature, who, without any taste or genius, attempted to work themselves up into fame by a blind submission to arbitrary rules.—Did not our countrymen, in the days both of Spencer and Milton, form their taste on Italian models? are not these, at present, greatly neglected, and French ones raised to that eminence? Does not Horace command, most dictatorially, that a play should contain neither more nor less than five acts; and do not most of Metastasio's operas contain only three; while an old Spanish writer, setting the Roman critic at noble defiance, prolonged one of his plays to seven and twenty? Does not the same nation, at different periods, undergo as great revolutions in its literary opinions as in its political constitution?

It appears passing strange, to the men of the present day, how Cowley should have been carressed and adored, while Milton was passed by with cold neglect. And the literary history of every country presents us with similar examples of characters, who have dazzled, for a short time, and then, meteor-like, have passed away, scarce 'leaving a wreck behind.' Although we grant that this diversity of opinion has prevailed with regard to works of taste, we do not think the conclusion, that there is no standard of taste can be legitimately drawn from this admission; for it must be remembered that taste, though uniform in its decisions, is only so, when duly cultivated and arrived at maturity. Although we can most of us tell, with considerable accuracy, the distance of objects by the sense of sight, yet this was not originally the case with us. The child, at first, can discern colour alone by means of this sense; the subsequent uses which he makes of seeing, are the effects of habit. Now taste is a faculty of the same description, with this addition, that being of a delicate and sickly nature, it requires much nurture to bring it to perfection, and may easily be destroyed. If all the eastern nations have ever delighted in fantastic ornaments, they have never emerged from barbarism. This is the case with other nations as well as with those of the east. The Scandinavians, the Laplanders, and the savages of America, from specimens that have been given of their wri-

tings, evince exactly the same predilection for bombast. We are aware there was a time when Europe was plunged in ignorance, so gross, as to have given to it the emphatic name of the 'dark ages;' that literature, the arts and sciences, flourished on the banks of the Ganges; but all those who there toiled for immortality, not even the names are preserved to us, and so we can pronounce no judgment.

Taste is a matter of reasoning, and not mere sentiment; and he who would assert that there is no standard of taste, because all are not agreed with regard to works of taste, might as well assert that there was no system of the universe; but that the followers of Ptolemy, of Copernicus, of Des Cartes, and of Newton, were equally in the right. But taste may be vitiated as well as not improved; and if it is, does this afford us any good and substantial grounds for believing there is no proper standard. Let us take an analogy from the sense from which this intellectual faculty borrows its name. Some persons, we know by disease, have lost the sense of taste altogether. Now, shall we imagine that sugar is not sweet, and vinegar sour, and wormwood bitter, merely because there may be individuals who never receive these sensations? Shall we imagine that the livery of nature is not green, merely because a jaundiced eye perceives it to be yellow? Some metaphysicians, indeed, have asserted, that what appears red to us may appear green, or any other colour, to any other person. True, we have no means of making experiments, to ascertain whether the same objects appear in the same colours to different individuals; but, in the goodness and wisdom of Deity, we have good moral evidence that the senses of all men give exactly the same reports: the uniformity of human nature, in all these respects, renders this opinion highly probable. Now, these remarks apply, with precisely the same force, to the power of taste. If differences in the external senses be pronounced deviations from a common standard, why not differences in taste? The only plausible objection against this mode of reasoning is, that the differences are more numerous in the faculty of taste. But are not the objects about which the external senses are employed, more limited in number than those about which taste is employed. Consequently the latter will admit of a greater variety of exceptions and deviations, without infringing on the ratio established be-

tween them. As to some of the examples of differences of taste, we imagine, we will not be reckoned over sceptical if we should be disposed to question their truth, seeing some of them are founded upon the assertions of travellers overfond of the wonderful and marvellous. Who has been sufficiently master of the language of barbarous nations, has been admitted to such familiarities, or remained long enough with the inhabitants of savage countries, as to be able to give us a correct account of their manners, much less of so concealed a subject as their taste? Facts are the best of all things, I grant, but let us have well-substantiated ones, supported, at least, by probable evidence. We are willing to admit that all these accounts may not be false; but, what then, is there no standard of taste because of a few differences? We know very well, that there have been nations who have exposed sickly infants to perish, and put to death their infirm parents. The Spartans taught their youth to steal. Shall we say these actions, on this account, are not crimes, or deny the distinctions between virtue and vice? But we grant, that, even among cultivated and refined nations, differences of opinion have prevailed with regard to works of taste; but, here I may observe with the same propriety, that, even in the most refined and polished nations, there are men whose minds remain in their original rudeness; whose taste has never received a polish; and it would be contrary to all rules of legitimate reasoning, to draw any conclusion from such examples: besides, how many causes, foreign from taste, lead men to form judgments of an author. Who, in the time of Charles II. would have ventured to declare their admiration of the old republican, John Milton, Cromwell's secretary? Would the courtiers, who in general lead the taste of a nation, be likely to pronounce eulogiums on a character hated and despised by their licentious master? We cannot think that Milton's merit was overlooked even then, only no one cared to blazon it. Have not faction and cabal often given an author a temporary reputation, who in reality did not deserve it, and kept others in obscurity, who burst forth, at length, in full splendour? But these deviations and exceptions are, in reality, proofs that there is a standard of taste; for they show, clearly, that however extrinsic circumstances may, for a time, exalt a dunce or depress a genius, the com-

mon and correct taste of men never fails to place each in his proper situation.— Sometimes, too, the overpowering splendour of genius may dim men's intellectual vision, to the perception of its faults, or at least make them be forgot amid the blaze of other excellence.

Shakespeare is an instance of an author of gigantic genius, with many faults; his countrymen forgive the latter, while they are delighted with the former. The French, who see only his faults, and probably do not understand our language sufficiently to relish his beauties, represent him as a barbarian. Now, while they are thus pronouncing directly contrary opinions concerning the same author, their tastes may be exactly the same. Is it not very observable that most people prefer the classics of their own country before those of any other? The reason may be discovered without supposing any difference of taste; they understand them better, and to this source we may trace many of the diversities of opinion entertained concerning foreign authors. We cannot say that a man's taste differs from ours, though he despises the author we esteem, if he does not understand him so well. We are well aware, however, that different persons often prefer different authors, while they have the most perfect understanding of the works they contrast. Surely it will be thought these persons evince tastes diametrically opposite; we see no reason, however, of such a conclusion. If all the objects about which taste is conversant, were of one kind, then would this inference be just; but this is not the case. Who will say whether the beauties or sublimities of nature deserve a preference? Perhaps one man may delight most in the one, another in the other: these men's tastes are the same, but directed to different qualities of nature. One man is charmed with the melting tenderness of Virgil, another delighted with the daring sublimity of Homer; one is pleased with the simple style of Addison, another with the laboured diction of Johnson: but this is not a difference of taste, but taste directed to different qualities. If one man were to tell me that he actually disliked Homer, that he thought him totally destitute of poetic beauty, this we would reckon a difference; but none who understood Homer has made such an assertion; and if there were such a being, the surprise his sentiments would excite, would prove him to be an anomaly. Perhaps we will not

get a great number of persons who will agree about the preference to be given to a particular woman; but of how many ingredients is female beauty made up? One regards a fine shape, another a beautiful face, a third is set on fire by mental charms. Can these persons be said to disagree when they were struck with qualities so totally different?

We shall only draw one corollary from the opinion that there is no standard of taste; which is, we think, sufficient to show its utter falsehood. It is, that if there is no standard of taste, the tastes of all men must be equally good. If this be the case, he who prefers some miserable ditty on the bagpipe, to the oratorio of the creation, has as good a taste, in music, as Handel; he who prefers the wretched daubing on a sign-post, to the works of the greatest masters, as good a taste, in painting, as Raphael; he who reckons the wretched extempore doggrels of our balled singers, as good as Homer or Tasso, has as good a taste, in poetry, as Addison or Blair.— These positions are abundantly ridiculous, but absolutely just, on the supposition that there is no standard of taste; for if we once grant that some of these tastes are better than others, the point is given: up, and a tacit confession made, that there is some standard of taste. But if there is a standard of taste, what is it? By what means do we estimate the different degrees of this quality, in different individuals? Why do we pronounce this man to have a cultivated and refined taste, that a bad and vitiated, or perhaps no taste at all? If we assert so pertinaciously, that all tastes are not equally good, it would be convenient to have some test, by the application of which we might determine whether we ourselves are possessed of this enviable faculty, and by which we may distinguish a taste that is genuine from one that is spurious. This, we confess, is a matter of no small difficulty. However, as we are not in the least disposed to imagine, that there is no standard of morality, because different theories of morals have been formed; so we are not disposed to adopt the maxim—*De gustibus non disputandum*, that there is no disputing about tastes, because it is difficult to say what that standard is. However, we think, we may, without entangling ourselves in the maze of metaphysics, assert that, in all the works of taste, the standard by which we decide their excellencies, is by considering whether they be

exact imitations of nature. This is a test of no ambiguous application; it may be understood by all, and in no instance will it be found to fail. Try, by this standard, all the works that have ever delighted the sons of men; all the works which the universal consent of mankind pronounce to be the best; which lead their readers by some tacit spell, some magic attraction; they will all be found to contain the most exact imitations of nature. Try Homer by this standard, and we will not require the united applause of all men, for thousands of years, to prove that he is worthy of admiration. His imagery, so agreeable to the country where his fable is laid; his battle scenes; his pictures of the dangers of the deep; his similes, taken, sometimes, from rural and tranquil life, sometimes from the more turbulent scenes of nature; put a mirror in every bosom, because every one feels that they are genuine and faithful copies of an ever-during original. Try Shakespeare by this standard, and who will not approve the admiration of his most devoted and enthusiastic worshippers. His matchless insight into human nature; his nice balancing of contending passions; the various motives he assigns for the conduct of his characters; and the consistency of their conduct, with the influence of the motives assigned; are all copied from nature, and copied with such wonderful exactness, with such masterly skill, as we can scarce expect to see rivalled. And hence, notwithstanding the petulant flippancies of Voltaire, he will elicit the tear of compassion, swell the breast with indignation, and bear away every faculty of the soul; while the language in which he wrote, remains, and his works are enough to make any language endure for ever. I might go on to mention a number of other examples, as Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, who have excited the admiration of mankind, more or less, according as their adherence to nature has been more or less strict. The same observations, we think, will apply, with equal propriety, to the other fine arts. That the merit of painting consists in its close imitation of nature, is too obvious to require illustration. Horace's remark, that if a painter were to join a fish's tail to the body of a beautiful woman, it would excite laughter, serves to illustrate our position, both with regard to painting and poetry. Nor is it merely by according the more gross deviations from nature, that the paint-

er can meet with applause: he must show the most minute shadings of passion, as they are exhibited in the human countenance, if he would secure universal esteem. Perhaps no picture ever drew more general admiration than the crucifixion, by Michael Angelo, where all the extremes of corporeal agony are represented with horrible and sublime exactness; now, he merely copied the agonies of a wretch whom he had tormented for the purpose. The sphere of imitation, in music, is more various; but every man of taste must more admire those simple, touching melodies, which raise emotions of joy and sorrow, cheerfulness and melancholy. In statuary, every one knows that an exact copy from nature is its only merit; and that statue which enchants the world, the 'Venus de Medicis,' which has always commanded the admiration of men of taste, likewise excites the applause of the lowest vulgar. Perhaps it may be thought this standard is of uncertain application, and that it is difficult to say what is an exact imitation of nature; that what one might be apt to consider as a close adherence to nature might be regarded by another as a gross deviation from it. We think we may say, with safety, this is impossible. Is it a matter of such difficulty, to perceive whether an author follows or outrages nature? Should a dramatic writer make one of his characters a native of the east, and make him talk of snows and frosts, would not every one see as great a deviation from nature, as if he should represent Socrates, on the day of his death, confuting the sceptical systems of Hobbes and Mandeville? What makes modern pastorals so totally overlooked? what, but that they present us with pictures no longer to be seen? If Kean, in the character of Hamlet, when the ghost makes his appearance on the stage, instead of showing emotions of mingled terror and curiosity, were to clench his feet, to roar with the voice of a stentor, and to follow the shade, in a threatening attitude, across the stage, who would not turn from him with disgust, as a violator of the rules of nature? I have taken it for granted, that all are delighted with nature's charms, whether she appears in the beauty of an Italian landscape, or in the sublimity of Alpine horrors: different persons may prefer different scenes, still it is nature they admire in all.

M. B.

## THE SAILOR.

During an excursion which I made through a few of the northern counties of Scotland, in the summer of 1818, I remained for a few days at L——, a small fishing village on the coast.

Not far from the inn where I resided, yet removed from the noise and tumult of the village, stands a lonely church-yard, the burial-place of the surrounding parish. Thither I once went, with the intention of viewing the place, and soon arrived, thoughtful and solitary, before this last earthly abode of the children of Adam. Anxious to enter the consecrated spot, I mounted the steps that conduct the footpath into this solitary mansion! when lo! a scene truly afflicting and humiliating presented itself. The ground rose in many a grassy hillock, and imagination readily suggested, that the dust below was the remains of men who were once alive and active:

‘Kept the world awake,  
With lustre and with noise.’

Here, in this vast receptacle of mouldering bones, and putrifying flesh, the remains of persons of all denominations and descriptions, without regard to distinction or rank, or age, or sex, lie huddled together; and what must be humiliating in the extreme, to the sons and daughters of pride, there being no bounds of separation below ground, these corruptible bodies mix in their progress of dissolution.

Here, the lofty looks of the proud are brought down, not merely to a level, but to a rank beneath the dust we tread on. Here, in the grave, the great and mighty potentate, whose dread frown was followed by immediate death to his subject, lies equally humbled with the slave that supported his train. Here, the bitter, ill-natured, and contentious, are brought to agree in the dust at last. Here, the sons of envy

and covetousness, are robbed of their goods;—and here, the afflicted tossed with tempest, and not comforted, after the storms of life are past, find a peaceful haven.

During these reflections, my eye by chance caught a glimpse of a head-stone, ornamented with the figure of a ship, and immediately below it the names ‘William and Mary.’ Upon a close inspection, I found, that under this stone actually lay the remains of a sea-faring man and his wife. I was beginning to reflect upon it, when the sexton entered the burying ground, whom I requested to give me an account of the persons whose remains this stone covered. We sat down upon a grave, and he told me a most pathetic and interesting story, the substance of which follows:—

‘William was a young fisherman born in this village; he was brought up by his industrious parents, in the constant employment of this laborious avocation, and while a boy, if any intermission took place in the fishing, through the rigour of the season, the opportunity was embraced by his father, of sending him to school, that he might get instruction. When William grew up, his personal accomplishments surpassed those of almost all the young men of the village. He was handsome and robust, and possessed a vigorous understanding.

‘Whilst he was living in this happy and contented situation, he married, at the age of twenty two, Mary, a young villager who had been his intimate friend from his infancy, and who shone, no less than he, in her beauty of person, and excellence of character. They loved each other passionately, and knew each other so well before their union, that, that circumstance made no change on their affections, but rendered their happiness still more complete than before.

'The young couple had been blessed in the possession of each other four months, when one day William was engaged to pilot a ship to a neighbouring port. The day was fine, and the wind fair.—Mary had, with her usual attention, a refreshing supper prepared for her husband, who she expected to arrive in the evening, fatigued with the labours of the day; and to be as usual cheered with her kindness, and her simple song.—He never arrived, he was impressed and sent on board a man-of-war; sadly did Mary sigh, sadly did she weep, and bitterly did she lament the cruel fate that tore her William from her, and threw him into bondage; but unavailing were her sighs, and unheard were her complaints, and those of many a widowed wife, helpless child, and comfortless parent in that thriving village. The prime of the place, the noble youths were all borne away—perhaps never to return.

'Her cup of sorrow was not yet full, for in a few weeks she heard it read from the newspapers, that the ship in which her husband was, had foundered at sea, and not a soul had been saved: at this she fainted and fell into a fever, but recovered only to relapse again, when she expired.

'When the war was ended, William came back, to the astonishment of the whole village; he informed them that he had been appointed to serve on board another ship than the one that foundered, and so was preserved. It was tried to keep his wife's death a secret from him for some time, and so prepare him to bear the fatal disclosure. He was impatient for her, and they were obliged to tell him the melancholy truth, which, when he heard, he sunk back on his chair, and fell into a swoon, and when he recovered, he became mad and outrageous, which threw him into a burning fever, and

in a few days, he expired exclaiming 'my Mary!'

'The whole village attended him to the grave, where he was laid by the side of his dear wife.

'That grave contains them, where they sweetly slumber.'

RUSTICUS.

## THE TWO COFFINS.

In a village of Magdeburg lived an old peasant and his older wife, who, from whim, or simple weariness of life, took it into their heads to have their coffins made beforehand, that they might be ready when they were wanted. In the lack of other room they were set in a store-chamber, which hence got the name of the coffin-chamber; and so much were the old people reconciled by use to their last homes, that they actually looked upon them as common cupboards, and employed them as such, to board up clothes, and even eatables.

At length, the aged house-mother died, or rather slept away into the other world, without pain or sickness, from absolute decay; leaving her solitary partner to mourn her loss, and with an unfeigned longing to join her in the grave. So sincere, indeed, was his grief, that he took to his bed, and was forced to leave the management of the burial to his friends and neighbours, who were nothing loathe to the task, no less from a love of meddling than from humanity. They emptied the coffin, of the deceased, of the eatables which had been stored in it, and laid the old woman decently and quietly, in the last home she was likely to inhabit.—When evening came, they bore the coffin to the grave, with few ceremonies, but perhaps with more sincere tears than are ever dropped on the marble monuments of the rich and powerful. The last bell tolled—the last earth was

scattered—and the green sod was bound over her resting-place, from which she was never again to rise, till the call to the day of judgment.

However much the old man might grieve for the departure of his wife, yet his natural good spirits soon brought him on his legs again; and, not to be alone, he took home to him a couple of his grandchildren—two lively boys, well calculated to break up the solitude of his house. One morning he sent the eldest, Peter, with the key of the coffin-room, to get out some baked fruit for the next approaching dinner, saying to him, ‘You will find the baked plumbs in one end of my coffin, and the pears in the other.’ The boy, who had no fear of coffins that contained plumbs and pears, set off willingly on his errand; but he was soon back again, and without the fruit, trembling from head to foot, and pale as any spectre.

*Peter.*—Grandmother is here! grandmother is here!

*The Grandfather.*—Are you in your senses, boy? What nonsense are you chattering now?

*Peter.*—No nonsense, father!—There she is—in the coffin—her eyes wide open—paler than her own winding-sheet.

*The Grandfather.*—In my coffin! Why it is full of the fruit you are to fetch.

*Peter.*—May-be—may-be—But there, however, is grandmother, wrapped up in her shroud.

At first, the old man thought that his grandson was half asleep, but Peter faithfully protested that he was never more awake in his life, and persisted in having really seen the spirit. In the mean time, the little lickerish Christian, the younger brother, who knew nothing of all this, had observed that the door of the coffin-room was open—a place which, by-the-by, al-

ways bore with him the more honourable name of the store-room; the fact is, that Peter in his fear had forgotten, or indeed had found no time, to lock it—an omission, of which the other little rogue was not slow to take advantage. In an instant he was in the room; but, instead of seizing a pear, he grasped the ice-cold hand of his grandmother, who stood before him as if newly risen from her grave.—The child gave a fearful shriek, and hurried back to the old man, who was already coming to meet him, and to whose inquiries he could only answer, ‘My grandmother! My grandmother!’ This was only making the mystery more mysterious, and he therefore hastened to the room himself, to clear it up if possible; when scarcely had he crossed the threshold, than he also paused with terror: there, sure enough, was his own wife—his buried wife—lying stretched out in her coffin as if ready for her grave! If before he doubted the children, he could now just as little trust to the testimony of his own eyes: he stood rooted to the spot, without even daring to venture on a closer examination into this unaccountable appearance. But fortunately, the outcry of the children had alarmed the neighbours, who came in crowds to learn the reason of it; many of these had followed the coffin to her grave, and at first all were so overpowered by terror, that they too were afraid to stir a step in the way of explanation. They had, however, numbers and daylight on their side—two circumstances which at last gave them so much courage, that they ventured to the coffin; where they found—not a spirit—but the very corpse of the old man’s wife. A little consideration was sufficient to solve this wonder. Both the coffins were covered with their lids, and both those lids were fastened; when, therefore, they meant to bear out the coffin



with the dead, by a very easy mistake they had carried off its neighbour to the grave—and thus they had buried the fruit instead of the old woman, who, by this simple oversight, seemed to reappear in the character of a spectre.

### THE HARP, A TALE.

*From the German of the Poet Körner.*

The secretary Sellner had begun to taste the first spring of happiness with his youthful bride. Their union was not founded on that vague and evanescent passion which often lives and dies almost in the same moment;—sympathy and esteem form the basis of attachment. Time and experience, without diminishing the ardour, had confirmed the permanence, of their mutual sentiments. It was long since they had discovered that they were formed for each other, but want of fortune imposed the necessity of a tedious probation; till Sellner, by obtaining the patent for a place, found himself in possession of an easy competence, and on the following Sunday brought home in triumph his long-betrothed bride. A succession of ceremonious visits for some weeks engrossed many of those hours that the young couple would have devoted to each other. But no sooner was this onerous duty fulfilled, than they eagerly escaped from the intrusion of society to their delicious solitude; and the fine summer evenings were but too short for plans and anticipations of future felicity. Sellner's flute and Josephine's harp filled up the intervals of conversation, and with their harmonious unison seemed to sound the prelude to many succeeding years of bliss and concord. One evening, when Josephine had played longer than usual, she suddenly complained of a headache; she had, in reality, risen with

this symptom of indisposition, but concealed it from her anxious husband; naturally susceptible of nervous complaints, the attention which she had lent to the music, and the emotions it excited in her delicate frame, had increased a slight indisposition to fever, and she was now evidently ill. A physician was called in, who so little anticipated danger that he promised a cure on the morrow. But after a night spent in delirium, her disorder was pronounced a nervous fever, which completely baffled the efforts of medical skill, and on the ninth day was confessedly mortal. Josephine herself was perfectly sensible of her approaching dissolution, and with mild resignation submitted to her fate.

Addressing her husband, for the last time, she exclaimed:—'My dear Edward, Heaven can witness it is with unutterable regret that I depart from this fair world, where I have found with thee a state of supreme felicity; but though I am no longer permitted to live in those arms, doubt not thy faithful Josephine shall still hover round thee, and as a guardian-angel encircle thee till we meet again.'—She had scarcely uttered these words when she sunk on her pillow, and soon fell into a slumber, from which she awoke no more; and when the clock was striking nine, it was observed that she had breathed her last. The agonies of Sellner may be more easily conceived than described: during some days it appeared doubtful whether he would survive; and when, after a confinement of some weeks, he was at length permitted to leave his chamber, the powers of youth, seemed paralysed, his limbs were enfeebled, his frame emaciated, and he sunk into a state of stupor, from which he was only to be roused by the bitterness of grief. To this poignant anguish succeeded a fixed melan-

choly; a deep sorrow consecrated the memory of his beloved: her apartment remained precisely in the state in which it had been left previous to her death;—on the work-table lay her unfinished task; the harp stood in its accustomed nook, untouched and silent; every night Sellner went in a sort of pilgrimage to the sanctuary of his love, and taking his flute, breathed forth, in deep plaintive tones, his fervent aspirations for the cherished shade. He was thus standing in Josephine's apartment, lost in thought, when a broad gleam of moonlight fell on the open window, and from the neighbouring tower the watchman proclaimed the ninth hour; at this moment, as if touched by some invisible spirit, the harp was heard to respond to his flute in perfect unison. Thunder-struck at this prodigy, Sellner suspended his flute, and the harp became silent; he then began, with deep emotion, Josephine's favourite air, when the harp resumed its melodious vibrations, thrilling with ecstasy. At this confirmation of his hopes he sunk on the ground, no longer doubting the presence of the beloved spirit; and whilst he opened his arms to clasp her to his breast, he seemed to drink in the breath of spring, and a pale glimmering light flitted before his eyes. 'I know thee, blessed spirit,' exclaimed the bewildered Sellner; 'thou didst promise to hover round my steps, to encircle me with thy immortal love. Thou hast redeemed thy word; it is thy breath that glows on my lips; I feel myself surrounded by thy presence.' With rapturous emotion he snatched the flute, and the harp again responded, but gradually its tones became softer, till the melodious murmurs ceased, and all again was silent. Sellner's feeble frame was completely disordered by these tumultuous emotions; when he threw

himself on his bed it was only to rave deliriously of the harp; after a sleepless night he rose only to anticipate the renewal of his emotions; with unspeakable impatience he awaited the return of evening, when he again repaired to Josephine's apartment, where, as before, when the clock struck nine, the harp began to play, in concert with the flute, and prolonged its melodious accompaniment till the tones gradually subsided to a faint and tremulous vibration, and all again was silent. Exhausted by this second trial, it was with difficulty that Sellner tottered to his chamber, where the visible alteration in his appearance excited so much alarm, that the physician was again called in, who, with sorrow and dismay, detected aggravated symptoms of the fever which had proved so fatal to Josephine; and so rapid was its progress, that in two days the patient's fate appeared inevitable. Sellner became more composed, and revealed to the physician the secret of his late mysterious communications, avowing his belief that he should not survive the approaching evening. No arguments could remove from his mind this fatal presage; as the day declined, it gained strength; and he earnestly entreated, as a last request, to be conveyed to Josephine's apartment. The prayer was granted. Sellner no sooner reached the well-known spot, than he gazed with ineffable satisfaction on every object endeared by affectionate remembrance.

The evening hour advanced; he dismissed his attendants, the physician alone remaining in the apartment. When the clock struck nine Sellner's countenance was suddenly illumined; the glow of hope and pleasure flushed his wan cheeks, and he passionately exclaimed—'Josephine, greet me once more at parting, that I may overcome the pangs of death.' At

these words the harp breathed forth a strain of jubilee, a sudden gleam of light waved round the dying man, who, on beholding the sign, exclaimed—'I come, I come, to thee,' and sunk senseless on the couch. It was in vain that the astonished physician hastened to his assistance, and he too late discovered that life had yielded in the conflict. It was long before he could bring himself to divulge the mysterious circumstances which had preceded Sellner's dissolution; but once, in a moment of confidence, he was insensibly led to make the detail to a few intimate friends, and finally produced the harp, which he had appropriated to himself as a legacy from the dead.

#### REVIEW.

*The Lollards; a Tale.* In three Vols. London, 1822.—(Continued)

Here a loud knocking was heard. Alarmed lest the spies, whom he had but too much reason to believe followed his steps, had discovered his retreat, and the manner in which he was occupied, he hastily shut the volume, and removing a pannel in the wainscoat, which disclosed a small closet prepared by himself, and appropriated to the reception of this valued book, he there deposited it with all expedition. Mr. Whittington shared the apprehensions of his guest; for the knocking was at the back part of the house, to which, for safety, he had been accustomed to retire, whenever he meditated a violation of the law by reading the Bible. In the fear of the moment, he could not but tremble for the heavy penalties which might fall on him. He had set his heart on a higher treasure than the earth contains; yet he could not but contemplate with pain the probable forfeiture of all his worldly goods.

Endeavouring to conceal his emotion, he demanded in an authoritative tone, who it was that disturbed his family so long after the usual hour of retiring to rest, it being then nine o'clock.

He was answered in an unknown voice,

with the words which Edward had last read:

'Drede thou not.'

It was now quite plain, that whoever the party without might be, the reading had been overheard. Edward and Mr. Whittington exchanged looks of surprise and uneasiness, when the voice was again heard:—

'Drede thou not, for they preier is herd.'

Their apprehension, though not their surprise, was somewhat diminished by this. The stranger, in continuing the verse, had proved that he possessed an intimate knowledge of the prohibited work, which was hardly to be expected in one who came as an enemy.

'What wantest thou?' demanded Whittington.

'Y am sent to thee, to speke, and to evangelise to thee,' was the reply; the stranger still continuing to quote from that chapter of the English translation of the Testament which Edward had been reading. He added, 'I am a friend to thee and to thy house; therefore admit me straight.' Vol. I. p. 92.

The stranger is at length cautiously admitted, and proves to be the venerable Bohemian Reformer, John Huss. He is received with the greatest transport, and informs them that having come to England in the hope of procuring certain writings of Wickliffe's, in which his own collection was deficient. Lord Cobham, who had cultivated his friendship with great assiduity when on the continent, and who was made acquainted with his intention, had intrusted him with the secret of his own retirement, and that of his children; at the same time earnestly entreating him to take Alice back with him into Bohemia; where the esteem in which he is held by his countrymen is certain to secure her a safe and honourable asylum. He adds, that if Edward also will accompany them, though for only a short time, he may be enabled to communicate to him the means of essentially serving his father. This argument

suffices, and it is agreed that he shall accompany the venerable Bohemian, to see Lord Cobham. Previous to their departure we must introduce our readers into the interior of Mr. Whittington's establishment, before his guests leave him:—

Huss rose early in the morning, and appeared refreshed in body and in mind.

The day was wet and chilly, and in consequence, a fire was lighted. It was made of wood and coals, which were supplied from time to time with the aid of tongs, or tangs, as they were then called, and which were occasionally made to perform the office of a poker. The wood and coals were not deposited in a grate or stove, such articles not being then in use, but laid on the hearth. Whittington thought it necessary to offer something like an apology for the introduction of so effeminate a piece of luxury, as a chimney was thought to be by the admirers of old English habits, at the commencement of the fifteenth century.

'It may be, learned sir,' he began, 'that you suspect, because I admit into common use the fire-place, which some do think ridiculous refinement, that I give into all the affected follies which mark the spark-some gallants of this inglorious age. In that you will do me wrong. I like not their fantastic ways. I still dine at the good old-fashioned hour of ten, that I may have wherewithal to sustain my frame through the day; while others think it a goodly and polished thing not to eat their dinner till high noon, when half their toil is over, and others even put it off an hour beyond: so that workmen, and people of the common sort, now actually dine before their masters, and those of superior condition, which no man ever could have thought he should live to see. You find not in my house a gay display of splendid pewter platters, as some have;—hollowed too, they say, is now fast becoming the mode, so that, that off which men eat, in some sort resembles the cups from which they drink. I still adhere to the *treene*, nor think my meat retains its proper flavour, but when I eat it from the wood; and for my beds, yourself can testify, you have not found a pillow stuffed with feathers, which some voluptuaries claim to revel on, but a true log of honest English oak, on which the head that is sound within, I know, prefers to rest.'

'Your fare,' said Huss, 'is hospitable, is good, and is not chargeable with the phantasies which you justly condemn.'

'But for the chimney,' Whittington returned, 'since I became advanced in years I have been afflicted with an asthma, and ill endure the fumes of smoke, which albeit some say it removes many complaints and maladies, is no good doctor for a cough, and therefore I indulge me in the luxury of a chimney, as you remark; by which means I breathe so much more at my ease, and trust me, I should not be vastly surprised, though you may smile at the idea, if (in the course of years I mean) they should become common in the houses of aged men affected as I am.' . . .

The conversation was interrupted by the introduction of breakfast. A flagon of wine was placed near John Huss; a quart of home-brewed ale by the master of the house; a bowl of milk occupied the centre of the table; and a cup or horn was placed for each person to help himself to that which he preferred to drink. Brown bread was supplied; and salt fish, and part of a chine of beef, boiled, completed the preparations for the morning's repast.

This *dejeune a la fourchette* is seasoned by a dissertation on politics, which detains them at table so late in the morning as seven o'clock: and in the course of it they declaim against the times like modern politicians, foretell the irretrievable ruin of the kingdom, and express their astonishment that it has kept together so long, burdened as it is with a debt of £100,000!!!

Lord Cobham's retreat is near Holywell,—thither Edward and the Bohemian repair, and on their road encounter a notorious murderer, or *Red-hand*, as the mistaken courtesy of the times chose to call those who fled from justice, to the protection of some powerful family. To this man Edward expresses his abhorrence of his crimes with an imprudent indignation, which inspires the deadliest hate in the bosom of Roderick the Red-hand; and the effects of his resentment constitute some of the most important incidents in the story.

Our limits oblige us to pass over the meeting with Lord Cobham, and all the interesting conversations connected with it—as also over the journey back to Lutterworth, with sundry incidents between the clan of Ap Gruffyd and the Chester men, in which Roderick the Red-hand acts a conspicuous part; and the author, in his delineation of the sudden execution of the Mayor of Chester, by the lawless Welsh-men, has endeavoured, and not unsuccessfully, to break a lance with the far-famed writer of the ‘Tales of my Landlord.’ More gladly would we linger over the refreshing picture which ancient London exhibits to the imagination; though it is difficult to repress a smile—a melancholy one—when we contrast the present vice and misery of Saffron-hill, with the fairness and salubrity, the gay and smiling aspect, imparted to it by Whittington, who strongly urges his friends to take up their abode there during their stay in London, in preference to the close and crowded city; as ‘a walk through the meadows of the Old-burne,’ will at any time speedily take them thither:—

‘Is not this,’ says Whittington, ‘a delightful scene, and doth it not command a view of many pleasing objects? Lower down, these tall elms mark the spot where the Skinner’s Well is found, where that craft do repair to enact at times mysteries of their own, after the manner of the parish clerks. How noble looketh the vast square tower of Paul’s, which seemeth lord over all the neighbouring churches, whose tops are now seen. How gay is this hill which we now stand upon, and what a beauteous verdure decketh, late as is the season, that which holds the Priory on its summit! Then, further south, mark you another noble building? That is the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem; and leading from it, city-wards, behold the mills which belong to the fraternity, and which are worked by means of that brook which winds along in the valley? Turn-mill brook is it called, and you may almost see it join the river of Wells; while the

Oldbourne is hastening from the west to meet and unite with it. Then, near the place of their junction, ye must observe a mighty edifice adorned with much modern workmanship and cunning, that standeth hard by the Oldbourne, and is the palace of the Bishop of Ely. It was thus handsomely set forth by Bishop Arundel, when he did fill that see. Looking at so costly a pile, and its spacious gardens, and at the other objects which I have turned your eyes to, and contemplate these shady retreats, while ye survey at no small distance the whole extent of London: say, have ye often seen an eminence commanding in its prospect so much of the gallant magnificence of art, and possessing in itself so largely the marvellous beauties of nature, as this same right famous Saffron-hill?

The place on which they stood, at that period merited the praises which it received from the admiring Whittington, and the smiling village of Holborn, or Oldbourne, as seen from it, built irregularly but beautifully diversified with gardens attached to the houses—adorned with arbours, May-poles, and grottos—was most interesting. The meadows appropriated to the exercise of archery, provided with butts and seats for the umpires, heightened the variety, and compelled Huss to admire, not less than his friend did, the surrounding scenery. Vol. i. p. 256.

Who is there that may have just returned from a hot and dusty walk, through the crowded streets which now occupy the site of both the village of Holborn, and its surrounding meadows—jostled from side to side, panting for air, inhaling only the pulverized refuse of the coach stands, his ears stunned with the noise of carriages, his eyes dazzled with the burning reflection of brick-walls, and seeking in vain for the refreshing hue in which nature has wisely clad the earth, excepting for a passing moment, when a piece of green baize luckily hangs out at the door of a carpet warehouse; who that is labouring under this town-bred calenture, and all the cares, and anxieties, and fatigues belonging to it, should he chance to recreate himself by reading this description, but must wish for the arbours, and May-poles,

and grottos of Holborn as it was, in place of the dram-shops, and their miserable companions the pawn-brokers' shops, of Holborn as it is?—Who that can forbear to moralise on the vicissitudes of time, and on the doubtful good of that degree of civilization which crowds more than an eighth part of the population of a whole country into its capital! We will however leave London altogether for a time, and accompany the venerable John Huss and his young companions to Prague, where he puts Edward into possession of the secret he had promised him, and which is no less than the art of printing, or at least of multiplying *fac-simile* copies by means of plates of wood and metal, invented and carried on with the utmost secrecy by Hoffman, a disciple of John Huss. His attachment to the doctrines of Wickliffe leads him to devote his ingenious discovery solely to the more rapid circulation of that great man's writings, and of the holy scriptures, among his followers. Hence is he actuated by a double motive to the strictest secrecy in his operations.—The first, lest ignorance should suspect him of having recourse to magic for an invention so wonderful as this was likely to appear; the next, lest bigotry should accuse him of a damnable heresy in circulating the scriptures in the mother tongue. In sharing the benefits of Hoffman's discovery, Edward shares its dangers also. The history of the world presents not a more remarkable contrast in the policy of the same government, at different periods, than has been exhibited in our own country with respect to the Bible. At the opening of the 15th century, reading the Bible in England was a crime which the law visited with the most severe vengeance; and reproach even attached to those who learned to read, from a suspicion that they did so for

the purpose of perusing the sacred volume. In 1492, Nicholas Belward, of South Elmham, in Suffolk, was accused of having in his possession a New Testament, which he had bought for 4 marks and 40 pence, 2*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* a sum equivalent to more than 40*l.* at present—an astonishing price to be paid by a labouring man; for such Belward appears to have been. And many must have been the privations which enabled him to pay it: but it is likely that the treasure thus acquired was more sincerely prized than it is at the present day, when we boast so much of the number of Bibles we can contrive, by a variety of ingenious methods, to give away in the course of the year, that it should seem as if the kindness and condescension were on the part of those who may be kind enough to accept. How differently circumstanced are those who, in the time of which our author treats, desired to 'search the scriptures,' and seek after eternal life. The sacred writings themselves could only be had by transcription; and to transcribe them entire required so much time and labour, that in England few could possess more than a portion of them. Among the Lollards, the four gospels were in constant demand; and those who could not obtain all the books of the Evangelists, sought most eagerly after the gospel of Saint Luke, on account of its being longer than the others. With reason, then, is Edward Oldecastle represented to be rejoicing as over a mine of wealth, in the secret which will enable him to supply the demands of those who long for the sacred writings as quickly as they are made: and natural it is that he should willingly take the solemn oath administered to him by Hoffman himself, never to reveal the means by which he executes with so much facility, labours, apparently of so slow and tedious a nature.

## POETRY.

## TO CHILDHOOD.

Hail childhood! the season of man's purest pleasure,  
Contentment unruffled by sorrow or sigh;  
Oh childhood! thou first boon of heaven's rich  
treasure,

Accept, as a tribute, the tear from mine eye.  
When I pause to reflect on scenes which have  
vanished,

That Eden of bliss still in memory cherished:  
Despondency's child, far from happiness banished,  
I weep for the days, ah! that ne'er shall return.

Oh! where now, ye time-stealing hours of content-  
ment,

The hey-day of innocence, region of smiles;  
That sentiment, offspring of honest excitement,  
Unstained by deceit or malignity's wiles.

All wafted, alas! to oblivion's dwelling,  
Like swift-fleeing spectres at Sol's rays retiring,  
While oft, 'mid the world's vain pleasures revelling,  
I sigh for the days, ah! that ne'er shall return.

JUVENIS.

—♦♦♦—

LINES ON AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG  
LADY,

Who fell a victim to a hopeless passion for C——  
———, of the —— Regiment.

Again pale Luna, handmaid of the night,  
Has gain'd the summit of the chequered sky;  
Now hid in clouds, now bursting on the sight,  
Full orb'd she meets, then shuns, the gazer's eye.

Such was the hapless Luciana's plight,  
On seeing him for whom she dar'd to die;  
Now light, now shade, in alternation roll  
Across the surface of her troubled soul.

Accomplish'd Damon, little didst thou know,  
While sporting in life's bloom, devoid of care,  
That Lucy's bosom was the seat of woe,  
The lovely resting-place of dire despair,  
That thou alone could'st have repell'd the foe,  
And snatch'd from the invader's grasp the fair;  
But, ah! no tidings came till aid was vain,  
Then thou wast wretched, Lucy free from pain.

The heavenly voice that oft distress did soothe,  
The eye that beam'd the soul's congenial ray  
O'er other joy—the orient glow of youth,  
The rosy cheek, the jolly ringlets' play,  
The handsome form, the innate love of truth,  
Fell with her—fell, and own'd the tyrant's sway.  
She whispered Damon with her latest breath,  
Then bow'd, and bless'd the healing hand of death.

Yes, those once sparkling eyes grim death did close;  
That angel form of all that charm'd bereft,  
Now, in thy dusty bed, thou dost repose;  
Soft lies the turf upon thy snowy breast;  
No friendly voice thou hear'st, thou dread'st no foes,  
No thrilling, throbbing, cares disturb thy rest;  
Unconscious thou, though murder bar'd his arm,  
Though envy grinn'd, or Damon tried to charm.

\* The natural modesty of the fair sex, combined with their innate love of virtue, prevented her from unfolding a passion for a man to whom she had never spoken. The regiment, to which he belonged, was stationed, at this time, in L——, the residence of the unfortunate; hence, she had frequent opportunities of seeing him; but the removal of the regiment was the removal of the object in whom all her earthly desires were centered, and she survived it but a short time; but in a podical annexed to her will, she left him in possession of part of her fortune, and hence all was vain when the news of this arrived.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have taken the liberty of making a small alteration on the lines by Juvenis.  
'The Storm' will find an early insertion.

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Adieu, sweet shade! when time has run its round  
Eternal day will beam from argent skies,  
The trump thro' earth's lone caverns shall resound,  
The graves shall yawn, the dead to life shall rise;  
Then sorrow, sighing, shall no more abound,  
Then virtuous deeds shall gain the lucid prize,  
Then joys ecstatic shall commence above,  
Without the mixture of terrestrial love.

AMICUS.

—♦♦♦—

## SONG.

All the stars the skies contain,  
All the treasures of the main;—  
Rich and bright—they cannot vie  
With my Mary's soft-blue eye.  
Fleece may clothe the gentle sheep,  
Snow adorn the moorland steep;—  
Pure and white—but far beneath  
Mary's well-proportion'd teeth.

Flora fair may blush and smile,  
Julia with her beauty wile;  
Brighter, lovelier far, I ween,  
Mary's mild and modest mien.  
Sweet Simplicity's fond child,  
By man's lure ne'er yet beguiled,  
Lovely Mary seems as given,  
For earth to have a sight of heaven.

P.

## THE KISS.

IMITATED FROM D'ALBIRET.

From Phillis I received a kiss,  
And quite transported with the bliss,  
'Kiss me, oh kiss me!' still I cried;  
When thus the laughing fair replied:  
'What! is your memory so bad,  
That you forget the kiss you've had—  
That very moment it was taken,  
Ere the warm blush my cheek's forsaken'  
'No,' I rejoind'd, 'you reason wrong;  
If for another kiss I long,  
'Tis that my memory so steady,  
Still dwells on that I've had already.'

N.



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**SLIGHT NOTICES OF ROSLIN  
AND ITS SCENERY.**

*From my Journal, kept during His Majesty's residence at Edinburgh.*

I had long felt a desire to visit the classic grounds of Roslin, and a more favourable opportunity than the present could not occur; for the lovely solitude of its scenery offered charms to me which I could well appreciate, tired with perambulating the crowded streets of the metropolis. The season was delightful; autumn dangled her yellow locks over the face of the prospect, interspersing it with variety of colouring and general softness of appearance, making it an enticing picture of beauty. The distance from the metropolis to Roslin is 7 miles; the road has little to recommend it, but a few villages, distinguished like many others, in this country, only for irregularity and dirty appearance; however, the view, from near Libberton church, about 3 miles out, is worthy of a moment's attention. The view, from this spot, is indeed little inferior to that from Arthur's Seat, (though impossible to be so extensive,) affording a most commanding prospect of Leith roads; Craigmillar castle, one of the ancient residences of Queen Mary; Arthur's Seat; a great part of Edinburgh; and the Pentland hills, all of which, nearly encircling

the spectator, may be comprehended in one glance of his eye. After the arrival of the stranger at Roslin, the first object to which his attention is generally directed is the 'chapel'. It would be quite impertinent to pretend to give here anything like a detailed account of this curious and antique edifice. Its construction, and sculptured ornaments, can only be known by laborious inspection: it may be sufficient to say, that it is allowed by those who are proper judges, to be excelled by no Gothic structure in Europe as to the superiority of its architecture, the diversity, beauty, execution, and singularity of its sculptured designs in flower work, groups of figures, &c.; indeed, by a minute investigation into this latter part of the chapel, the exterior, but more especially the interior of it, appears originally to have been covered with carved work, a considerable portion of which is in a state of good preservation, though much, which doubtless would have been interesting, and would have afforded scope for dissertation, is partially effaced, or in a worse state, leaving us totally in the dark, or at least to hazard a guess from the rough-featured stone. The chapel was founded in 1466 by Wm. St. Clair, prince of Orkney, and duke of Oldenburg,

whose remains lie within it. Its height within, from the floor to the top of the high arched roof, is 40 feet, 8 inches—length 68 feet; and though here and there a little delapidated, it is far from being in a ruinous state. One would have thought that such a piece of exquisitely hewn-out workmanship would have insured universal respect; yet we find that, in 1688, it did not escape the fury of a mob, (supposed to be chiefly of Roslin's own tenants,) who demolished and defaced certain parts of it, after having plundered the castle of Roslin; whether in this wicked outrage they were madened by religious or political enthusiasm, I cannot say. The situation of the chapel is truly romantic, enclosed in woods of the richest and most varied tints of foliage, waving their shaggy tops over its stable turrets, which circumstance, it is probable, gave origin to the old appellation of the 'Chapel amid the wood.' The chapel was built for the private accommodation of the family who inhabited the castle; and it is not unlikely that the founder, from feelings of a pious nature, lavished upon it all the profusion of art, that it might, in its own scale, correspond as nearly as possible with the magnificence of the surrounding scenery amid which it is situated. In this sequestered temple, aloof from the vanities of the world, the devout family, pouring out the humble offerings of their hearts before the sacred altar, would form a holy and captivating group, over which Deity would linger with complacency.

The day had so far advanced in its progress, as to favour me with a realization of the picture

\* Frae the west, the sun near settin,  
Flamed on Roslin's towers was he.

It is not certainly known when the castle of Roslin was built; but it is supposed that, about the year 1100, William de Santo Claro, son of Wal-

dernus, Comte de St. Clare, who came to England with William the Conqueror, obtained, from Malcom Canmore, a grant of the lands and barony of Roslin. The situation of the castle is at a very short distance from the chapel. It is apparently built on a rock; the entrance is by a bridge of one arch, over a deep chasm; the abutment of the arch, on one side, is formed from the rock upon which the castle is built. The present aspect of the castle, is that of a majestic ruin, with part of the outer walls standing, so as to give us some idea of its original form and extent. The interior of it is filled with masses of stone and rubbish, the memorials of its gradual decay. I entered along, vaulted avenue, the only entire specimen of this once-towering fabric, in which are a number of dismal and horrifying cells, branching off at short distances from each other, on the left side. There, said the guide, pointing to a cell, is a *haunted one*. In the sullen gloom of a subterraneous arch-way, encompassed by walls glazed with chilling damps, and where every tread rebounds hollow to the ear; at such information, notwithstanding all our philosophy, we have a shudder to spare. It may be curious to the antiquary to know something of the ancient grandeur of the castle, as it will afford data upon which to judge of the splendour displayed by Royalty in our own day.—'Here,' says a historian, 'William St. Clare kept a great court, and was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver; Lord Derleton being his master of the household, Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer, and Lord Fleming his carver, in whose absence they had deputies to attend, viz. Stewart, Laird of Drumlanrig, Tweedie, Laird of Dumferline, and Sandilands, Laird of Calder. He had his halls, and other apartments, richly

adorning with embroidered hangings. He flourished in the reigns of James I. and II. His princess, Elizabeth Douglas, was served by 75 gentlewomen, whereof 53 were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvet and silk, with their chains of gold and other ornaments; and was attended by 200 riding gentlemen in all her journeys. If it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of Blackfriars' Wynd, 80 lighted torches were carried before her. She was next in dignity to the Queen.' But alas, now how changed! These golden days are flown, and the splendid tapestried halls

'Where steel-clad warriors won the hearts  
Of gentle dames—'

and tripped it joyously, to music's witchery, till daybreak, *have fallen into ruins*, or, perchance, if time has spared the remnant of a tottering wall, 'tis that through its disjointed fabric the gales of heaven may sigh the lullaby of departed grandeur. This is, in truth, a fairy land for the lover of romance. Here the poet may fall asleep in the lap of nature, and dreaming on the by-gone days, awake and string his lyre to a melody that will touch the heart. The scenery at the castle is quite what we would wish to find about such a place. Where, in the whole range of nature is any thing more characteristic than the *aged venerable yew*, that had it voice would tell us tales? In the depth below, the *Esk flows placidly*, embowered by the interweaving branches of the spreading trees lining its margin; or rustles among the brushwood; or drives an impetuous current, confined between the rocky precipices; and from *this*, rise the chapel hill and castle steep, gratifying us with the most enchanting survey conceivable. It is no wonder that these banks have often been selected as a retreat for the dis-

play of reciprocal love; for, there is, in the garb with which nature has invested them, something so soft and inspiring, as to render them appropriate seclusions for giving vent to the delicate sensibilities of the heart. But the sun is fast sinking in the horizon, I must leave

'Roslin's towers an' brices are botnie,  
Craigs an' waters, woods an' glen;  
Roslin's banks, unpeer'd by onie  
Save the muses, Hawthornden.'

The walk from Roslin castle to Hawthornden, along the margin of the Esk, may extend about 3 miles. It is quite impossible for any pen to convey adequate ideas of the scenery which this walk comprehends; indeed there is no description or quality of it, (with the exception of the waterfall,) but comes under the notice of the stranger during his progress. The admirer of nature will find here, enough to gratify his taste, let it be ever so enlarged,—ever so epicurean. The Esk runs a spiral course in a deep and wide ravine or glen, both sides of which are covered, to a prodigious height, with trees of all sizes, and verdure of every kind. We have numerous instances of the beautiful and picturesque, in the regular ascent of charming variegated woods, with the sound of purling streamlets below,—of the romantic, in stunted trees forcing an existence through the crevice, or sending their creeping branches over the faces of the huge, unshapely ivy-clad rocks, studding with green and withered foliage their multifarious fantastic projections;—of the fearfully sublime,

'Rocks piled on rocks in horrid grandeur;'

Craigs rent and shattered, on whose lofty tops overhang broken masses of the rock, seemingly supported on the critical balance of a hairs-breadth.—There are no feelings in the human soul that can resist being called up among these, the awful and genuine exhibitions of nature.

Hawthornden is an old, respectable mansion, seated on a rocky eminence, washed at the bottom by the Esk.—The scenery here, in its general feature, has a great resemblance to that which we have attempted to give an outline; however, the view from Hawthornden must overlook a considerable tract of beautiful and interesting country. The epithet given by the poet 'Muses' Hawthornden' is indeed, in every respect, well applied; for a more poetical spot cannot be imagined, as it embraces every object favourable to cherish the spirit of poesy. If ever the Muses are to be invoked, it is in such an element as this, where all is peace, and harmony, and purity, that we should expect them to be hovering. The Dryades never inhabited woods where the mellifluous notes of the feathered songsters sound more shrill. If Apollo cannot preside in this paradise, he can no where upon the earth.

Night had now involved all creation in gloom. The rattling of carriages bespoke my near approach to the highway, and broke in upon the abstraction of the mind, which, for a time, had been lifeless to the commerce of the world.

N.

#### MR. MARTAIN'S PICTURES AND THE BONASSUS.

*A Letter from Mrs. Winifred Lloyd, to her friend Mrs. Price, at the parsonage-house at ———, in Monmouthshire.*

My dear Mrs. Price,—This is to let you know that me and Becky and little Humphry are safe arrived in London where we have been since Monday. My darter is quite enchanted with the metropolis and longs to be intraduced to its satiety which please God she shall be as soon as things are ready to make her debut in. It is high time now she should be brought into the world, being twenty years old cum Midsummer

and very big for her size. You knows, Mrs. Price, that with her figure and accomplishments she was quite berried in Wales, but I hopes when the country is scowered off she will shine as bright as the best, and make a rare havoc among the mail sex. She has larned the pinaforte, and to draw, and does flowers and shells, as Mr. Owen says, to a mirikle, for I spares no munny on her to make her fit for any gentleman's wife, when he shall please to ax her. I took her the other day Bullock's museum to see Mr. Martain's expedition of picters because she has such a pretty notion of painting herself, and a very nice site it was, thof it cost half-a-crown. I tried to get the children in for half-price but the man said that Becky was a full-grown lady and so she is sure enuff, so I could only beat him down to take a sixpence off little Humphry.

The picters are hung in a parlor up stairs (Becky calls it a drawing-room) and you see about a dozen for your munny, which brings it to about a penny a piece and that is not dear. The first on the left hand as you go in, and on the right coming out is called Revenge. It reperesents a man and woman with fire breaking out at their backs—Becky thought it was the fire of London—but the show gentleman said it was Troy that was burned out of revenge, so that was a very good thought to paint. Then there was Bellshazzer's Feast as you read of it in the Bible with Daniel interrupting the handwriting on the wall—with the cunning men, and the king, and all the nobility. Becky said she never saw such bewtiful painting, and sure enuff they were the finest cullers I ever set eyes on, blews, and pinks, and purples, and greens, all as bright as fresh sattn and velvet, and no doubt they had court sutes all span new for the banquet. As for Humphry there was no getting-

him from a picter of the Welsh Bard, because he knew the Ballat about it and saw the whole core of Captain Edwards's sodgers coming down the hill with their waggin train and all, quite natural. To be sure their cullers were very bewtiful, but there was so many mountings piled atop of one another, and some going out of sight into heaven, that it made my neck ake to look after them. Next to that there was a storm in Babylon but not half so well painted, Becky said, as the rest. There was none hardly of those smart, bright cullers, only a bunch of flowers in a garden, that Becky said would look bewtiful on a chaney teacup. Howsomever some gentlemen looked at it a long while and called it clever, and said that they prefeared his architectre work to his painting, and he makes very handsome bildings for sartain. They said too that this Picter was quieter than all the rest, but how that can be God he knows for I could not hear a pin's difference betwixt them—and besides, that it was in better keeping which I suppose means it is sold to a Lord—The next was only a lady very well dressed, a walking in a landskip, but oh Mrs. Price how shall I tell you about the burning of herculeum! Becky said it put her in mind of what is written in Revelations, about the sky being turned to blood, and indeed it seemed to take all the culler out of her face when she looked at it. It looked as if all the world was going to be burnt to death with a shower of live coals!—Oh dear! to see the poor things running about in sich an earthquack as threw the pillers off their legs! and all the men of war in distress, beating their bottoms, and going to rack and ruin in the arbour! It is a shocking site to see only in a picter, with so many people in silks, and satins, and velvets, having their things so scorched and

burnt into holes! Oh Mrs. Price what a Providence we was not born in Vesuvius, and there are no burning mountings in Wales!—Only think to be holding our sheelds over our heads to keep off the hot sinders, and almost suffercated to death with brimstun.—It puts one in a shever to think of it.

There is another picter of a burning mounting with Zadok hanging upon a rock—Becky knows the story and shall tell it you—but it looked nothing after the other, though the criketal gentlemen you knows of, said it was a mueh better painting. But there is no saying for people's tastes as Mr. Owen says, the world does not dine upon one dinner—but I have forgot one more and that is Macbeth and the three Whiches, with such a rigiment of Hilanders that I wonder how they got into one picter. Becky says the band ought to be playing bagpipes instead of kitile drums, but no doubt Mr. Martin knows better than Becky, and I am sure, from what I have heard in the North, that either kittles or drums would sound better than bagpipes.

We are going to-morrow to the play and any other sites we may see you shall hear. Till then give my respective complements to Mr. Price with a kiss from Becky and Humphry, and remane

Your faithful, humble sarvant,

WINIFRED LLOYD.

P. S. I forgot to say that after we had seen Mr. Martin's expedition, we went from the Bullock's to the Bonassus, as it is but a step from wan to the other. The man says it is a perfect picter, and so it is, for sartain, and ought to be painted. It is like a bull, only quite different, and cums from the Appellation Mountings. My Humphry thought it must have been catcht in a pond, and I wunder the child could

make sich a nateral idear, but he is a sweet boy, and very foreward in his larning. He was eyely delited at the site you maybe sure; but Becky, being timorsome, shut her eyes all the time she was seeing it. But saving his pushing him now and then, the anymil is no way veracious, and eats nothing but vegetables. The man showed us some outlandish sort of pees that it lives upon, but he gave it two hole pales of rare carrots besides. It must be a handsom customer to the green Grocer and a pretty penny I warrant it costs for vittles. But it is a wonderful work of natur, and ought to make man to look to his ways as Mr. Lloyd says. Which of our infidles could make a Bonassus, let them tell me that, Mrs. Price! I would have carried him home in my eye to discribe to you & Mr. Price, but we met Mrs. Striker the butcher's lady, and she drove him quite out of my head.—Howsomever as you likes curosities, I shall send his playbill that knows more about him than I do, though there's nothing like seeing him with wan's own eyes. I think if the man would take him down to Monmouth in a carryvan he would get a good many hapence by showing him. Till then I remane once more

Your faithful humble sarvant

WINIFRED LLOYD.

### THE MISANTHROPE.

From my youth upwards  
My spirit walk'd not with the sons of men,  
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes.  
My joy, my grief, my passions, and my powers,  
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,  
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh.

MANFRED.

Man was not made to be alone. There are few of his pleasures that are not social; and there is a spring in his soul which one of his own species alone can move. He has a heart to love, and there is a blank in his existence when it is not brought into play. If there be such a thing as Misan-

thropy, it must be a revulsion of the framework of his mental economy,—a shriveling and shrinking of his affections,—the drying up of that milk of human kindness which should flow in his bosom, and which is the pride of his nature. Cold, barren, and dead must be his soul if he can say, Stand aloof; I hold no sympathy with my fellow;—I hate the beings stamped by the same image, and who glow with the same emotions. My heart is dark;—let no one commune with the secret of its meditations,—let no one listen to the harsh gratings produced upon its chords by the world's intercourse. I have no sympathy with the woe of humanity; its joy is my bane; and I delight not in the accents of its mirth, but when uttering the wild laugh of despair.

The Misanthrope is a being whose existence perhaps is only to be found in the regions of fiction; and an idea of whose character has been formed more from the dreamings of poetry than from the facts of experience. If he is to be met with in the haunts of real life, the workings of his mind are concealed, and the indulgence of his innate propensities is thwarted by a conformity to the ways of the more amiable dealings of man. He is, perhaps, like the Atheist, willing to coil himself up within the labyrinth of his own communings, and be fearful to acknowledge what he is fearless to indulge. But the one has a greater bias to concealment than the other. The daring disbelief of a God may be accompanied with much that is amiable in life, as well as sound in philosophy; and it may be hard, by its open acknowledgment, to deprive oneself of such a rallying point of sympathy with many loved members of our race. Even this may be sufficient to explain the fancied non-existence of avowed Atheism. Few have had the hardihood to avow such a ghastly flaw in their creed; and fewer still have dared to display the dark misanthropy of their hearts,—to let the nakedness of their character, and the unseemly features of their disjointed soul, stand exposed to the scrutiny of the world's observation. They may hate mankind; but they shrink from an exposure, to that isolation from sympathy, which a knowledge of their character would produce. As soon as it was known that they bestowed upon no one their love, they would expect that all would make them the object of their hate. As long as they live in the world, and transact dealings with the sons of men, this is too hard to bear. The hate which

they cherish sweetly in their own hearts towards others, sears and scorches when reflected back upon themselves. They wrap themselves round with the veil of hypocrisy, and glory in the art by which they make mankind their dupes.

The absolute Misanthrope, though a rare, is therefore by no means an impossible existence. Rarer, perhaps, in appearance than in reality. The pictures of a Black Dwarf, and of a Manfred, and of a Timon, show how well the character may accord with the general lineaments of humanity; and were we admitted to a more intimate acquaintance with human nature, we might discover how much its moral qualities tend to the formation of the character. When the veil is withdrawn that conceals the workings of mind from all, save the gaze of omniscience,—when caution and reserve have been thrown aside, and we are admitted an unknown spectator of the secret machinery of the mental movements, we are often astonished at the black and unseemly appearance that is presented. In the madness of intoxication, and the ravings of lunacy, we often discover the annihilation of all that seemed amiable, and lovely, and fair,—the rottenness of all that seemed pure, substantial, and lasting, and the exercise of inclinations so malignant, that detestation and abhorrence would be excited were it not for the unwarranted derangement that has taken place. It is only in these moments of deprivation of reason, when the faculties of the soul have become perverted, that the cold curses of Misanthropy are vented, and the heart breathes out the accents of hate. Yet there is as much reason to think that it may arise, more from the mental malady than from a fuller development of the usual workings of the mind. We must, however, hold it true that, when from the derangement of reason, the passions are allowed unshackled scope, unwaried by its dictates, that the heart is displayed torn of disguise, and exhibits itself in a nakedness which judgment, in a cool calculation of consequences, would have forbidden. It may be inferred then, that there may be more Misanthropy in the world than is known—that it seldom appears unmitigated and undisguised, and that its indulgence may often be cherished in the heart under the show of outward affection, and warm sensibility.

Man is certainly, upon the whole, a selfish being. Disinterested benevolence is but seldom the unbiased motive of his con-

duct, and selfishness is too often allowed an undue and arrogant predominance. It requires but the total aggrandizement of this principle,—the giving it a complete and universal sway in our minds, and the seeking its indulgence with an utter recklessness of every other consideration, to induce upon the mind a state of deliberate Misanthropy. Let but selfishness engross a monopoly of our feelings—let its dictates be the rule of our conduct, immovable by the dint of pity, or the whisperings of conscience, and all love is banished but what centres in the point whence it emanates, and no good is sought for but that of him by whose hand it is performed. Nothing but power is requisite for the full completion of the moral monster, to glut his appetite for cruelty, by the extermination of his race, and to wring the drops of his own pleasure from the blood and the groans of those he has injured. It is but seldom that the world is visited by such a direful outbreaking; and yet it is an incalculable mischief that is done by a decreasing selfishness, even before it discovers itself in the characteristics of a decided Misanthropy. There are a race of beings who can undermine, and wheedle, and cajole you over to their interests, or be all the while endeavouring to work your ruin when embracing you with the ardour of brotherhood, and professing the utmost attachment and esteem. There are many that go about in the world, busting amid all the hum of a jovial sociality, whose face is clothed with a perpetual smile, and their lips sweetening with an eternal simper, who, but see the simpletons, with whom they join in the loud laugh of merriment, as the stepping-stones of their own aggrandizement. Such beings find it necessary to conceal their Misanthropy for the accomplishment of their purposes, as well as from a moral dread of the horror which a knowledge of their Machaevallian policy would excite. But there are many who would even brave the storm, and, as they refuse all sympathy, demand nothing but hatred in return, did they not find a concealment of the machinery of their conduct necessary to its final success.

Inordinate pride is often the accompaniment, if not also one of the sources of Misanthropy. Indeed, pride and selfishness generally walk hand in hand. Selfishness unrestrained by morality, and fostered by an ignorance of philosophy, fits a man for becoming the instrument of re-

venge, cruelty, and injustice. It but requires an overbearing pride of himself, and a contempt for others, to make him turn his back upon the world, and declare himself its foe. Wrapped up in the solitary idea of self-consequence, he can but ill brook the rules of fortune, and he is inclined to set down as the product of malice, what is the result of chance, or of the natural course of events. As his hand is against every man, he thinks every man's hand is against him. The world is unwilling to pay him the tribute he demands, and he repays its unkindness with his hate. Disappointment goads him on; he is fretted and galled,—nothing accords with his wishes; the sanctuary of his soul becomes the seat of confusion, and pain, and misery; he is corroded by heart-burnings unmitigated and unquenchable. He dwells amid darkness, and a gleam of delight seldom flashes upon his countenance, but when all is desolation around him. Nature has no charms for him, but when in her gloomiest mood—when her elements are in commotion, and she seems pregnant with destruction; wrapped in his own gloominess, his bosom reverberates the meaning of the wind that harbingers the coming storm—when all is dark, and dread, and lonely—when the thunder is awakening from its sleep, and the windows of heaven are opened, the lightning for a moment illumines the surrounding gloom; but it sheds no ray into the darkened soul of the MISANTHROPE.

A. W.

Glasgow, 22d October.

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MANTACCINI,

THE FAMOUS CHARLATAN OF PARIS.

A young man of good family, having a few years squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to absolute want, felt that he must exercise his ingenuity, or starve. In this state of mind he casts his eyes round the various devices which save from indigence, and are most favoured by fortune. He soon perceived that *charlatanism* was that on which this blind benefactress lavished her favours with most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and loquacious domestic was

the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold-laced livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on the town under the name, style, and title of 'the celebrated Dr. Mantaccini, who cures all diseases with a simple touch or a single look.' This precious art was possessed by too many of his brethren to draw after him the whole town; he therefore undertook a country excursion, and modestly announced himself at Lyons as the 'celebrated Dr. Mantaccini, who revives the dead at will.' To remove all doubt, he declared that in fifteen days he would go to the common church-yard, and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years.

This declaration excited a general rumour and violent murmurs against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrate, and requested that he might be put under a guard to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult Dr. Mantaccini, and purchase his *baume de vie*. His consultations, always well paid, were so numerous, that he had scarcely time to eat or drink. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet, fearing for his shoulders, began to show signs of uneasiness. 'You know nothing of mankind,' said the doctor to him; 'be quiet.' Scarcely had he spoken these words, when the following letter was presented to him from a rich citizen:—

'The great operation, doctor, which you are going to perform, has broken my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury, and I am unhappy enough already without her resurrection. In the name of Heaven, do not make the experiment. I will give fifty louis to keep your secret to you.'



self.' In an instant after, two dashing *beaux* arrived, who, with the most earnest supplications, entreated him not to revive their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as, in such an event, they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of sixty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance.

Scarcely had they retired when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the doctor, and, with sobs and sighs, implored his mercy: in short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess that absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were so differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, that the chief magistrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and said, 'Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience, of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our churchyard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe, that our city is in the utmost uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family. I entreat you therefore not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore the tranquillity of the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation in due form under our seal, that you can revive the dead, and that it was our fault we were not eye-witnesses of your power.'

This certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Dr. Mantaccini went to work new miracles in some other city. In a short time he returned to Paris loaded with gold, where he laughed at popular credulity, and spent immense sums in luxury and extravagance. A lady who was a downright *charlatan*

in love, assisted in reducing him to want, but he set out again on a provincial tour, and returned with a new fortune.

### THE FALLS OF OHIOPLYE.

On the west of the Alleghany mountains rise the branches of the Youghiogeny river. The surrounding country is fertile and woody, and presents strong attractions for the sportsman, as does also the river, which abounds in fish. These were the principal considerations which induced me, in the autumn of the year 1812, to ramble forth with my dog and gun, amidst uninhabited solitudes almost unknown to human footsteps, and where nothing is heard but the rush of winds and the roar of waters. On the second day after my departure from home, pursuing my amusement on the banks of the river, I chanced to behold a small boat, fastened by a rope of twisted grass to the bank of the stream. I examined it, and finding it in good condition, I determined to embrace the opportunity that presented itself of extending my sport, and my fishing tackle was put in requisition. I entered the diminutive vessel, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my four-footed companion, who, by his barking, whining, and delay, in coming on board, seemed to entertain manifold objections to the conveyance by water, a circumstance which somewhat surprised me. At last, however, his scruples being overborne, he entered into the boat, and we rowed off.

My success fully equalled my expectations, and evening overtook me before I thought of desisting from my employment. But there were attractions to a lover of nature which forbade my leaving the element on which I was gliding along. I have mentioned that it was autumn; immense masses of trees, whose fading leaves hung trembling from the branches, ready to be borne away by the next gust, spread their dark brown boundary on every side. To me this time of year is indescribably beautiful. I love to dwell upon these sad and melancholy associations that suggest themselves to the mind, when nature, in her garb of decay presents herself to the eye; it reminds us, that human pride, and human happiness, like the perishing thing around us, are hastening rapidly on to their decline; that the spring of life flies; that the summer of manhood passeth away, and

that the autumn of our existence lingers but a moment for the winter of death which shall close it for ever. The light winds that blew over the waters curled its surface in waves, that, breaking as they fell, dashed their sparkling foam in showers around.—The sun was sinking behind the mountains in the west, and shone from amidst the surrounding clouds. His last rays glittered on the waters, and tinged with a mellow sombre lustre the unnumbered foliage of the trees. The whole scene spoke of peace and tranquility; and I envy not the bosom of that man who could gaze upon it with one unboly thought, or let one evil feeling intrude upon his meditations. As I proceeded, the beauty of the surrounding objects increased. Immense oaks twisted about their gigantic branches covered with moss; lofty evergreens expanded their dark and gloomy tops, and smaller trees, and thick shrubs, filled up the spaces between the larger trunks, so as to form an almost impervious mass of wood and foliage.—As the evening advanced, imagination took a wider range, and added to the natural embellishments. The obscure outline of the surrounding forests assumed grotesque forms, and fancy was busy in inventing improbabilities, and clothing each ill-defined object in her own fairy guises. The blasted and leafless trunk of a lightning-scathed pine would assume the form of some hundred-headed giant about to hurl destruction on the weaker fashionings of nature. As the motion of the boat varied the point of view, the objects would change their figure; which again, from the same cause, would give way to another, and another, in all the endless variety of lights and distances. Distant castles; chivalric knights, captive damsels, and attendants, dwarfs and squires, with their concomitant monsters, griffins, dragons, and all the creations of romance, were conjured up by the fairy wand of phantasy. On a sudden, the moon burst forth in all her silvery lustre, and the sight of the reality effectually banished all less substantial visions. Thin transparent clouds, so light and fragile that they seemed scarce to afford a resting place for the moon-beams that trembled on them, glided along the sky; the denser masses that skirted the horizon were fringed with the same radiance; while, rising above them, the evening star twinkled with its solitary rays.

In the meantime the boat sailed rapidly onwards, with a velocity so much increased that it awakened my attention. This,

however, I attributed to a rather strong breeze that had sprung up. My dog, who had since his entrance into the boat lain pretty quiet, began to disturb me with his renewed barkings, fawnings, and supplicating gestures. I imagined that he wished to land, and as the air was becoming chill, I felt no objection to comply with his wishes. On looking around, however, and seeing no fit place of landing, I continued my course, hoping shortly to find some more commodious spot. Very great, however, was the dissatisfaction of Carlo at this arrangement; but in spite of his unwillingness he was obliged to submit, and we sailed on.

Shortly, however, my ears were assailed by a distant rumbling noise, and the agitation of my companion redoubled. For some time he kept up an interrupted howling, seemingly under the influence of great fear or of bodily pain. I now remarked, that though the wind had subsided, the rapidity of the boat's course was not abated. Seriously alarmed by these circumstances, I determined to quit the river as soon as possible, and sought, with considerable anxiety, for a place where I might by any means land. It was in vain; high banks of clay met my view on both sides of the stream, and the accelerated motion of the boat presented an obstacle to my taking advantage of any irregularities in them, by which I might otherwise have clambered up to land. In a short time, my dog sprang over the side of the boat, and I saw him with considerable difficulty obtain a safe landing. Still he looked at me wistfully, and seemed undecided whether to maintain his secure situation or return to his master.

Terror had now obtained complete dominion over me. The rush of the stream was tremendous, and I now divined too well the meaning of the noise which I have before mentioned. It was no longer an indistinct murmur; it was the roar of a cataract, and I shuddered, and grew cold to think of the fate to which I was hurrying without hope or succour, or a tug to catch at to save me from destruction. In a few moments, I should in all probability be dashed to atoms on the rocks, or whelmed amid the boiling waves of the waterfall. I sickened at the thought of it. I had heard of death. I had seen him in various forms. I had been in camps where he rages; but never till now did he seem so terrible.—Still the beautiful face of nature which had

seemingly me to my fate was the same.—The clear sky, the moon, the silvery and fleecy clouds were above me, and high in the heaven, with the same dazzling brightness, shone the star of evening, and in their tranquillity seemed to deride my misery.—My brain was oppressed with an unusual weight, and a clammy moisture burst out over my limbs. I lost all sense of surrounding objects; a mist was over my eyes—but the sound of the waterfall roared in my ears, and seemed to penetrate through my brain. Then strange fancies took possession of my mind. Things, of whose shape I could form no idea, would seize me, and whirl me around till sight and hearing fled. Then I would start from the delusion as from a dream, and again the roar of the cataract would ring through my ears. These feelings succeeded each other with indefinite rapidity; for a very few minutes only could have elapsed from the time I became insensible, to the time of my reaching the waterfall. Suddenly I seemed rapt along with inconceivable swiftness; and, in a moment, I felt that I was descending, or rather driven headlong, with amazing violence and rapidity. Then a shock as if my frame had been rent into atoms succeeded, and all thought or recollection was annihilated. I recovered, in some degree, to find myself dashed into a watery abyss, from which I was again vomited forth to be again plunged beneath the waves, and again cast up. As I rose to the surface, I saw the stars dimly shining through the mist and foam; and heard the thunder of the falling river. I was often, as well as I can remember, partly lifted from the water; but human nature could not bear such a situation long, and I became gradually unconscious of the shocks which I sustained. I heard no longer the horrible noise, and insensibility afforded me a relief from my misery. It was long before I again experienced any sensation. At last I awoke, as it seemed to me, from a long and troubled sleep. But my memory was totally ineffectual to explain to me what or where I was. So great had been the effect of what I had undergone, that I retained not the slightest idea of my present or former existence. I was like a man newly born, in full possession of his faculties; I felt all that consciousness of being, yet ignorant of its origin, which I imagine a creature placed in the situation I have supposed would experience. I know not whether I

make myself intelligible in this imperfect narrative of my adventure; but some allowance will, I trust, be made in consideration of the novel situation and feelings which I have to describe.

I looked around the place in which I was. I lay on a bed of coarse materials, in a small but airy chamber. By slow degrees, I regained my ideas of my own existence and identity; but I was still totally at a loss to comprehend by what means I came into such a situation. Of my sailing on the river—of my fears and unpleasant sensations, and of being dashed down the falls of Ohionyle, I retained not the slightest recollection. I cast my eyes around, in hopes of seeing some person who could give me some information of my situation, and of the means by which I was placed in it—but no one was visible. My next thought was to rise and seek out the inhabitants of the house; but, on trial, I found that my limbs were too weak to assist me, and patience was my only alternative.

After this, I relapsed into my former insensibility, in which state I continued a considerable time. Yet I had some occasional glimpses of what was passing about me. I had some floating reminiscences of an old man, who, I thought, had been with me, and a more perfect idea of a female form which had flitted around me. One day, as I lay half sensible on my bed, I saw this lovely creature approach me; I felt the soft touch of her fingers on my brow, and though the pressure was as light as may be conceived from human fingers, it thrilled through my veins, and lingered in my confused remembrance; the sound of her voice, as she spoke in a low tone a few words to the old man, was music to me; her bright eyes, tempered with the serenity of a pure and blameless mind, beamed upon me with such an expression of charity and benevolence as I had never before beheld. During the whole time of my illness, those white figures, those bright blue eyes, and the sound of that voice, were ever present to my diseased imagination, and exerted a soothing influence over my distempered feelings.

At length the darkness that had obscured my mind and memory passed away; I was again sensible, and could call to mind, with some little trouble, a considerable part of the accidents that had befallen me. Still, however, of my reaching the edge of the rock over which the full stream rushes

with fearful violence, of the shock which I experienced when dashed down the cataract, and of my terrible feelings, I had a very slight and confused idea. I now longed more ardently than before for some one with whom I might converse about these strange occurrences, and from whom I might gather information concerning those things which were unknown to me. My strength being in some degree recruited, I endeavoured to rise, and succeeding in the attempt, examined the room in which I lay, but no one was there; my next labour (and a work of labour I found it) was to put on some clothes which I found deposited on a chair. Being equipped, therefore, as fully as circumstances would admit, I commenced my operations. My first step was to enter into an adjoining room, which, fearful of trespassing on forbidden ground, I did with some trepidation. This room was, however, destitute as I thought, of inhabitants; and I was about to retire, when the barking of a dog arrested my attention, and turning round, I beheld with no small satisfaction my old fellow-traveller, Carlo. Shall I attempt to describe our meeting? It was the language of the heart, inexpressible in words, that spoke in the sparkling eyes and joyous gambols of my dog, and I was busily engaged in patting and caressing him, when turning round, I perceived that our privacy had been intruded on. The beautiful creature on whom my wandering fancy had dwelt stood looking at us, supporting with one arm the old man, her father, while on the other, hung a basket of flowers.—I stood gazing at them, without speaking. I know not what magic made me dumb—but not a word escaped my lips. She was the first to speak, and expressed her joy at seeing me able to depart from my couch; eliding me at the same for so doing without leave. She smiling said, ‘I am, at present, your physician, and I assure you that I shall exercise the power I have over you, as such, in as rigorous a manner as possible.’ ‘But,’ added the father, ‘we should not thus salute a guest by threatening him with subjection; he is our guest, and not our captive. By this time I had recovered the use of my tongue, and began to express my gratitude for this kindness, and my sorrow at the trouble which I was conscious I must have occasioned them.—But my politeness was cut short by the frank assurances of my host, reiterated more gently, but not less warmly, by his lovely

daughter. Carlo and I were now separated, much against the wishes of both, but my fair physician was inexorable, and I was compelled to turn in again, in seaman’s phrase, till the morrow, and to suspend for the same time my curiosity.

The next day at length came, and I requested my entertainers to favour me with answers to the questions which I should propose to them. They smiled at my eagerness, and promised to satisfy my curiosity. It was easily done. The old man had a son, who, passing by the Falls of Ohiopyle some nights before, in the evening, was attracted by the meanings and lamentations of a dog, and descending to the bottom of the fall, perceived me at the river-side, where I had been entangled among some weeds and straggling roots of trees. From this situation, he had great difficulty, first in rescuing me, and, having succeeded in that point, in carrying me to his father’s dwelling, where I had lain several days, till by his daughter’s unremitting attention (the old man himself being unable materially to assist me, and the son compelled to depart from home on urgent business), I had been restored, if not to health, to a state of comparative strength. Such were the facts which I contrived to gather from the discourse of my host and his daughter, notwithstanding their softening down, or slightly passing over, every thing the relation of which might seem to claim my gratitude, or tend to their own praise. As to themselves, my host was a Pennsylvanian farmer, who, under pressure of misfortune, had retired to this spot, where the exertions of the son sufficed for the support of the whole family, and the daughter attended to the household duties, and to the comfort of the father.

When the old man and his daughter had answered my queries, I renewed my thanks, which were, however, cut short. If they had been of service to a fellow-creature, it was in itself a sufficient reward, even if they had suffered any inconvenience from assisting me (which they assured me was not the case). Many other good things were said at the time, which I forget, for—shall I confess it? the idea that all that had been done for me had been the effect of mere general philanthropy displeased me. When I looked at the lovely woman who had nursed me with sister-like affection, I could not bear to reflect that any other placed in a similar situation might have been benefited by the same care, and have

been watched over with equal attention, and greeted with the same good-natured smile; that I was cared for no more than another, and valued merely as a being of the same species with themselves, to whom, equally with any other, their sense of duty taught them to do good.

In a day or two my health was so much improved, that I was permitted to walk out in the small garden that surrounded the cottage. Great was my pleasure in looking at this humble dwelling; its thatched roof, with patches of dark-green moss and beautiful verdure; its white walls and chimney with the wreaths of smoke curling above it; the neat glazed windows; the porch, and its stone seat at the door; the clean pavement of white pebbles before it; the green grass-plat edged with shells, and stones, and flowers, and gemmed with 'wee modest' daisies, and the moss-rose tree in the middle, were to me objects on which my imagination could revel for ever, and I sighed to think that I must shortly part from them. It remained for me in some manner to show my gratitude before I parted from my benevolent host; but I was long before I could settle the thing to my mind. I felt unhappy, too, at the thought of leaving the old man, and his beautiful and good daughter; 'and yet it cannot be helped,' I repeated again and again. 'How happy I should be,' I thought 'in this lovely spot, and perhaps, the daughter'—dare a man at first acknowledge even to himself that he is in love? 'and why should I not be happy?'

I am now married, need I say to whom? And the white-washed cottage, with its mossy thatch, has the same attractions for me; nay more, for it is endeared by the ties of love, of kindred, and of happiness. I have lived in it nine years; my children flock around me; my wife loves me; and her father is happy in seeing her happy.—Her brother is flourishing in his business, and none in our family are dissatisfied, or in want. Often do I thank God for my blessings, and look back with pleasure to the day when I passed the Falls of Ohiopyle.

#### REVIEW.

*The Lollards; a Tale.* In three Vols. London, 1822.—(Concluded)

Impatient to benefit his father by his new discovery, Edward returns to

England, and the lovely Alice is left under the care of the venerable Bohemian, whose counsels and consolatory arguments are occasionally varied by the kind attentions of his friend, the Baron de Chulme, or rather, the celebrated Jerome of Pargue, and the more devoted homage of De Marle, an amiable young Frenchman, who has been indebted for the rudiments of his education to John Huss, and who, though a Catholic himself, separating the virtues of his preceptor from what he deems his errors, continues to look with veneration on the one, and indulgence on the other. But too soon are the tranquil enjoyments of the little circle interrupted. The venerable Huss is summoned to appear before the Council at Constance, and notwithstanding the safe-conduct granted him by the Emperor Sigismund, is condemned to die, or, as the horrible zeal of the age could coolly designate the most terrible of deaths, to 'suffer punishment by fire.' His behaviour in prison, his calm contemplation of death, joined to that lingering love of life—which, if it be a weakness, is one in which all the human race sympathises—the simplicity which betrays him into listening to a plan of escape suggested by a pretended fellow-prisoner, feigned only to work his greater condemnation, his meekness under disappointment, and his fortitude in the last awful moment of his existence, are all affectingly and forcibly described: appalling as the subject is, we are yet disposed to approve the minuteness with which it dwelt on.—That such scenes should ever have occurred among civilized beings, is matter of equal wonder and horror to the reflecting mind; but having occurred, alas, so often, it is fit that they should be at times recalled to memory in order that the superstition and tyranny from which they sprang may

be recalled with them, to be execrated and warned against as they deserve.

Whilst these events are transacting in Germany, Edward Oldcastle is silently acquiring the means of independence in England, by supplying the booksellers, who regard him merely as an eminent text-writer, with pater-nosters, creeds, and prayer-books.—Mindful of his oath, and afraid of exciting inquiry into the means by which he is enabled to comply with the demands on his industry at a rate that would have required all the hands of Briareus, had he only had them to depend on, he takes a lodging in what is now called Piccadilly, but which was at that time designated by the name of *The way to Reading*, and which he selects, not merely for the rural beauty of the spot, but for the perfect retirement it affords. To secure himself still more effectually from discovery, he assumes the disguise of a physician, and by a whimsical chance is called in, under that character, by Sir Thomas Venables, to prescribe for his daughter Matilda, in whose character, duty to her father and constancy to her lover are finely blended. No wonder, that under such circumstances, the son of Esculapius should fall into an error very common with his brethren of more modern times, and keep his patient too long on his books.—In one unlucky interview he is betrayed to the father, by the identical doctor, for whom he has been taken, having arrived a short time before : with difficulty he escapes the wrath of Sir Thomas, and Matilda is sent to a convent of Black Nuns, never to leave it except as the wife of Octavius.

The adventures of the gentle Alice, meanwhile, are romantic and interesting in a high degree : heart-broken at the fate of her beloved protector, she leaves Germany, according to his last request, under the care of Baron de-

Chulme, and in the disguise of a boy. Separated from him by accident in France, she is afterwards taken up by De Marle, who, with all the quick-sightedness of a lover, soon penetrates her disguise, but spares her delicacy the pain of perceiving that she is known to him, and places her in the capacity of page, under the care of Madame de Aumont, the wife of his commander-in-chief, with whom he forthwith hastens to meet the English on the plains of Agincourt. An unfortunate partiality for her page, on the side of Madame de Aumont, obliges Alice to leave her house soon after, under the cover of night ; and wandering she knows not whither, she finds herself on the field of battle, at the close of the engagement in which victory had so decidedly crowned the arms of the English. Flying from the sights of horror that every where meet her eyes, she finds De Marle wounded and supported by an English officer, who proves to be her brother's early acquaintance and involuntary rival ; the gallant and generous-hearted Octavius, who, instead of putting his prisoner to the sword, according to the cruel order, hastily given by Henry, conducts him safely to the house of his father, who, in return, welcomes the brave Octavius and the fictitious Florio under his roof, with all the warmth that gratitude and hospitality can inspire. Accident discovers the sex of Alice to Octavius. At first his natural levity prompts him to treat the discovery too much in the spirit of the mere man of war ; but when the knowledge of her name is added to that of her sex, all the man of honour is roused to protect the daughter of Lord Cobham, and he becomes at once her champion and her lover. The festivities with which the king is welcomed on his return to London, closes the second volume of this interesting work, and that in a

spirit so admirable, that, to use the words of the motto in the title-page,

Forgotten generations live again,

and all the actors in the busy scene are made to pass before our eyes in their respective offices and costumes.

Under the care of Octavius, Alice is brought safely to Lutterworth; there to await a visit from her father, who resolves to dare all dangers for the pleasure of seeing her. Unfortunately, in making the attempt, he falls into the snare of Roderick the Red-hand, by whom he is given up to Lord Powis, and is betrayed into the hands of government by that venal nobleman, just at the very moment when his son Octavius is flattering himself with the hope of obtaining Alice's hand. This part of the story is excellently managed, and is well calculated for dramatic effect. A variety of interesting incidents intervene, before the affecting one of Lord Cobham's death—but our limits warn us to conclude.—It will be a consolation to those who grieve over the unmerited fate of that most upright nobleman, to find that the children, whose welfare is represented as the only anxiety of his last hours, are after many adverse trials, and many perilous escapes from persecution, made happy in a union with those to whom their misfortunes have only the more endeared them. Edward is blessed with the hand of his faithful Matilda, and Alice rewards

the steadfast attachment of De Marle, by giving him a legal claim to protect her through life: only one regret remains on the mind of the reader; and that is inspired by the fate of the high-spirited and warm-hearted Octavius, who, as a kind of sacrifice to poetical justice, we suppose, on the part of the author, is made to receive a deadly blow intended for Edward Oldcastle, from Roderick the Red-hand. Thus is Lord Powis rendered accessory to the death of his son, to enrich whom he has tarnished his name with the imputation of cruelty and avarice; whilst Octavius himself, his last moments soothed by the fond attentions of his admiring friends, scarcely regrets the resignation of an existence rendered painful to him by his father's disgrace, and which is no longer cheered by the hope of gaining Alice's love. Thus have we endeavoured to give the outline of a story, graceful in its simplicity and interesting in its truth: and we cannot conclude our notice of it without expressing a hope that, if we must have historical novels; though, after all we might argue on the fitness of matters purely historical as the subject of works professedly of imagination; we may get fairly clear of *debatable ground*, and we have our interest drawn to some of the numerous striking incidents, and impressive characters, with which the history of England abounds.

## POETRY.

### PARODY ON BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Friends, who never ha'e been led  
Wedlock's thorny path to tread,  
Welcome to the downy bed  
O' glorious liberty.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,  
Ere the clouds of marriage lower,  
Welcome to the blissful bower,  
O' calm felicity.

Who would be a cuckold knave?  
Who would not submission brave?  
Who would be a woman's slave?

Turn, cuckold, turn and flee.

Who for freedom's glorious law,  
Would not give his life—his a' ?  
Freeman, stand, or freeman, fa',  
Bachelors on wi' me.

By starvation, groans, and pains,  
By tormenting wives and weans,  
While there's blood within our veins,  
We shall, we shall be free !

Lay the thought of marriage low—  
Woman is man's mortal foe,  
Let each breast with ardour glow,  
For glorious liberty.

OLD HOPELESS.

STORM—*Shipwreck.*

Yes, rage ye winds—I love to hear  
The tempest howling o'er the sea;  
Though death on every wave appear  
No bitterness it has for me;  
For hope and fear are nought to me,  
I've learned to mock at misery;  
And joy and sorrow are forgot,  
Or thought of—to be wondered at.

Yes, howl, ye tempests, and discharge  
In wrath your fury on my head;  
On the fierce wave high rides my barge,  
And darkness now has overspread  
The ocean—not a star on high  
In pity greets the seaman's eye.  
All's dark and gloomy as the heart,  
That fills this bosom—once 'twas light.  
Earth's joys no more can bliss impart,  
And pleasure vainly would invite  
To taste her cup—I once was too  
A thing—that pity could subdue;  
But scorned in love, by friendship stung,  
No wonder if my soul was wrung;  
And feeling scorned to have her goal,  
In such a desolated soul.

Howl on—the timber's rending creak  
Warns us we soon will be a wreck.  
O! vainly will the seaman's wife  
Expect her lord's return with life.  
She strikes—have mercy, God—'tis past,  
And many a soul hath breath'd its last.

Dreadful to hear worn nature's shriek,  
Struggling for life upon the wave;  
Where am I now—in mercy speak,  
Beyond the confines of the grave?  
Methought the cup of death was drunk  
When breathless I expiring sunk,  
And peace ineffable had stole,  
And wrapt in seeming bliss my soul;  
But O! how dreadful nature's strife  
When forcing back departing life!  
For worlds I would not undergo  
A second time that hour of woe.

Well—it is past—but from my mind  
No power on earth can e'er erase  
That bitter hour—but heaven is kind.  
I woke with wonder and amaze.  
But till the life-blood cease to stream,  
I never can forget that dream.

*Glasgow.*

\* It has been remarked by persons who have been nearly drowned, that after the pain of submersion was past, a pleasing feeling stole over the senses; but the pain felt on returning to life is described as dreadful, occasioned by the blood resuming its circulation.

R. G.

## FAREWELL, BE HAPPY, AND AN' A'.

*To the — of the E — S —*

Fareweel—fareweel, in peace I part  
Wi' you, wha aye I thoct to lo'e;  
There's ae warm corner i' my heart  
For e'en the frien' that's chang'd to foe;  
An' O its dour to learn to hate,  
Them wha it lik'd, as soon' I saw:  
It kens na yet the wardlin's gate,  
An' hopes ye're happy, and an' a'.

An' maun I teach't suspicion's lore,  
An' case't in doubtin's hard an' cauld?  
No!—though its wounded i' the core,  
I'll roun' it still kind mem'ry fauld.  
O joy's hae been, unboct by crime,  
Whan met wi' you in festive ha',  
Or wooin' truth, in boyhood's prime,—  
Still be ye happy, and an' a'.

An' I'll forget ye e'er did wrang,  
Withouten thoct it may hae been,  
Or, witless gied the heart a pang,  
Ye ne'er had bruised could ye hae seen;  
But frien'ship I can ne'er forget—  
Your faeship yet may melt awa;  
I'll ne'er unkind pay back that debt,  
But wish ye happy, and an' a'.

Fareweel!—whan years uncome hae past,  
An' reason lets na passion lead,  
Regrets ye'll maybe backward cast  
For him—then dwaller wi' the dead,  
Wha' ne'er, willu', did ye scaith,  
Or nursed a hate o' you ava—  
An' left ye—honour-ca'd—but laik,—  
Fareweel, be happy, and an' a'.

*Glasgow, May, 1822.*

## A BOOK.

A poring wight, who, being wed,  
Was always reading in his bed,  
His wife address'd with gentle look,  
And said, 'I would I were a book!'  
'Why so, good dame?' the sage replied;  
'Because you'd love me then,' she cried.  
'Why, that might be,' he straight rejoined;  
'But I would depend upon the kind—'  
'An Almanack, for instance, dear,  
'To have a new one every year.'

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of the piece signed A. I. will see from the description of a Storm, that his subject was anticipated, this piece being first on our list. We shall be glad to hear from him on some other subject. Amicus will please to observe that his article cannot be inserted for the like reason.

We are sorry that we have offended the incipient rhymist, Juvenis, by honouring his lines with a place in the Melange of last week, we take this opportunity of informing him, that they really were not inserted on account of merit, but as an encouragement to early genius, he having assured us of their being the first fruits of his muse; indeed we were confident of their being the production of some pretty little Juvenal at school, who, under the eye of his papa, or mamma, had strung together a few bad rhymes: we never imagined that we were printing the lucubrations of a critic in definition and accentuation. If he continues to rhyme, let him avoid such pedantic words, as that to which we objected. We hope this will be a sufficient apology for our error. We have yet to learn, that Editors must not make alterations in the communications of anonymous correspondents.

The Language and Poetry of Scotland; Evening; and Lines signed Endymion, are under consideration. Misery upon Misery will find a place in our next, as will also the Funeral.  
Rusticus has nothing interesting, therefore it is not admissible.

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# THE LITERARY MELANGE;

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## ON THE LANGUAGE AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND.

The final union of the two kingdoms under Queen Anne, was nearly fatal to the vernacular dialect of this country. Long before that period, Scotland was without a court, and the language of course fell into some desuetude; but while the Parliament remained, it still continued the standard tongue, forming the medium of communication, not only between the lower, but between the higher classes. What the want of a court contributed to weaken, the want of a Parliament nearly overthrew. The higher orders, instead of confining themselves as formerly to the capital of their own country, hastened to London; and, as the court was formed on an English model, they naturally adopted the manners, the language, and the peculiarities of England. This change descended to the inferior classes of society; and although the strongly-rooted prejudices of the Scots disputed every inch of ground against innovation, yet the patriots of that country foresaw, with grief, that these antipathies must abate, and that not merely the manners, but likewise the language of Scotland, must gradually wear out, and be lost in those

of the Southern Kingdom. If Scotland had possessed poets between the period of James VI. and Anne, and if these poets had written in their native tongue, with the genius of a Burns, the language would have acquired stability, and defied the efforts of innovation and time. But with the solitary exception of Buchanan, who lived in the beginning of the reign of James, and who wrote in a different tongue, Scotland had no such bards. The imaginative genius of the country was dried up, and every species of intellect turned intensely to polemical divinity. In fact, the genius of the times was unfavourable to poetry. The disciples of Knox drew their stores, not from the heart, but from the understanding. They appealed to reason, and not to fancy. Beneath the stern severity which clouded them over, they were too much agitated with their own passions to attend to the purer and more ethereal feelings of poetry.

There were indeed many ballads and songs of exquisite beauty then, and long before, peculiar to Scotland.—Traditional and legendary tales existed almost from time immemorial, and Hamilton of Bangour, and Drummond of Hawthornden gave an evanescent and short-lived popularity to Scottish poetry. But, after the reign of Anne,

Scotland was fast loosing her peculiarities, and though the 'Flowers of the Forest,' and various other pieces showed what a pure spirit might breathe in the northern idiom, they were but wild and scattered gems in the desert—gems whose brightness would last for ever, but would be inevitably hid by others less beautiful than themselves! But a few scattered songs, by nameless bards, could never restore the language of Scotland. She wanted a poet to spread over it an enduring vigour—to rescue it from the odium of vulgarity which, as a provincial speech, it began to acquire. Even among the Scots, poetical, national, and enthusiastically fond as they are, of their native poetry, their songs, beautiful as they were, failed in reviving a language which was fast wearing away. To restore this diminished energy, a new stimulus was required. A new spirit had to be born. A fresh popularity and impulse were all demanded to reanimate the Scottish muse. This, Scotland had the fortune to find in Allan Ramsay—a man whose genius would have honoured any age, and who is justly considered the restorer of the poetry of his native land. Had Allan Ramsay not existed, the Scottish dialect would have been lost—irretrievably lost. At the time of his appearance, it was sinking every day lower and lower. Every one who laid claim to polish and learning endeavoured to get rid of it as fast as possible, but Ramsay arrested the current. He showed that his native tongue had a purity—an expressiveness—a simplicity and pathos of its own. He exhibited its beauties in strains, which neither Addison, nor Pope, nor Gay, or any of his great contemporaries could surpass, and in fact, produced a poem which, in its kind, has no equal in the English language. The polished pastorals of Pope, Shenstone, and Phillips, and

the love verses of Hammond, were tame, compared with the 'Gentle Shepherd.' Their 'Corydon's,' and 'Delia's,' and 'Amyrillis's,' were fantastic, unnatural conceptions, when set beside the warm well-drawn characters of the Scottish bard.

The appearance of Ramsay in the world of imagination, was hailed with delight by his countrymen. A new life was breathed upon the language. It spoke of things it had long forgotten to exhibit, and diffused itself like a fresh current over a channel, which was on the eve of becoming dry.—The 'Gentle Shepherd' found its way into every cottage, and we might say into every palace. In the simple details of the pastoral drama every one recognised Scottish manners, as they then existed among the shepherds.—And, it is to be hoped, as they still exist. It forced itself into unparalleled popularity by faithfulness, heightened with the legitimate art of poetry.—There was no meretricious ornament. Every incident was such as might have happened, and every character drawn with the truth of nature itself.

Ramsay then was the restorer of the Scottish tongue, but when we consider the long era between his death, and the appearance of another, deserving the name of a Scottish poet, we will not be surprised, that even his writings, beautiful as they are, should fail in giving it lasting stability. The causes which prompted the eradication of the dialect still existed: he deadened their force by showing the beauty of the language; but a solitary bard could not contend with time: the beating enthusiasm his writings at first excited could not endure for ever.—He had impeded the current, but he had not stopped it. It still went on, though more slowly, and swept the reluctant dialect of Scotland along with it. The language of the north, in

truth, was so rapidly wearing out, that Dr. Johnson, in 1771, remarked—it was seldom heard in polished society, except from the mouth of an old lady.

Between the time of Ramsay and Burns, Scotland possessed many men of high poetical genius. Thomson, Beattie, Home, and Mickle, had ranked themselves among the first order of classic poets, and Smollet had written verses, worthy of Collins himself. But although the north had the honour of giving birth to these eminent men, yet they were not, properly speaking, Scottish poets. Though with the birth and feelings of Scotsmen, they did not write in the language.—Their works were written for no age, or country;—they suited equally the soil of England; and all that Scotland peculiarly derived, was the pride of being parent to such illustrious sons.

Robert Fergusson made his appearance shortly before Burns rose into celebrity, and wrote many pieces of great merit in the Scottish dialect; but his influence in restoring it was feeble, compared to that of his great successor. His works laid claim to elegance, to ease, and to occasional touches of pathos and humour; but they possessed none of the broad unbridled excellence of the bard of Ayr. The spirit that breathed upon them was blander, but infinitely less diversified. His humour drew forth the smile, Burns's produced the laugh.—His touches of the pathetic made the gentle heart of woman thrill; but those of Burns drew tears, even from the more unwilling eyes of man. He touched the harp with the graceful hand of a stripling; but Burns threw along its strings; the hand of a giant. Posterity, the ultimate and legitimate judge of all literary merit, has done right in placing Fergusson behind Allan Ramsay. What his talents might

have achieved with longer and happier life, it is needless to conjecture; but excellent as these talents were, they produced nothing equal to Ramsay's poems 'The Gentle Shepherd,' 'The Vision,' 'The Monk and Miller's Wife,' and the continuation of 'Christ's Kirk on the Green.'

We may say then, that, for nearly half a century, the dialect of Scotland stood without literary support. It merely floated on the breath of the people. Except the writings of Ramsay and the unequal 'Evergreen,' published by him and his associates, it had nothing to which it could refer for native excellence. But at the very time, when it was again sinking fast into vulgarity—at the very time, when the high and the learned were banishing it from their speech, as an impure dialect—the wonderful ploughman of Ayrshire made his appearance. Gifted with boundless enthusiasm—ardent national feelings—intense depth of character—a rich vigorous intellect, and matchless facility of expression, Burns entered the field. Rivalry was at an end. The highest poets of the day stood rebuked in the presence of the wonderful ploughman—the poetasters threw down their pens in despair, and criticism surveyed his performances with delight and awe. Cowper and Beattie, who held the sceptres of poetry in England and Scotland, felt them tremble in their grasp, as they looked on this new rival.

The dialect required such a man as Burns to inspire it with new vigour. What Ramsay performed sixty years before, he had now to repeat; but in proportion as the task was more difficult, he was gifted with greater powers. He seemed, in truth, one of the ancient minstrels of Scotland restored; for his poems had not the laboured melody and grace of modern productions, but possessed the freshness,

originality, and almost roughness, of the oldest ballads. Whoever read them, saw that they came pure, impassioned, and glowing, from the author's heart. Every verse abounded in thoughts that breathe, and words that burn; every line was dipped in inspiration. Under such an intellect, the national language once more revived; and how could it be otherwise? for his songs were sung in every quarter of his native land, and abounded in a warmth and beauty, which it would have been sacrilege to denominate vulgar. To use the language of Mr. Campbell, his poems acted 'like the elixir of life on his native tongue'—and by the same high authority we are told that, in the whole compass of Scottish poetry, there are not alone six songs equal to the best of his.

*To be continued.*

## RAMBLES IN CUMBERLAND.

No. I.

### AMELIA.

It has been often observed, that we never follow aright the sweets that render life agreeable, till we are in danger of being deprived of them. The same may hold true with regard to our native place; we look on the objects around us with comparative indifference, till, by some unavoidable contingency, we are removed far from them; a full remembrance of endearing recollections then rush into our memories, and paints, in the most fascinating colours, the dear place of our nativity. It boots not how insignificant that place may be in the annals of the world: the blooming hawthorn, where we trifled away our childhood in little frivolities, would then be viewed with greater emotions of pleasure, than that which, with its purple juices, fills the flowing bowl: the verdant landscape that teems with variegated beauty, and spreads its enchanting prospect far and wide, around the rural habitation, would be viewed with more intense interest, than the hum of crowded cities, or the everchanging turmoil, that characterises the haunts of busy commerce. The music of the serenaders,

in the neighbouring grove, would tell more sweetly upon the ear, than the swelling symphonies of the sprightly ball-room. Even the nymphs that have engaged our affections, acquire by absence a more lofty elevation in our esteem; and, in the sallies of our imagination, do we adorn them with a more exact symmetry of form, and throw around their before-gracious features, a thousand superadded charms, and then hug the lovely phantoms, till the bubble bursts, and we awake to our real situation, and mentally put the humiliating query to ourselves—Where are they?

But the feelings arising from these privations, may be greatly extenuated, though not annihilated, by the kindness of those around us; we may find, in a soil foreign to that which gave us birth, all the offices of unadulterated friendship; we may experience all the endearments of social sympathy from the conduct and conversation of those, who claim no nearer ties of affinity to us, than that of being the descendants of old father Adam; we may meet with the soul, who studiously anticipates the state of our minds, who embarks in our every concern, and with unremitting and disinterested assiduity, throws a comparative brightness around what is gloomy, and a brighter lustre over what is pleasurable, in our every-day experiences.

'Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul, Sweetener of life, and soldier of society.'—*Blair*.

Such friendship, and such a friend, found I in the Doctor, whom I met according to previous agreement; the former gaiety of his countenance was clouded by a covering of gravity, which he had drawn over it. I inquired the reason of this metamorphosis. Without answering my question, he put into my hand a small card, which requested him to visit a friend, who had been long in a declining state of health. I looked into his face, and thought I saw engraven on it, 'will you accompany me.' In order to prove my skill in physiognomy, I linked my arm in his, we proceeded in a south-west direction from W——a, till we came to an avenue, that led to the right, which was fenced on either side by hedges of beech, and alternately planted with willows and osiers. As the house of Mrs. Simons was situated at the foot of this avenue, we soon arrived there, and was cordially received by the old lady, and shown by her into the parlour, where Amelia was lying. I eyed her attentively, she was evidently hastening to that.

'Bourne from whence no traveller returns.'

But there was an inexpressible something in her waning features, which rendered her even lovely in decay; a momentary ray lighted up her sinking eye, which proclaimed, beyond the power of utterance, the gratitude of a noble mind, that was soon, alas! too soon, to be laid in ruins by the indiscriminating leveller of mankind. My friend advanced to the side of the bed, and softly inquired how she felt. The substance of what she said, while we remained, was as follows: 'I have now nearly done with all things terrestrial, and am just standing upon the brink of the world of spirits. I cannot look back upon my past life, without beholding it stained with numberless imperfections; but, thank God, I can look forward without terror, by a well-grounded hope in the sufficiency of that atonement, which has been made by the Redeemer of mankind, in the room of the guilty. Animated with this hope, I anticipate that happy moment, when my disembodied spirit shall wing its way to the abodes of the just, and there find a sure sanctuary of refuge from all the troubles, cares, and perplexities, which are strewn around life's thorny path.' She then said a few words more to the Doctor, her cousin. I saw the marks of generous nature spreading around the features, and standing in the eye of my friend.

He had a heart to feel, an eye to shed the tear  
Of sympathetic feeling o'er distress.

But suddenly recollecting himself he quitted the room: I followed his example. We took our leave of Mrs. Simons, and left the house. Before we left the garden, I turned round, and took a hasty view of the exterior of the house; the huge architraves, and the leaden casements of the windows, plainly proved that it was not the work of modern architecture; but there was a visible taste and neatness in the execution of every thing around it, which agreeably compensated for the want of external decoration. On our way home, I received from my friend the following sketch:—Amelia was, while in health, handsome in form, and beautiful in features; the accomplishments of her mind, added to those of her person, gained her a place in the esteem of all who knew her; she was at a very early period of her life surrounded with a herd of admirers, who assiduously plied her ears with all the common-place terms, which are used on

such occasions; she was dubbed a goddess and an angel, and received as much tongue adoration from coxcombs, as if she had actually dropped from the celestial regions; but strange as it may seem, she never once forgot, that she was neither more nor less than a mere woman.

When she had reached her 10th year, a spirit of another stamp solicited, and acquired the paramount place in her affection; the mind of the one seemed to be the exact portrait of the others; their turn, their taste, their tempers, exactly coincided. But unfortunately, the father of Fidele, for such was his name, was stern in his manners, and avaricious in his pursuits; his acres and his guineas were his Deities, and unto them he rendered the homage of his affections; he knew nothing of the finer movements of the soul, but in so far as they ministered to the gratification of his favourite propensity. When their love had nearly attained its zenith, my uncle died, and a train of exigencies followed his exit, which reduced the fortune, which Amelia should otherwise have had, far below that which Fidele was likely to possess. This called forth the authority of his father; he peremptorily ordered him to break off the intimacy which had hitherto subsisted between them, on pain of his final displeasure: Fidele remonstrated, but remonstrance was considered as an insult upon his parental authority, and only tended to render him more imperative. He had now nothing left but the extremes of beggary, or submission. Hoping that time might prove more propitious to his passion, he chose the latter, and wrote to Amelia the following letter:—

'By the decree of my father, I must see you no more! O my dear Athelia, compose yourself under this sad reverse of fortune. A brighter day may perhaps emerge from the present gloom;—'see you no more'—gracious heaven! what untoward circumstances are inwoven with my destiny. I could live for ever in your presence, and gaze existence away in the contemplation of your charms; and can I see you no more? There is madness in the thought—I must pursue it no farther at present! adieu!

To Amelia.

FIDELI.

The feelings of Amelia may be easier guessed than described, on perusing this letter; the superstructure of fancied bliss which she had fondly raised tottered to its base, in a moment.

The ray of hope that gleam'd athwart the gloom,  
Preserved her from absolute despair.'

The Father of Fidelo was unremitting in his attempts to erase from the tablet of his heart, every idea that associated itself with Amelia; in order to effect this, he proposed a union with a young lady who had nothing to recommend her to his esteem, but her possessions; but Fidelo indignantly rejected the proposal, and to free himself from the importunities of his father on this subject, solicited, and received a commission in the army. He contrived to gain a meeting with Amelia before he joined the ——— regiment—never was meeting more happy, never was parting so bitter! But why dwell upon circumstances which can only give pain to the feeling mind. Suffice it to say, that he joined the regiment, and secured the esteem of his brother officers, by his easy carriage and unassuming manners; and by his magnanimity, acquired the character of a brave soldier. But O! how transient is worldly greatness, his blood, along with that of thousands, stained the verdure, and soaked the plains of W———.

The ties which bound the soul of Amelia to earth were now dissolved. She had lost her father, and her mother; yes, but she had lost more, she had also lost her Fidelo! The attempts of those around her to smooth the wrinkled forehead of sorrow were unavailing. While she was grateful for their kindness, she regretted the inadequacy of that kindness to the aid intended. Her mind was not like the impetuous torrent, that bursts its boundaries, and flows with a momentary rage, and then returns to its pristine tranquillity; no, hers was the feelings of a mind which was fully sensible of a vacuum in its enjoyment that all the world could not replenish.

It is now about 12 months since Fidelo died. Since that period, the gaiety of her spirits has completely left her, at all times I should have said, but those in which she indulges the hope that she will meet with those whom she loved on earth, in purer skies, and bask with them in unclouded bliss through eternity's revolving ages.—Thus far he entertained me till we reached home, with an account of Mrs. Simons, the woman with whom she lodged. She was her aunt, by her mother's side, and had acted the part of a mother to her, since deprived of her own. I need not add that we never again saw Amelia. She died in a few days after this interview. AMICUS.

## MARRIAGE.

*To the Editor of the Literary Melange.*

'Love is heaven, and heaven is love.'—*Scott*

SIR,—To the contemplative mind, it will appear a matter of surprise that any one, possessed of common sense, should think of bettering his condition in life by being married to a partner, who, though possessed of much wealth, is an object of dislike and aversion. But this is too frequently the case. Too frequently may be seen the miserable consequences which flow from a marriage, the subjects of which have not one iota of love towards each other.

Money is not a good itself. It may be the means of our possessing elegant furniture, splendid equipages, and magnificent houses. Our tables may be covered, by its agency, with the richest wines, with the most delicate fruit of the orchard, and the most luxuriant herb of the field—our bodies may be sheltered from the inclemencies of the weather with the most expensive apparel—our couches and our pillows may be made of the softest down: but, if we receive these luxuries by being united in marriage to beings on whom we look with an eye of aversion or scorn, it is impossible they can produce in our bosoms one particle of happiness.

Without a similarity of opinion, of sentiment, and of disposition—if the feelings of either sex beat not at the same pace, a great degree of the comforts and felicities of the matrimonial state must be diminished. For should the husband hate his wife, or should the wife hate her husband, that couple and their family must be in a miserable condition indeed. Their children will either be fatherless or motherless; for the mother will love one child, and the father another. The child whom the father will love, the mother will hate;

and the one she will love, he will hate. The disposition of their offspring will be tinged with the hatred, the malignity, and jealousy of their parents; and they will be left, in a few years, to plod through the world with hearts depraved and minds uncultivated; or, if they have accomplishments, they will be those only which attract the wondering gaze of the world. These are the deplorable effects which issue from a marriage unattended by the gentle and sublime passion of love. Without this divine principle, all the riches a couple may possess can be of no avail. They may both, with their children, sit around the winter fire, and we may call it a domestic circle; but it is not the circle of peace and love: they may both repose on the same couch; but it is not the couch of peace and love: they may both awaken, and feel the cheering beams of the morning sun; but they are entirely unaffected by the renovating beams of peace and love: they may both have their coffers filled with the treasures of the Indies; but they possess not the real and more substantial pleasures—those of peace and love. No, Mr. Editor; without that feeling, that affection, that passion, which we denominate love, their gold, and their possessions of every kind, will be their bane. But let them once love each other, and wealth cease to be their god, they will enjoy as much happiness as human nature can enjoy on this side of the grave.

As a further proof of the imbecility of riches without love, we ask, if the husband should be stretched on the bed of adversity, will his wife drop tears of grief, that his tears may be wiped? will her heart bleed, that his heart may cease to bleed? will she support his head, assuage his pains, and pour the balm of consolation into his drooping soul? No, she loves

him not. He has wealth, and he has opulence; but he is devoid of a tender, loving wife. He has a wife; but she loves him not.

I declaim not against money. It is the means by which the philosopher puts in practice his preconceived theories, by which the poet displays the creations of his fancy, and by which the christian performs his philanthropic and godlike deeds. It is the means by which the savage emerges from a state of barbarism to a state of civilization—from midnight darkness to noontide splendour. But though its advantages are innumerable, it is, nevertheless, liable to abuse. And he who imagines it to be of itself a good; who bows before it as an idol; who marries, for its sake alone, a woman whom he in his heart, perhaps, loathes or despises; will find himself miserably mistaken if he thinks it will add to his comfort and happiness. However miserable may be the man who marries a poor woman, he who marries a woman for the sake of her riches is infinitely more miserable. The former has one consoling reflection, of which the latter is devoid, viz. that he has not perverted the sacred principles of his nature.

I think not, however, that the poor man, who marries because he is in love, has few or no comforts. We are not obliged to suppose, that, because he lacks what the world esteems riches, he has neither house to reside in, nor bed to repose in;—neither fire to warm him, nor raiment to clothe him, nor food to afford him subsistence. His house may not be stately, but it is convenient; his fireside may not be gaudy, but it is comfortable; his bed may not be soft, but it affords repose to his wearied limbs; his raiment may not be splendid, but it shields him from the wintry blast; his table may not be covered with the

elegant feast of Epicurus, but it is spread with the simple food which nature requires. There is more than this that makes him happy. He has a wife whom he loves, and by whom he is beloved. He has a wife, the tones of whose voice, and the expression of whose eye, and the glow of whose cheek, are calculated in the darkest hours of adversity, to shed a ray of light over his desponding soul.

'When life looks lone and dreary,  
What light can dispel the gloom?  
When time's swift wing grows weary,  
What charm can refresh his plume?  
'Tis woman, whose sweetness beameth  
O'er all that we feel or see;  
And if morn of heaven e'er dreameth,  
'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,  
O woman!

AMATOR NICETIAZUM.

### MISERY UPON MISERY.

LETTER FROM MY COUSIN.

'So dear coz, you are fairly settled in town, and have, I learn, carried your good character along with you. May your levee of beggars prosper there, as well as it did in the country. As for me, I am doomed to dwell for ever among corn fields, hay stacks, horses, clowns, and I don't know what. Doubtless, John, you will be surprised at my writing you at present, as I sent you a letter only two days since; but don't imagine that I do so on my own account, or at my own suggestion. I am not so selfish as to do any such thing. I write you solely at the request of divers young ladies in this neighbourhood, who are unmarried, and who, unless you bestir yourself, have every prospect of remaining so. La! John, you would be verily astonished at the number of ladies who go by the appellation of *old maids* in this quarter. Would you believe it?—such is the spite of my acquaintances, (I mean my female ones,) that they allege I am on the borders of spinsterhood, and my two youngest sisters, saucy things, are casting the same in my teeth. Not to say that I value the name an old ribbon; or that I am ashamed of being a spinster. On the contrary, I think there is rather honour in it, than otherwise; for it requires no small degree of self-denial to stand out against the attacks of square-shouldered fellows, who are constantly sighing in one's ears,

and swearing they will kill themselves if you refuse to marry them. Indeed, John, I have taken many of them at their word, but none have ever killed themselves for me, that I could learn. Their protestations, therefore, are all false, and only calculated to blind silly girls. But whether false or true, they were all lost on me. So they had better keep their distance in future, and not sigh any longer at my feet. I won't listen to one of them. Some of my acquaintances, to whom I told these resolutions, have all declared they will abide by them, and give no encouragement to wooers of any description. Miss Letitia Hardy, dear girl, who is only three years older than myself, has forsworn matrimony nine years since. La! what a sensible child she must have been when she could see through its follies when only twenty three years old. Indeed, I wish I had possessed her prudence; but it is not yet too late to learn. So, John, if any person intimates the least wish to be introduced to me, I desire that he may be told my real sentiments: bid him keep off, and not tease me with compliments and courtship. But John, dear me! how I am flying from the subject. You know I was always subject to fanciful aberrations. Then 'coz, you must know that there are hereabouts a number of young ladies from twenty-five to thirty years old, who are so foolish as to sigh after the very thing that I despise; and who have been teasing me to death to get them introduced, in a sly way as it were, to some of the sighing volunteers; but Lord! John, was there ever any thing more ridiculous than that? Very true, they assert that I have had more admirers than they, and that, of course, I must know how to get about the matter, but these admirers do not stay in a place like this. You know they came to see me from a great distance; and at any rate, how could I introduce the ladies to them, although they were at hand? 'T would be so barefaced. But you, John, what would hinder you to make us a visit, and bring a brace of swankies along with you? La! you would get amusement. They might stay in our house, you know, and we two would watch every thing so nicely—and then we might have Miss Flora M'Donald, Miss Amelia Arabella Simpson, Miss Lucy Crabapple, an I Miss Lucinda Dulcinea Odoherly, every night to tea. Dear John, I can scarcely hold the pen with joy, when I think on the droll oglings of the



men, and on the thousand killing glances—side looks—broad glances—giggles—quirks and capers, shot from the ladies. To attempt getting up a batch of marriages you know would be no plan of ours; but if such a thing did happen, let poor silly she who is caught, bear the consequences.—Again, if any of the ladies got disgusted, (as I have often been) with the sighing and languishing of the gentlemen, so much the better—they will be so many saved from fetters. Now, dear Johnny, write me if you will do this. The sporting season is on, and that will be a good excuse for a country visit from you and your friends. It will go hard if we don't get sport within doors as well as in the fields.

‘Your loving cousin,

‘MARION M'ARTHUR.’

‘P. S.—Remember this letter is merely written to please the above-mentioned ladies. By-the-bye, what do you think of Major F—— or Captain D——.

M. M.’

‘To J. M'Arthur, Esq.’

‘The humble petition of BARBARA PATTISON to JOHN M'ARTHUR, Esq. humbly sheweth,

‘That your petitioner is the wife of Alexander Pattison, farmer in Kirkintilloch—that she hath been married to the said Alexander Pattison fourteen years—that, during the whole of that period, till of late, she hath lived with him in loving kindness—that in testimony thereof she hath borne him ten children—and that eight of these said children are daughters; and that she hath, on two sundry occasions, blessed him with twins. Moreover, that she hath, at all times, behaved like a good, quiet, orderly wife, seldom quarrelling with her husband, the said Alexander Pattison, except when he got drunk at christenings and burials.

‘Further, that the said Alexander Pattison, her lawful husband, hath of late changed his disposition towards her, Barbara Pattison, his lawful wife, and hath on one occasion, threatened to kick her—the which threat induced the said Barbara Pattison to quit the house of her lawful husband, and turn her back upon him—that having ten children, she fears they will not receive proper usage and care at the hands of their lawful father—that, on this account, she wishes to return home again, and be reconciled to him—and that, with

the blessing of God, and through your honour's intercession, she begs that such reconciliation be made between her, the petitioner, and Alexander Pattison, her lawful husband,

‘And your petitioner will ever pray:

‘BARBARA PATTISON.’

‘TO MR. M'ARTHUR, ESQ.

‘HONORRED CUR,

‘Hiving hard ass how u restituted the onest womand, Barbary Pattizon, to hur spouse, i hops u will undiver to restitute mi own wive to mee, fur she has runned awai from mee, because I gived hur a bix of a clink with a shelely, to poat hur in mind that i wauz her lurd and mister.—Bi Saint Partick, she's a perfic divil, or i wud not hai dun it; however, i likes her veri well fur all that, and i finds that i cant carry on mi clothshope, in the Salt-market, without hur. So, honored cur, if u wud call on mi Brother-in-law, Duncan Connachy, that is her own brother, in the Briggate, and just tell hur to return agcane to her lurd and mister, becase he he is going to use hur well in featur, u will oblige ure mech devotedt servint,

‘FELIX DOUCHERTY.’

I daresay the reader is a little surprised at these letters; but when I inform him of the circumstances, his wonder will cease. I have the misfortune then to be exceedingly good-natured; and from my boyhood never had the heart to refuse any human being a favour I could possibly grant. This quality has gone abroad, and has brought me in a legion of petitioners from all parts of the country—and of every sex and condition. Every morning, in truth, my lobby is crowded, and this is what my cousin impertinently calls my, ‘levee of beggars.’ It would be a task utterly endless, to tell you the number of cases which come under my benevolent review. I know not, in heaven's name, what to do. I am in a labyrinth from which it is impossible to contrive any escape. I frequently resolve to deny every favour that is asked of me; but the pretty faces of some, the eloquence of others, and

the perseverance of a third, knock all my resolutions on the head. In truth, I am kept in perpetual employment, and my health is beginning to suffer seriously. I have given the three foregoing letters as a specimen of the way in which I am assailed. If I should only get rid of such cases, I should be able to move more freely; but alas! I am hemmed in on all sides, and must either give up my benevolent reputation, or perish under the load.—Miss M'Arthur's desires cannot be accomplished without putting me to great inconvenience, and I have certain reasons for thinking that she is not quite so disinterested as she pretends. Barbara Pattison's petition I have already answered, by restoring her in amity to her husband; but if I attempt any reconciliation between Mr. Doucherty and his rib, who knows but I may receive a broken head from Mr. Duncan Connachy, for interfering in his sister's affairs. I have been thinking of forming a register-office for the purpose of fitting sighing damsels with husbands, and for restoring disconsolate yoke-fellows together. By this means, I shall be paid for my trouble, and the sum shall be so fixed, that, while it keeps me free of trifling cases, it shall not check the tide of my benevolence in those of importance. My talents for intrigue (of an honourable kind) are well known, and there are many dames in the evening of life—and many as yet in its noon—who would gladly remunerate me, if I could prevent them from sinking disconsolate and companionless into the vale of years. And I trust there are some wives and husbands, who, like Barbara Pattison and Felix Doucherty, are more willing to come together, than to remain separated.

JOHN M'ARTHUR.

## THE FUNERAL.

'Tis only friendly  
To lay a brother's head beneath the clay,  
A duty which we owe to one another;  
So let it be performed—well, 'tis a sad one.  
How dismal does it seem to take repose  
In such a lonely, narrow house as this?  
I shiver when I think on't—

On a cold, wet Sunday in last October, I had preferred the comforts of the fireside, and the perusal of my bible to the exhibition of my shattered frame at church, and was seated in my arm chair enjoying the sublime effusions of the psalms of Israel. I was reading the 102d psalm, which is one of my favourite subjects of contemplation, when sleep unwittingly stole upon me, and buried me in its embraces. I do not mention this with any other intention, than to show how little capable I am of enjoying the sublime and beautiful in poetry, and the wonderful influence of sleep, which steals our senses imperceptibly. Every man of true taste will allow that the book of psalms abounds with extraordinary beauties, and might have potency enough to keep awake a much more or less refined animal than myself: but alas! I am naturally of a somnific disposition; and, to my shame be it spoken, I prefer sleep to any other amusement on earth. I have forgone the pleasures of the table a hundred times, and have broken, heaven knows how many assignments with female loveliness, for the sake of indulging my slothful propensity. I awoke from my nap just as a dish of excellent beef-steaks and onions was placed almost under my nose, on the table on which I was leaning, and was congratulating myself on my comfortable situation, when my aunt, who had just returned from church, reminded me that I had to attend a funeral. The thought of trudging a mile or two through dirty streets, exposed to wind and rain, rather abated the fervency of my devotion to the dish set before me, and the shrill voice

of my aunt; lecturing me on my sluggishness, so completely discomposed me, that I frequently ran the risk of being chocked, as I good-naturedly strove to repress my rising choler.—My aunt is, unfortunately for me, what is vulgarly termed an old maid, or in more polite terms, a Maiden Lady, verging on fifty; and, as she has not a husband to vent her spleen on when the fit is on her, I am always the object of her vituperations. She had more acid in her manner this day than she generally has when she returns from church; but the truth is, she had seen her only beau bow to a lady who is much her junior, and who is rather more handsome, as she was coming out of church, and the demon of jealousy had made a lodgment in her heart, hitherto impregnable to all the sieges of Cupid; this last is her own unqualified assertion, I ‘neither extenuate nor set down aught in malice.’ ‘So, gin ye could stay awa’ wi’ ony kind o’ decency, ye wudna gang to see your frien’s head laid in the yird,’ was the assault. I could have dispensed with doing him such an office, I assure ye, had providence willed it otherwise, was the reply. ‘Ye’ll maybe need a lift o’ somebody’s han’ yoursel’, or lang gang; an’ nae doubt ye wad like to be weel conveyed to your lang hame, as every decent, respectable person sud. We sud aye do as we wad be done by; an’ ye ken ae guid turn deserves another.’ True, I exclaimed, I require no person to put me in mind of those gloomy inevitables; and besides, I have no wish that any person should be put to that trouble with me at present. ‘Mockin’s catching,’ she replied, ‘hae, there’s your black coat. Tak’ care na, an’ no file the weepers, for they’re clean out o’ the drawer. Bide till I dight your elbows; I ne’er saw sic a han’less being as you are, ye can do naething for yoursel.’ Your cra-

vat’s tied round your neck like a tether about a stick; and your brow weel-plet ruffle sark, clean out o’ the fault, might as weel been in the bottom o’ the kist as where it is: naeboddy can see gin ye hae yin on. There’s your stick—trudge.

I left the house, and was soon out of the reach of my aunt’s tongue, who, with all her bad humour, is the best and truest friend I have in the world. She is but 7 years older than myself, left at that early age an orphan, she became the faithful attendant and protector of my infant years; from that time we have never lived asunder. She has borne with me in sickness, and mental distress;—she has poured the balm of consolation on the wounds of affliction, and has cheered me with hope, when the victim of despair; and I ought, and will bear with her peevishness. Grumbling as I went along, at the roughness of the day, I hastened to the house of mourning. The long spokes, and the three legged stool, arrayed, in funeral insignia, warned me of the place where the earthly part of my friend made its present resting-place. It was down one of those long, dark closes, so common in the large towns in Scotland. A few half-starved fowls, dripping with water, gave additional gloom to the scene, as they sheltered themselves below an outshot stair, as the people here term it, and the squalled looks of the dingy inhabitants, peeping forth from their miserable dwellings, with the eye of curiosity, still added, as I thought, to its dreariness. As I ascended the stair, the steps of which were rough and uneven, from the accumulated dirt of perhaps years, I felt an involuntary shivering fit steal over me. In idea, I stood already at the grave, which seemed more lonely and uncomfortable than I had ever thought it; no doubt this idea was occasioned by the contempla-

fion of so many images of misery.—When I entered the house, the master of the sad ceremonies inquired my name; on hearing which, I was ushered into the presence of the widow of my friend: years had passed since we had seen each other. She held out her hand and led me to a seat. 'This is a melancholy occasion on which we are met,' she said, 'but the will of the Lord be done.' 'Amen,' I responded. I felt that emotion in the obfcurities which can scarcely be described, but which is occasioned by sudden grief, sympathy, &c.; but for my soul I could not speak, nor was it to be wondered at. She had been the object of my early and only love; and the alienation of her affections by her deceased husband, dubbed me a bachelor for life. 'We ha'e seen monnie changes since we last parted, yet I couldna ha'e believed your hair wad ha'e turned sae sunegrey.' We looked at each other; a tear stood in her eye. I coughed, hemmed, and keeping down the emotion which I felt at her remark, said, I was turning old; the winter of life is sooner felt by some than by others; mine has, *perhaps*, been premature. A sigh was all the reply. My heart smote me when she answered not: I had touched a chord which should have rested for ever.—I strove to speak comfort, but failed in every attempt; at last the voice of the undertaker, calling on some one to ask a blessing, furnished me with an opportunity to leave the room. We shook hands, and I was soon seated among the group of mourners. An old man delivered a most impressive prayer, as I was afterwards told, the effect of which, I hope, was generally felt.—Strange as it may appear, I paid more attention to the faces of the assemblage than to the admonitions of the speaker; and it was not till he besought a blessing on the widow and the father-

less, that my soul accompanied the petition to the throne of grace.—My thoughts now reverted to the days of my youth, when her husband, now cold and motionless, won her from my arms, and left a blank in my bosom which succeeding years have never been able to fill up; yet I never troubled the world: what I suffered I alone knew. I have been gay with the gay, cheerful with the cheerful. If I groaned under disappointments, the walls or the wind were the only listeners. I never harboured ill will against him who desolated my heart. I knew she repented of her rashness; yet I never pleased myself with the knowledge of her sufferings. A single glass of wine was handed to each person. In spite of all I felt, I could not help remarking the manner in which I thought the boon appreciated by the various personages. Some prolonged the scanty portion to the time in which they might have swallowed a pint, evidently showing how seldom they tasted such a luxury; others drank it off with the most perfect indifference, evincing the frequency of similar applications; some eyed the wine with the look of connoisseurs, sipped a little, smacked their lips, and returned their glasses almost untasted; others concluded the potation with a long sigh or an augh! What an excellent opportunity for philosophising. But the entrance of a person, laden with sugar biscuit and sponge cake, deprived the world of the benefit of my speculations. In the application of these delicacies, I could remark other distinguishing characteristic traits: the eagerness of the young in devouring the scanty morceau; the careful affection of the father, who seemingly scorned to appropriate the sweet morsel to his own use, as he slyly slipped it into his pocket for the general benefit of his expecting imps at home. I

envied him the feeling, and sighed as I thought of my own loneliness.—Thanks were returned; the company was asked to move to the close-mouth. I lingered behind, and saw the coffin borne from the sight of the widow.—‘Farewell, may God bless you,’ I exclaimed. She held out her hand; I pressed it and bade her adieu. By the time I got to the close-mouth all was ready to move forward. The rain, driven by the wind, pelted us severely. We arrived at the burying-ground as the clock struck five. The grave-digger, old and decrepit, with two attendants, were in readiness. The coffin was soon laid on the rollers, as they are technically called. I never before thought the grave looked so dismal and cheerless. Before we let go the strings of the coffin, ‘How will ye hae’t?’ cried the undertaker, with the important air of indifference, which the unfeeling and ignorant in office generally assume. ‘To the head wi’t,’ was the laconic and apathetical reply of the hoary

sexton, ‘it’ll lie better.’ The earth rattled on the lid, where, stretched in the ghostly panoply of death, lay the soulless form of him who had blighted the best hopes of my heart: I never felt a pang so bitter. He is gone, I mentally exclaimed! as I put my hand to my hat, and perhaps ere the return of the Sabbath I may be a clod as insensible as he is. How vain is the accomplishment of our dearest hopes! they are all marred by death, and our memories pass as a dream. When I got home, my aunt had on her best looks; the toast smoked on the table, flanked with some excellent beef-ham; and ere the tea things were removed, I had forgot the funeral; so transient are the effects of death. I thought as I tumbled into bed that night, in vain we sigh for immortality, when the very swallowing of a meal steals remembrance from the mind; and a new day brings along with it new subjects of recollection.

## POETRY.

### SONG.

*Tune.—Believe me if all those endearing young charms.*

As ripe melting fruit in a desert, would make  
The weary parched traveller sigh  
For possession, that he might his thirsty soul slake,  
As his bosom’neath the burning sun fry;  
So thy lip’s ruddy richness would tempt me to sin,  
If sinning could be in the bliss,  
Of melting that bosom, possession to win  
Of those rubies. Good heavens, how I’d kiss!  
My heart’s like a desert, both lonely and drear;  
A fiddle without e’er a string;  
A sky full of clouds, when no star-lights appear;  
A bird that’s deprived of a wing:  
But thy smiles to an Eden that desert would turn;  
Thy looks make that fiddle to play;  
Chase the night from thy bosom, and make the stars  
burn,  
And sorrow take wing and away.

Glasgow.

R. G.

### EVENING.

Ah, purple and gold have cover’d the west,  
And the sun like, a bright sparkling gem,  
Eschae’d ’mong the waves, on the blue ocean’s breast,  
Seems a diamond, encircled by them.

The groves are o’erspread with a deep sombre hue,  
And the green leafy branches are still;  
The sweet little flowers are all sparkling with dew,  
’S though their heads had been dipp’d the rill.

The nightingale’s minstrelsy, mellow and loud,  
Through the woods, like a trumpet of war,  
Resounds, as if bidding yon silver-rolled cloud  
To uncover the bright evening star.

Far, far, in the east, twinkling one after one,  
Like the white pearls strung upon gold,  
Rise the stars, to encircle the night’s chon throne,  
For her casket rich jewels unfold.

The clear crystal streamlet they look themselves in,  
Murmurs on with its babbling tongue,  
As if in derision, when echo’s wild din,  
Mimics strains which the nightingale sung.

O, calm silent eve, when the fond lover’s hopes  
Rise unbridled and free in the breast;  
When from the gem’d bosom of flowers, the dew  
drops,

By the light foot of maiden, are prest.  
For this is the hour, when she hastes to her love,  
Nor lingers sweet music to listen;  
The earth is all green, and the sky bright above,  
And the stars in the firmament glisten.

And this is the hour, when with rapturous delight,  
Ere night’s gloomy reign hath begun,  
The bard mounts his throne, ’tis the mountain’s  
steep height,

Still crown’d by the rays of the sun.

For O, it is life and enjoyment to him,  
'Mong the flowers balmy fragrance to rest ;  
To catch the long shadows, that gradually dim  
The skies of the red glowing west.

The poet can syllable forth but a part,  
Even aided by music's sweet tone,  
To tell the emotions that swell in his heart,  
Communing with nature alone.

Glasgow, Oct. 1822.

W. R.

—♦♦♦—

TO

Oh ! theme of my dreamings, I ne'er could have  
thought,  
That thou wouldst to me more enchanting ap-  
pear,

Or thy name be with mem'ries and images fraught,  
More noble—more gentle—more blissful and dear

Than it was but a day since—but who shall assign  
To thy graces of mind—to thy beauty of soul,  
To that eye—voice—form—manner, and witching  
of thine,

A limit—or give to their triumphs a goal.

I knew thou wert fair—that around thee there hung  
The charms of a beauty—to see is to feel ;  
I had drank of the music that flows from thy tongue,  
I'll to thee, as a seraph, I've panted to kneel.

I knew thou wert gentle—thine eye I have seen,  
As the soul which it index'd, lit up with a ray,  
Which for lustre ethereal, and fire, might have been  
A spark some Prometheus had stolen away.

But I too have seen't more enchantingly beam,  
Though its lustre was dim'd and its splendours  
were quench'd.

When I saw't thro' the dew drops of tenderness  
gleam,  
And thy cheek, with the waters of Pity, was  
blench'd !

I knew thou wert kind to the humble and weak.  
I have mark'd thee give ear with a ravishing grace  
And soothe them with kindness, touching and  
meek,  
As the blandness that beam'd on thy pale pen sive  
face.

I had merciful deemed thee—forgiving to all ;  
I knew that thy mem'ry retained not a trace  
Of wrongs have been done thee :—thou ne'er  
couldst recal

Those marks, which the spring tides of kindness  
efface.

That thine was the charity of the pure heart,  
Which, o'er actions of others, its own beauty  
throws ;

Thine the best gifts of nature, and graces of art,  
Who, blest with thy converse and friendship,  
but knows ?

Yet could I dare hope, that on one born as I,  
The outcast of self—by myself most abhor'd,  
Would beam one kind glance of thy peace-speaking  
eye,  
Or e'en one thought of me in thy mem'ry be  
stored ;

Nay, more, having wronged thee, but never in  
heart,

Offended, though will-less, yet not the less deep—  
Durst I think would be thine, the angelic-like part,  
To speak my soul peace, and forbid it to steep,

Its young powers in the dregs of unceasing regret,  
Or deaden its throbs in the languor of woe ;  
O'er the past, with the gnawings of anguish, to  
fret,

And the future to fear, yet to scorn ! No ! ah,  
no !

Yet thou can'st, with the balm of calm quiet to  
my breast.

And a look, what a look ! that yet seem'd not  
as though

It were conscious of all that its beamings express,  
Or appear'd half its seraph-like meekness to know.

In that visit of mercy—that mission of grace,  
When done, like that look, told the waters of woe  
Had left my heart, whelm'd as 'twas still a place,  
Where the olive of peace, which thou brought'st  
yet might grow.

More than lovely thou seem'd'st—yet thy beauty  
was such,

That tho' gentle and bland, yet an awe round it  
threw ;

That the voice of thy step—that the thrill of thy  
touch !

Dispell'd not—while yet from its glance sorrow  
flew !

Then reject not this tribute—O scorn not my lay—  
Poor index to thought's words—looks never may  
tell,

Nor cast from thy mem'ry my image away—  
Thine will live in my heart till 'tis cold—Fare-  
thee-well.

ENDYMION.

Sept 1822.

### DISAPPOINTMENT.

O, little thinks the mind in love  
That love may soon be broken ;  
Or that the maid unkind may prove,  
And parting words be spoken.

For Disappointment is a woe ;—  
We reck not much to bear it,  
It kills the little joy below  
Of those condemned to share it,

O, when youth's gaudy dreams are high,  
And Hope's lamp burns the brightest,  
Then, Disappointment, thou'rt most nigh,  
And all our pleasures blightest.

And then thy chilly-biting blast,  
Full heavily falls o'er us,  
And dries the sap of hearts more fast  
Than when black cares devour us.

Full well, my soul, thou loved'st a maid,  
Who was to thee a heaven ;  
But peace rest on her perjurd head,  
By thee she is forgiven.

No more love's language may be spoke ;  
No more may pass the token ;  
Her lips, once dear, the charm hath broke,  
For ' Farewell ' she hath spoken.

And is she gone for ever gone,  
Who once to thee was dearest,  
And wreath'd with guilt the eyes that shone  
Upon thee aye the clearest.

Say, can that tongue again impart  
The power that could enslave thee ;  
Ah, no ! the falsehood of her heart  
Hath blighted what it gave thee.

O, would oblivion rise, and cloud  
Thy memory for ever,  
To quell the thought that swells so proud,  
The springs of life to sever.

'Tis o'er, and thou shalt ne'er again,  
While o'er life's desert roaming,  
Be bound by the alluring chain  
Of fair, deluding woman. G. F.

### VARIETIES.

**CRITICISM.**—A country fellow being asked to give his opinion of a volume of poems, which an acquaintance of his own had published, seemed rather backward in complying with the request, at last he was asked what he thought of them, when he compared them with any other poems which he had read, he replied, 'I dinna ken, but he doesna say diel like Burns at a.'

**LANGUAGE.**—A clergyman who now presides over a small parish in the Highlands of Scotland, on being asked by a friend what language he thought most expressive, replied, 'had I to command an army, I would speak Latin; had I a mistress to woo, French or Italian; but if I had Deity to adore, it would be in Gaelic.'

**SOPHISTRY.**—A gentleman called one day in autumn on a friend, who possessed more wit than what commonly falls to the share of the many, the day being uncommonly warm, he was surprised to see a very large fire burning, and his friend perspiring at every pore, bless me J——, I am very sure there is no need for a fire in a day like this, 'you are mistaken,' he replied, 'in such days as this, we best feel the effects of a good fire, were it a very cold day in winter, we would scarcely know we had one on.'

**ANECDOTE.**—Moro, Duke of Milan, having displayed before the foreign Ambassadors his magnificence and his riches, which excelled those of every other Prince, said to them, 'Has a man, possessed of so much wealth and prosperity, any thing to desire in this world?'—'One thing only,' said one of them,—'a nail to fix the wheel of Fortune.'

**ELOPEMENT.**—A dandy, who recently underwent the fatigue of an excursion to Scotland with an heiress, in the hurry of such affairs, took his bride before the priest in a riding-coat. Before proceeding with his brief ceremony, the wag looked attentively at the parties, and said, 'But, to prevent any mistakes hereafter, tell me, without prevarication, if ye are both wo-

men in disguise, or if not, which is the man?'

**IGNORANCE OF FEAR.**—A child of one of the crew of his Majesty's ship Peacock, during the action with the United States vessel, Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat, when seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, 'Now I've caught you.'

**CURIOUS HANDBILL.**—B—Y, mercer and sea-drafter, High-street, Hull. Sailors rigged complete from stem to stern, viz. chapeau, mapeau, flying-gib, and flesh-jack; inner pea, outer pea, and cord defender; rudder-case and service to the same, up-traders, down-traders, fore-shoes, lacings, gaskets, &c. &c.

With canvas bags,  
To hold your cags,  
And chests to sit upon;  
Clasp knives, your meat  
To cut and eat,  
When ship does lay along.

**ORIGIN OF THE TERM GROG.**—The British sailors had always been accustomed to drink their allowance of brandy or rum clear, till Admiral Vernon ordered those under his command to mix it with water. The innovation gave great offence to the sailors, and for a time rendered the commander very unpopular among them.—The admiral at that time wore a program coat, for which reason they nick-named him 'Old Grog,' &c. Hence by degrees, the mixed liquor he constrained them to drink, universally obtained among them the name of grog.

**A GENUINE BULL.**—'Susan!' said an Irish footman the other day to his fellow-servant, 'what are the bells ringing for again!'—'In honour of the Duke of York's birth-day, Mr. Murphy.'—'Be aisy now,' rejoined the Hibernian, 'none of your blarney—sure, 'twas the Prince Regents on Tuesday, and how can it be his brother's to-day, unless indeed they were twins?'

## TO THE PUBLIC.

We take the present opportunity of presenting our very warmest thanks to our large circle of contributors, our numerous subscribers, and to a seemingly gratified public, for putting us in possession of the necessary ways and means to proceed in our undertaking. Since the task of editing the *Melange* fell into our hands, we have strenuously endeavoured to merit the support and countenance of those, who at a former period, felt an interest in its success, by doing every thing in our power to make it interesting. We have culled liberally, and, we hope, judiciously from the various sweets which have been presented to us, whether original or select, and the encouragement we have lately met with, warrants us in believing, that our industry and care have both been duly appreciated: as one proof of this, our contributors have so increased, that we have been enabled to present to the public the present number, containing nothing that is not original, so far as we know, Varieties excepted, exhibiting to our friends a knowledge of our literary strength, and displaying a criterion by which they may judge of our future capabilities for carrying on the work. We have still the firmest belief that there is not wanting material, in our often libelled city, to carry on a periodical publication, though of a much more extensive nature than that over which we have the honour to preside; and we call on our contributors, generally and individually, who have arrayed themselves under our banners, to persevere in their efforts, in order that others may have confidence in our creed. Immersed in business, as most of our literary friends must be, our pages perhaps, may never boast of that classic richness and purity which so eminently distinguish the pages of our eastern neighbours—our philosophical speculations may never be so deep, or so varied—our ideas may never be so sublime, or elegant, yet we may boast of opportunities for acquiring as intimate a knowledge of human life and characteristic eccentricity, as those who are possessed of all the fore-mentioned advantages. No city in Great Britain, London excepted, exhibits to the inquiring mind a wider field of observation than that in which we live, without having recourse to a single personality, there are not wanting opportunities enough for holding up the ludicrous for sport, the worthy for imitation, genius for admiration, and the offender for punishment; there are scenes of misery and of suffering passing daily before us, which, if embodied in a tale, or a narrative, might call forth the sympathy of sensibility; incidents, humorous enough, coming hourly under review, which, if well related, might make the most rigid set of features turn flexible, and the most stoical and selfish bosom beat in unison with the feeling—benevolent or good-humoured. The poet may find themes, though distant from lake and mountain, in the contemplation of a street, and the diversified imagery that is continually flitting before him; in short, no person capable of writing need be at a loss for a subject; for, as one of our friends remarked, while we were promenading the Trongate together on a late forenoon "As one crowd from another crowd recedes, so one crowd to another crowd succeeds." We cannot conclude without expressing our high sense of the behaviour of many individuals, whose communications were rejected as unfit for our pages, and who, so far from feeling hurt, have still continued to assist and encourage us.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our mathematical friend Diagram, will be pleased to accept our best wishes in return for his kindness. We have already mentioned to him the impossibility of our presenting to the world his ingenious speculations in the manner they deserve.

To the Quazist we are much obliged, but his communications would be productive of a literary warfare, and be the means of monopolizing too great a proportion of the *Melange*.

We are obliged to the writer of The Effects of Society; but cannot insert it, being too personal.—He will find it addressed to him at the publishers.

The Letters of Mrs. Maffat, and A Distressed friend, are under consideration.

Mid-Day in the Trongate will positively appear next week.

The Rambles of an Ant in search of the sublime are too particular for insertion.

Asmodeus is much too personal. We would advise him, in his next flight, not to come near the Trongate.

C. W. A. will find an early insertion.

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THE PARRICIDE;

OR, RETRIBUTION.

Yesterday—(so writes Mr. M. to one of his friends)—was the wedding of the lovely Bildac with the young Saintville, at which I, as a neighbour, of course was present. The day passed with the customary mirth of such occasions; but the night brought with it an adventure scarcely credible, and certainly without example.

When the hour came for breaking up, I was shown, for want of better accommodation, into a room immediately below the turret; and, exhausted by the mirth of the day, I soon fell into a slight slumber. It could not have lasted long—perhaps not more than half an hour—when I was awakened by the rattling of chains above me. At first I thought it was ~~the~~ and laughing at my own momentary weakness, I again laid my head on the pillow, and it must have been near day-break, when the same noise again interrupted my sleep. Thoroughly roused by this, I listened and distinctly heard the dragging of a chain on the stones. Then I heard footsteps beat—beat—beat. On a sudden my door flew open, the chains rattled close beside me, and there was a spectre on the hearth, distinctly vi-

sible in the fitful light that came from the embers of a wood fire. The thing seemed to be nestling there as if for shelter against the cold—it was in the month of January—and at last it muttered, ‘Have n’t warmed myself for a long time! cold! cold! cold!’

I confess to you, friend—for why should I deny it?—that a shudder came over every part of me; yet still I gazed on the spectre—I could not help gazing on him. I could even distinguish that the figure was that of an old man, almost wasted to a skeleton, and more than half naked, who stretched out his withered hands towards the fire; it seemed by the action, and the rapid motion of his lips, that he was imprecating curses on the house, and devoting it to ruin. I could not have borne this much longer—human nature must have sunk under it.

A few minutes only, and the aged figure tottered, and fell on its knees, sobbing and praying. I could plainly make out the words—‘God! O God! How just are thy dispensations!’ At these words I started up in my bed, and at the rustling of the clothes, the thing on the hearth exclaimed,—‘Is there any one in this bed?’

‘Yes,’ I replied, drawing back the

curtains— and who are you, old man?"

"The most wretched creature on the face of earth. More I ought not to say to you; but it is so long since I have seen a human face—so long since I have heard a human voice—I needs must speak! I needs must speak!"

My fears of a spectre had now subsided into pity for a poor old man, whom I half suspected to be a maniac. I therefore hastily flung on my dressing-gown, and took my seat beside him—a mark of confidence which moved him again to tears. He took me by the hand with an expression not soon to be forgotten.

"Good man! good man! I will tell you all.—But first say, why are you in this horrible chamber, which else, has been deserted for many, many years? What, was all the tumult of this morning? Has any thing extraordinary happened?"

On my telling him of the marriage of the fair Bildac, he stretched out his arms and said,—“Has Bildac a daughter? Is she married? God in heaven bless them! and keep their hearts free from sin—from the curse that rests on their race: I am Bildac, the grandfather of the bride, whom my monster of a son—yet no—I do not accuse—I have no right to accuse.”

The words, ‘Do you really live, or are you only a spectre?’ were trembling on my tongue; but I did not speak. The old man probably guessed them from my manner, as he instantly went on, as if in answer—

“It is no spectre that you see before you, but a living man—a man who is not dead, though his coffin is in the grave—the living grandfather of the bride, whose bridal you have this day celebrated. But I lived too long.—My son—O his heart is hard!—My son thirsted to be my heir—

to lord it over my lands—to have all the pride, and the luxury, and the pomp, and the observance that waits on wealth and power. He seized me at midnight, and having chained me in the turret above, by the aid of two ruffians—well paid no doubt for the purpose—he deceived the world by a false report of my sudden death: then followed a mock funeral—and my friends were following my coffin to the grave, while I was moistening my solitary meal with my tears. From the turret above, I saw my own hearse—I heard the tolling of the death-bell. How soon will it really toll for me!—but no—no bell will toll for my death—no grave will be dug for my bones—no priest will speak a blessing over my tomb.—No—no—I shall rot amidst the dust of my turret, till I am as that dust.—O, if they had not left my door open, by mere chance, in the bustle of this morning, I never had again seen a human face, for my jailors are not human.”

My first idea, on recovering from the surprise of this story, was to free the old man from his horrible imprisonment; but he refused my offer, declaring that he would not bring such shame on his innocent grandchild, who must, in some measure, be affected by the publication of her father's guilt. All this was true enough, but it did not quite satisfy me; such self-denial was something more than extraordinary, and I persisted in my resolution. ‘Oppression,’ I said, ‘has, for the moment, enfeebled your mind, as well as body, but follow my advice, and all may yet be well. There will be time enough hereafter to consider, as to the means of restoring you to the world; the immediate business is to free you from your confinement, and that may be done by your following me, without delay, to my castle; there you can remain in

secret, till we have resolved on what measures are best to be adopted.'

'I acknowledge your goodness—would to God that I could take advantage of it!—But O, I may not—cannot—follow you.'

'Then do you remain, while I announce your situation to the governor of the province, and we shall then free you by open force, from your unnatural son.'

'Not for the world! Do not, I conjure you, abuse your knowledge of my sad secret! Let me die here—*monster* as I am, unfit to be again in the light of heaven!—Look here—look at this hand—do you see it—do you see the mark of blood?—of my father's blood? I too thirsted for a father's inheritance.—I too would have lands, and wealth, and power!—but I went to work a darker way than my son did—I murdered my father!—He only made a prisoner of his.'

A frenzy seemed to possess the old man as he said this; he tore his hair and rolled about on the floor like one in convulsions, while I stood rooted to my place, speechless and motionless. There was a long silence, interrupted only by his groans, and the gnashing of his teeth, that were shocking beyond description, till at last his passions subsided by their very violence. It was now day-break, and we heard a stirring in the passages below, which roused the old man to the full possession of his senses. He raised himself slowly from the floor, without, however, lifting up his eyes to me as he spake:

'You are filled with horror of me—I know it, though I dare not look on you—I know it by your silence—and it is right.—Farewell!—and, if you can, forget that you have ever seen the parricide. I go back to my

grave, and swear never again to leave it.

I could neither stir nor answer, and the old man went his way unhindered by me. It is impossible to describe to you the horror of that moment, or the state of my mind when the first shock had passed by: and I began to consider what was fittest to be done under such awful circumstances. To give both the offenders up to justice was the most obvious line of conduct, but what then would become of the innocent daughter, and why was I to take on myself to be the minister of vengeance? 'No,' I said internally—'No, I will not disturb the peace of the young and innocent—I will not usurp the office of my Maker, who has said,

'Vengeance is mine, and when the hour shall be, I will requite them.'

#### AUSTIN;—A TALE.

On one of those fine Autumnal evenings, that Geoffry Crayons could well describe, and which I delight to contemplate, I took a walk into the country. All was still and serene—the voice of man was not to be heard—the noisy hum of the city was faintly fading away in the distance, and the feeble rays of the declining sun shed a dusky hue upon the scene. The air was mild: it was like the bracing atmosphere of spring, breathing over the maturity and desolation of Autumn. I was sometimes inclined to think that it was ushering in the life and warmth of summer, while every object, upon which I cast my eye, bore the marks of decay. The fields were robbed of their load—the trees were stripped and bare—all were clothed in the sober livery of brown and yellow, and seemed to mourn the verdure that had passed away. My mind accorded with the scene. A softened melancholy brooded over my thoughts; and I pensively meditated over my own misfortunes, and the folly of the world. My love and my friendship had both been scared in their growth. Decay had sapped the foundation of my peace,—

No summer sun had ripened my hopes; and the harvest in which they might have been reaped, found them blighted and withered. The fairy visions of boyhood had been dissipated—the fervour of youth was already frozen by disappointment; and I almost felt the sickening of age sinking down upon my frame, without daring to hope for the pleasures of manhood, since all for which I lived, seemed to have faded from my grasp. Every thing with which I was surrounded, furnished food for my melancholy musing; and I walked pensively forward, in the sad and solitary enjoyment of the scene. The withered leaves rustled drearily among my feet, and aye as another dropped, it vibrated on my ear with a melancholy sound. The wind whistled over my head with a gentle moaning, and swept the fragments of summer beauty softly before it. I saw the verdure of the forest now made the sport of the breeze, and thought that the wind sometimes lifted up the rustling leaves, and tossed them about in very wantonness. It is thus that folly sports with misfortune, and pride laughs over the desolation of ruin.

The range of my prospect comprehended an open champaign country, beautifully diversified by a variety of interesting objects. There was a meandering river, that flowed in many a winding over the space below me. Across it was thrown an airy bridge, that added neatness to its beauty. I followed the course of the stream till a gentle eminence hid it from my view, and then I turned my eyes to a ruined tower—once the seat of arms—now no sound but the croaking of the rooks; and the turf was fast spreading over the halls of revelry. I walked onward, and sighed as I looked upon the stripped and blackened branches of a plantation, and with sorrow upon the elegant, but methought comfortless dwelling that was placed in the midst of it. The sight of the works of man somehow jarred with my feelings, and I looked upon the superb and costly pile, as a blot upon the scene. It was the residence of wealth and pride, and I turned my eyes away. I had not advanced far before the streams of curling smoke, which I saw ascending, reminded me that the village to which I wished to go, was almost at hand. I rather wished to shun the haunts of man. So isolated had my thought been from the world, that I cared not to hasten to the kind embrace of the relatives that were waiting to receive me. I approached, as

the clouds of evening were beginning to assume a duskier hue, and met many a weary peasant returning homeward from the toils of the day. I never thought their stare so rude, and thought they gazed upon me with more than the interest of common curiosity. Their glance distressed me—their presence broke in upon the train of my meditations, and went well nigh to dissipate the melancholy I was anxious to court. I turned into a path which went round the village; and, in order to prolong my walk, I took this circuitous route to the house of my friends. Here, still all was silent and lonely, and my thoughts became gloomy to a degree of painfulness. My previous melancholy became heightened, for I was approaching the sanctuary of the dead—I was within a few paces of that, at all times interesting object, but doubly more so in the present state of my feelings—a village church-yard.

It was seated on a spot of peculiar beauty. Nature around it, was dressed in the garb of her utmost simplicity, and yet there was about it something venerable. The small grey church, unadorned, and of the rudest handywork—the hamlets of the lonely peasant, and a few tall, thinly scattered trees composed the group. There was a large, wide-spreading plane tree, under whose shade I had often sat in boyhood; and I now approached it to look upon the grave of a friend, for which its branches formed a canopy. As I came near, I saw a person sitting upon the neatly carved stone; and the increasing darkness of the evening prevented me from making the discovery till it was too late to retreat. My heart smote me: I felt that I had intruded on the sanctuary of affliction; and as he lifted up his head, I saw pictured upon his countenance the traces of sorrow. His face was pale and haggard; despondency seemed to be weighing down his frame. He scarcely seemed of middle age, but sorrow appeared to have made greater ravages upon his countenance than time. Notwithstanding his woe-begone looks, enhanced perhaps by the darkness that was fast spreading around us, he exhibited features of great expression—a complexion uncommonly dark—quick, large hazel eyes, that seemed capable of glancing fire, but now bedimmed with sorrow—eye brows uncommonly dark, and finely arched. All this I had an opportunity of seeing. I was struck with his appearance, and stood still. I heard him sigh. He spoke, and his voice

rushed upon my ear with the accents of a friend. 'Austin!' I exclaimed, and instantly I felt the grasp of one whom I had not seen for six long years, and whom I had fancied dead. The joy of our meeting was damped, soon as we had leisure to reflect, on the spot on which it had taken place. 'Why,' says Austin, 'should I have returned to my native land? In my sojourn with strangers, there was but one image that haunted my soul—the thought of my Jessie, and the displeasure in which we parted—that displeasure which drove me from my home, and which continued to depress my spirits. Still her image cheered me amid all the ills of life; and fondly I cherished the idea that I might yet return, and that again we might meet in peace; but it is all over, and nought now remains for me but to weep over her grave.'

On the spot where we now stood, was buried a young lady whom Austin had loved; and with whom I knew he had quarrelled immediately before his departure. The circumstances under which he went away, were a mystery to his friends—he only made arrangements for the remittance of the income of his patrimony to North America—no one knew the cause of his disappearance, and no word had ever been heard of him. However, I rejoiced at his return, and endeavoured to soothe his grief; but all my efforts at consolation only made his wounds bleed afresh.—'No!' says he, 'it is all in vain. The reasons of my departure were known to no one; and none can know the agony which a reflection on the rash step has occasioned me. I acted from the impulse of blind impetuous passion—and bitterly have I lived to repent it.'

I had known Austin well. He had been my school-fellow, and he afterwards became my friend. He was possessed of many amiable qualities, but passionate and irritable to the highest degree. When his feelings were roused, he became ungovernable; alike heedless of the dictates of his own reason, or the counsels of his friends. I had often cause to lament this foible of a noble mind, and more than once warned him of the danger. But it was all in vain. He was carried along, the sport of passions; and a circumstance often agitated his soul with the fury of the tempest, that would not have ruffled the surface of a firmer bosom. He loved, and his love was returned; but the object of his affection knew him

well, and trembled. He was indeed above disguise; and she knew him not so much from what she saw of his conduct, as from what he himself told her, when deploring the influence of his unhappy temper. His candour gave her hope; and while she lamented the exceeding warmth of his temperament, she did much to correct it. She really had much power over him; and I anticipated from their connexion much remaining happiness to my friend. But the violence of his temper frequently burst the bonds of prudence and restraint, and nullified all her efforts. Still she bore with him—applied many gentle corrections, and tried to make him happy. I knew that a rupture had taken place between them, immediately before the departure of Austin; but well as I knew him, I never imagined that the one was the cause of the other.—I saw Jessie frequently after the departure of Austin; and the circumstances which she told me had led to the breach between them, I might have imagined capable of rousing the irascible nature of my friend; but could scarcely imagine that they would have led to more serious results. His departure, I was inclined to attribute to some other cause—his silence was inexplicable. I saw that the lovely and accomplished Jessie mourned over his waywardness, and sighed in sorrow for his fate. Notwithstanding her knowledge of Austin's nature, she had fondly thought she might be happy with him, and would willingly have undertaken the task of making his better nature triumph over his passion. By his sudden disappearance, all her hopes were blasted. She at last sunk under it; and two years afterwards she fell the victim of premature decay.

When I looked upon Austin, and saw his grief, every feeling of resentment for the folly of his conduct vanished, I but mourned the result of his rashness, and endeavoured to soothe his woe. I led him away from the spot coupled with so many melancholy associations. He did nothing but sigh—he turned a melancholy look upon it as we passed away, and uttered a broken exclamation. 'I once thought she loved,' he at last said, 'and when the severity with which she treated me, made me believe she did not, there was nothing in life worth living for. I fled from the home of my fathers, and became an exile. I have crossed the ocean—I have traversed deserts—I have plunged into forests, wild and un-

known—I have climbed the mountain, and made myself dizzy on the brink of the precipice, as well as endeavoured to drown my care amid the din of riot and dissipation; but my brain was burned up—my spirits were harassed and consumed; but still I loved her—her image still haunted me, and peace no where was mine. I returned—my pride was bent; and I was determined to humble myself before her. Would to God I had done it before I went away!—But I thought she had insulted and spurned me, I thought she could not have loved me, and treated me thus severely; but O! why did I not become a suppliant at her feet—I must have melted her to compassion." As he spoke his looks became wild; but we walked slowly forward, and he became more calm. He then told me, that his resentment had been roused by the severity with which Jessie had treated one of his slight indiscretions. I told him that she had done it for his good; that it was only one of her attempts to tame his spirit. She returned your love, Austin—she was constant and sincere—you sported with her feelings, while she was fondly endeavouring to mollify yours. She loved you to the last, and she breathed her spirit away in a prayer for your welfare. He gave a convulsive sob. 'O God,' he exclaimed; and shook with the violence of his agitation. 'W—m,' he said, 'hear me—I knew that I had incurred her displeasure—I knew it, and was willing to bear it.' There was one evening, just as I had my hat in my hand to go and visit her, and with my mind made up to bear her reproof, I received from her a card which I thought contained a stern and severe reprobation of my conduct.—Well do I remember the night. It was that night I had refused to accompany you to a scene of festivity, for I had intended to spend it with my Jessie. I instantly rushed into your presence—you saw my agitation; but I refused to explain the cause. What a night we spent: well indeed did I merit the appellation you gave me of madman—but I was wretched till my senses were lost in the delirium of intoxication. I awoke to the reality of my

horror—my hopes and joys all fled. No longer loved by my Jessie, I seized my pen, and poured out the full tide of my indignation. I told her that she might have excluded me from her love, but that our long intimacy might at least have entitled me to the respect of friendship, and protected me from insult; but that since it had not done so, I abjured her for ever. Sure she did not know the sacrifice that it cost me: I did not know it myself—it was the frustration of my fondly cherished hopes, and was the death blow of my peace. Well do I remember the answer she returned—it was full of that dignity and independence which were the finest features in her character. She requested me to burn it, but I preserved it in my bosom, and have often blotted it with my tears. It, and a small ringlet of her hair, which I stole when she was all unconscious of what I did, have been my only solace in adversity, and they are all that now remains of her. She told me that she had reviewed her conduct, and could not discover where she had acted wrong; that she must ever consider the manner in which I had acted as extremely rude—that she could not solicit the return of a friendship I had seen it fit to withdraw on so slight an occasion; but, she added, that the person who would call himself her friend, and at the same time trample on all the forms of friendship, was unworthy of that place. On the receipt of this, I became delirious. In six days the shores of my native land were fast fading from my view—and it was but yesterday that witnessed my return.'

Austin seemed to be relieved of a load as soon as he had ceased speaking. He spoke with difficulty—I felt him becoming more and more feeble, I thought from fatigue. I got him conveyed to the house of my friend, and then saw that disease was preying upon his frame. He never again rose from the bed in which he was placed—a violent fever boiled in his veins. In fourteen days he was buried on the spot where we met, after having bequeathed the remnant of his little patrimony to the mother of his Jessie.

Denny, October, 1822.

A. W.

## JAMES VI.

## ENTRANCE INTO EDINBURGH.

The entrance of James into his capital, was celebrated by a splendid pageant; the style of which, probably contributed not a little to give a fixed ascendancy to that inherent vanity of character, of the effects of which Buchanan was so justly apprehensive. As he entered the West Port, a party of masks, representing a deputation of the wise men of the east, hailed him as a second Solomon come to bless the Nations. The story of the two women striving for the child was then represented, to signify to the people the surprising wisdom which they might expect to find in the decrees of their young sovereign. As he advanced, Love presented him with the keys of the city; Peace harangued him in the language of Arcadia; Plenty offered him congratulations in that of Campania; and Justice, as a more homebred deity, told him, in plain Scotch, 'how unco glad she was to see him.' His Majesty then repaired to St. Giles's church, where Religion made a solemn address to him in *Hebrew*; after which, a worthy divine expounded, in a short sermon of two hours and a half, the causes, circumstances, and consequences of the distressed state of the kingdom of Israel, that is to say, the modern kingdom of Israel, inhabited by that chosen people of God, the Scotch. After sermon, his majesty repaired to the market cross, where he found Bacchus bestriding a hogshead, and distributing bumpers of wine among the people, while the trumpets sounded, and the multitude helped to rend the air with shouts. The King then descended the High-street, towards the ancient palace of Holyrood; as he entered which, the shades of all the

Scottish Kings, from Fergus I. appeared to welcome him as the living representative of their manifold virtue.

## THE UNCALLED AVENGER.

AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE, RELATED BY M. OLDECOP, OF ST. PETERSBURG.

The return of the victorious Russian army, which had conquered Finland, under the command of General Buxhovden, was attended with a circumstance which, it is true, has at all times been usual in the train of large armies, but which naturally took place to a much greater extent in these high northern latitudes, where the hand of man has so imperfectly subdued the original savageness of the soil. Whole droves of famished bears and wolves followed the troops on their return to the south, to feed on the chance prey afforded by the carcasses of the artillery and baggage horses that dropped on the road. In consequence of this, the province of Esthonia, to which several regiments directed their march, was so overrun with these animals, as greatly to endanger the safety of travellers. Hence, in a single circle of the government, no less than forty persons of different ages were enumerated, who had been devoured during the winter by these ravenous beasts. It became hazardous to venture alone and unarmed into the uninhabited parts of the country; nevertheless, an Esthonian countrywoman boldly undertook a journey to a distant relation, not only without any male companion, but with three children, the youngest of which was still at the breast. A light sledge, drawn by one horse, received the little party; the way was narrow, but well beaten, the snow on each side deep and impassable, and to

turn back, without danger of sticking fast, not to be thought of.

The first half of the journey was passed without accident. The road now ran along the skirts of a pine forest, when the traveller suddenly perceived a suspicious noise behind her. Casting back a look of alarm, she saw a troop of wolves trotting along the road, the number of which her fears hindered her from estimating. To escape by flight is her first thought; and, with unsparing whip, she urges into a gallop the horse, which itself snuffs the danger. Soon a couple of the strongest and most hungry of the beasts appear at her side, and seem disposed to stop the way. Though their intention seems to be only to attack the horse, yet the safety both of the mother and of the children depends on the preservation of the animal. The danger raises its value; it seems entitled to claim for its preservation an extraordinary sacrifice. As the mariner throws overboard his richest treasures to appease the raging waves, so here has necessity reached a height at which the emotions of the heart are dumb before the dark commands of instinct; the latter alone suffers the unhappy woman to act in this distress. She seizes her second child, whose bodily infirmities have often made it an object of anxious care, whose cry even now offends her ear, and threatens to whet the appetite of the blood-thirsty monsters—she seizes it with an involuntary motion, and before the mother is conscious of what she is doing, it is cast out and—enough of the horrid tale! The last cry of the victim still sounded in her ear, when she discovered that the troop, which had remained some minutes behind, again closely pressed on the sledge. The anguish of her soul increases, for again the murder-breathing forms are at her side. Pressing the

infant to her heaving bosom, she casts a look on her boy, four years old, who crowds closer and closer to her knee: 'But, dear mother, I am good, am not I? You will not throw me into the snow, like the bawler?'—'And yet! and yet!' cried the wretched woman, in the wild tumult of despair—'Thou art good, but God is merciful!—Away!' The dreadful deed was done. To escape the furies that raged within her, the woman exerted herself, with powerless lash, to accelerate the gallop of the exhausted horse. With the thick and gloomy forest before and behind her, and the nearer and nearer tramping of her ravenous pursuers, she almost sinks under her anguish; only the recollection of the infant that she holds in her arms—only the desire to save it, occupies her heart, and with difficulty enables it to bear up. She did not venture to look behind her. All at once, two rough paws are laid on her shoulders, and the wide-open bloody jaws of an enormous wolf hung over her head. It is the most ravenous beast of the troop, which having partly missed its leap at the sledge, is dragged along with it, in vain seeking with its hinder legs for a resting place, to enable it to get wholly on to the frail vehicle. The weight of the body of the monster draws the woman backwards—her arms rise with the child: half torn from her, half abandoned, it becomes the prey of the ravening beast, which hastily carries it off into the forest. Exhausted, stunned, senseless, she drops the reins, and continues her journey, ignorant whether she is delivered from her pursuers.

Meantime the forest grows thinner, and an insulated farm-house, to which a side road leads, appears at a moderate distance. The horse, left to itself, follows this new path: it enters through an open gate; panting and foaming, it



stands still; and amidst a circle of persons who crowd round with good-natured surprise, the unhappy woman recovers from her stupefaction, to throw herself, with a loud scream of anguish and horror, into the arms of the nearest human being, who appears to her as a guardian angel. All leave their work—the mistress of the house, the kitchen; the thresher, the barn; the eldest son of the family, with his axe in his hand, the wood which he has just cleft—to assist the unfortunate woman; and, with a mixture of curiosity and pity, to learn, by a hundred inquiries, the circumstances of her singular appearance. Refreshed by whatever can be procured at the moment, the stranger gradually recovers the power of speech, and ability to give an intelligible account of the dreadful trial which she has undergone. The insensibility with which fear and distress had steeled her heart, begins to disappear; but new terrors seize her—the dry eye seeks in vain a tear—she is on the brink of boundless misery. But her narrative had also excited conflicting feelings in the bosoms of her auditors; though pity, commiseration, dismay, and abhorrence, imposed alike on all the same involuntary silence. One only, unable to command the overpowering emotions of his heart, advanced before the rest—it was the young man with the axe: his cheeks were pale with affright—his wildly-rolling eyes flashed ill-omened fire. ‘What!’ he exclaimed; ‘three children—thy own children! the sickly innocent, the imploring boy, the infant suckling all cast out by the mother to be devoured by the wolves?—Woman, thou art unworthy to live!’ And at the same instant, the uplifted steel descends with resistless force on the skull of the wretched woman; who falls dead at his feet. The perpetrator then

calmly wipes the blood off the murderous axe, and returns to his work.

The dreadful tale speedily came to the knowledge of the magistrates, who caused the uncalled avenger to be arrested and brought to trial. He was of course sentenced to the punishment ordained by the laws; but the sentence still wanted the sanction of the Emperor. Alexander, the splendour of whose virtues is only rendered more conspicuous by the throne, caused all the circumstances of this crime, so extraordinary in the motives in which it originated, to be reported to him in the most careful and detailed manner. Here, or nowhere, he thought himself called on to exercise the godlike privilege of mercy, by by commuting the sentence passed on the criminal, into a condemnation to labour not very severe; and he accordingly sent the young man to the fortress of Dunamunde, at the mouth of the Duna, in the Gulf of Riga, there to be confined to labour during his Majesty’s pleasure.

### THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

The great road from England in former times skirted the firth of Solway, pursued its wild and extraordinary way through one of the deepest and most dangerous morasses in Scotland, and emerging on the Caerlaverock side, conferred on the Kirkgate of the good town of Dumfries the rank and opulence of a chief street. Commanding a view of the winding and beautiful river Nith on one side, and of the green stately hills of Tinwald and Torthorwold on the other, with their numerous villages and decaying castles, this street became the residence of the rich and the far-descended—numbering among its people some of the most ancient and potent names of

Nithsdale. The houses had in general something of a regal look—presenting a curious mixture of the Saxon and Grecian architecture, blending whimsically together in one place, or kept separate in all their native purity in another; while others of a different, but no less picturesque character, towered up in peaked and ornamented Norman majesty, with their narrow turret stairs and projecting casements. But I mean not to claim for the Kirkgate the express name of a regular street. Fruit trees frequently throwing their branches, loaded with the finest fruit, far into the way, and in other places antique porchways, shaded deep with yewtrees, took away the reproach of ‘eternal mortar and stone,’ and gave the whole a retired and a sylvan look. The presence of an old church, with its thick-piled grave stones, gave a gravity of deportment to the neighbourhood; the awe inspired by a religious place was visible on the people. There was a seriousness mingled with their mirth—a reverential feeling poured through their legends, and their ballads. Their laughter was not so loud, nor their joy so stormy, as that of men in less hallowed places. The maidens danced with something of a chastened step, and sang with a devotional grace. The strings of that merry instrument which bewitched the feet of the wisest men, when placed under the left ear of a Kirkgate musician, emitted sounds so perfectly in unison with devotion, that a gifted elder of the kirk was once known to sanction and honour it, by measuring a step or two to the joyous tune of ‘An’ O to be married an’ this be the way.’ Over the whole street, and far into the town, was breathed much of that meek, austere composure, which the genius of ancient sculptors has shed on their divine performances.

It was pleasant to behold the chief street of this ancient border town in its best days—those times of simplicity and virtue, as one of the town bailies, a barber by trade, remarked, when every woman went with a cushioned brow and curled locks, and all the men flourished in full-bottomed wigs. But the demon who presides over the abasement of streets and cities entered into the empty place, which the brain of a sheriff ought to have occupied, and the road was compelled to forsake the side of the Solway—the green fields of Caerlaverock, and the ancient Kirkgate, and approach to Dumfries through five miles of swamp, and along a dull, and muddy way, which all travellers have since learned to detest under the name of the Lochmabengate. From that hour, the glory of the old chief street diminished. The giddy and the gay forsook a place, where the chariot of the stranger, with its accompaniment of running lacqueys and mounted grooms, was no longer seen: and the ancient inhabitants saw with sorrow their numbers gradually lessen, and their favourite street hasting to decay. A new and a meaner race succeeded—the mansions of the Douglasses, the Dalzells, the Maxwells, the Kirkpatricks, and the Herrieses, became the homes of the labouring man and the mechanic. Tapestried halls, and lordly rooms, were profaned by vulgar feet; and for the sound of the cittern, and the robeck, the dull din of the weaver’s loom, and the jaring clamour of the smith’s steel hammer, abounded.

With this brief and imperfect notice we shall bid farewell to the ancient splendour of the Kirkgate—it is with its degenerate days that our story has intercourse; and the persons destined to move, and act, and suffer, in our authentic drama, are among the humblest of its inhabitants. The time too

with which our narrative commences and terminates, is a season somewhat uncongenial for descriptive excursions. A ruinous street, and a labouring people, on whom the last night of December is descending in angry winds and cold sleets and snows, present few attractions to dealers in fictions, and few flowers, either natural or figurative, for embellishing a tale. With all these drawbacks, we have one advantage, which a mind delighting in nature and truth, will not willingly forego; the tale, humble and brief as it is, possesses truth beyond all power of impeachment, and follows conscientiously the traditional and accredited narrative, without staying to array it and adorn it in those vain and gaudy embellishments, with which fiction seeks to encumber a plain and simple story.

The night which brings in the new year to the good people of Dumfries, has long been a night of friendly meetings, and social gladness and carousal. The grave and the devout lay aside for the time the ordinary vesture of sanctity and religious observance; the sober and the self-denying revel among the good things of this life, with a fervour, perhaps, augmented by previous penance; and even some of the shining lights of the Scottish kirk have been observed to let their splendour subside for the evening, that, like the sun, perhaps they might come forth from darkness with an increase of glory. The matron suspends her thrift, and arrays herself in her marriage mantle—the maiden, and the bond-maiden, flaunt and smile, side by side, in ribbons and scarfs, and snooded love-locks, all arranged with a careful and a cunning hand, to assist merry blue, or languishing black eyes, in making mischief among the hearts of men. Each house smells from floor to roof with the good things

of this life—the hare, caught in her twilight march through the cottager's kaleyard, or the wild duck shot by moonlight, while tasting the green herbage on some lonely stream bank—send up, stewed or roasted, a savour the more gladsome, because it comes seldom; while the flavour of smuggled gin and brandy is not the less acceptable, because the dangers of the deep sea, and the terrors on shore of the armed revenue officers, were in the way of its gracing once a year the humble man's supper-board.

Amid the sound of mirth and revelry, and shining of lamps and candles in porch and window, there was one house, covered with humble thatch, and of altogether a modest, or rather mean exterior, which seemed not to sympathize in the joys of the evening. A small and lonely candle twinkled in a small and solitary window, and no sound proceeded from its door, save now and then the moving of the slow and aged feet of the mistress of this rude cottage. As the more roving and regardless youths passed the window, they were observed to lower their voices, regulate their steps, and smoothe down their deportment to something approaching to devotional. Within the window, sat one who, ungracious in the outward man, and coarse in his apparel, and owner only of a bedstead and couch, and a few controversial books, was nevertheless a man of note in those days when things external were of little note in the eyes of a Presbyterian minister. Indeed, had one of the present generation glanced his eye through the coarse green glass of the low-browed window, and seen an old man, whose silver hairs were half-concealed by a night cap, not over pure; whose bent shoulders bore a plaid of homely chequered gray, fastened on the bosom with a wooden skewer—

while over his knees lay a large old Bible clasped with iron, on which his eyes were cast with a searching and a serious glance—our youth of Saxon broad-cloth and French ruffles would have thought of something, much more humble than the chief elder of the old kirk of Dumfries. It was indeed no other than William Warpentree, one of the burning and shining lights of the ancient of days, when serious prayers, and something of a shrewd and proverbial cast of worldly counsel, were not the less esteemed that they pertained to an humble weaver. His consequence, even in this lowly situation, was felt far and wide; of the fair webs which came from the devout man's looms, let the long linsey-woolsey gannets of the matrons of Dumfries, even at this day, bear witness—garments which surpass silk in beauty, while many a blythesome bridal and sorrowful burial bore token, in their fine linen vestments, of the skill of William's right hand. Indeed, it was one of the good man's own practical proverbs, that there was more vanity in the bier than the bridal. Though sufficiently conscious of those gifts, he wished them to be forgotten in the sedate and austere elder of the kirk; and long before the time of our tale he had become distinguished for the severity of his discipline, and his gifts in kirk controversy.

But the influence of ancient times of relaxation and joy, of which he had been a partaker in his youth, had not wholly ceased; and an observer of human nature might see, that amid all the controversial contemplations in which he seemed involved, the jolly old domestic god of Scottish cheer and moderate hilarity had not yet yielded entire place to the Crumb of Comfort, the Cup of Cold Water to the Parched Spirit, The Afflicted Man's best Companion, and Boston's Fourfold State.

He lifted his eyes from the page, and said, 'Marion, even before I proceed to matters of spiritual import, let me know what thou hast prepared for the nourishment of the bodies of those whom we have invited according to the fashion of our fathers to sit out the old year, and welcome in the new. Name me the supper dishes, I pray thee, that I may know if thou hast scorned the Babylonian observances of the sister church of England, in the matter of creature-comforts. What hast thou prepared for supper, I pray thee?—no superstitious meats and drinks, Marion, I hope, but humble and holy, and wholesome things which nourish the body without risk to the soul. I dread, by thy long silence, woman, that thou hast been seeking to pamper the episcopalian propensities of our appetites by ceremonious and sinful saint-day dishes.'

'Ah! William Warpentree,' said his douce sponse Marion, covering an old oaken table as she spoke, with a fine patterned table cloth, wove by no other hand than that of the devout owner of the feast himself: 'Ah!' said she, 'what words have escaped from thy lips—superstitious meats and drinks,' said ye? 'Na! na! I cared mair for the welfare of the spirit, and the hope to sing hallelujahs in Abram's bosom, as ye say in prayer yourself'; Ah! Willie, they say, who kenned you in your youth, that ye would sooner gang to Sarah's.' 'Woman, woman,' said the douce man; 'what say ye to the supper?' 'First, then,' quoth his spouse, forsaking unwillingly this darling road of domestic controversy and strife; 'what have you to say against a dish of collops seared, nicely simmered owre the head amang Spanish onions?' 'Spanish onions, woman,' said the elder; 'I like not the sound,' 'Sound,' said the dame, 'would ye lose your supper for a

sound? Had they grown in the garden of the Grand Inquisitor, and been sown by some pope or cardinal, then, man, ye might have had your scruples—but they grew in the garden of that upright man, David Bogie; I'll warrant ye'll call the scored collops episcopalian, since they were cut by a knife of Sheffield steel.' 'Pass to the other viands and vivers, woman,' said the elder. 'Gladly will I,' said his obedient partner; 'the mair gladly because it's a gallant Scottish haggis, full and fat, and fair. Hearken to the ingredients, Willie, and try them by the scrupulous kirk standard of forbidden luxuries. What say ye against the crushed heart of the kindly corn—a singed sheep's head—plotted, par-boiled, shorn small, with a slice of broiled liver ground to powder, and a dozen of onions sliced like wafers, powdered with pepper, and showered owre with salt; the whole mingled with the fat of the ox, and stowed in a bag as pure as burn-bleached linen, and secured with a peg that would make seven spoolpins. I'll warrant it will spout to the rannel-tree when ye stick the knife in it. My certe will't.'

At this description of the national dish, the old man displaced the book from his knee, placed his hand on his waistcoat, where time and daily meditation had made some spare cloth, and rising, paced from side to side of his humble abode, with a look of subdued and decent impatience. 'I wonder; wonder is an unwise word,' said he, checking himself; 'for nought is wonderful, save the divine presence, and the divine works; but what, in the name of warp and waft—a mechanical exclamation of surprise, and therefore not sinful—what can stay Deacon Treddle, my ain dear doon neighbour, and what can keep Bailie Burnewin! I hope his prentice boy has not burnt his forge again, and

made the douce man swear.' 'Saul to gude man, but ye feu ill.' 'But we have all our times of weakness—even I myself,' he muttered in a low and inaudible tone, 'have matters to mourn for as well as the wicked; I have buttered my own breakfast with the butter which honest men's wives have given me for anointing their webs. I have worn, but that was in my youth, the snaw-white linen, purloined from many customers in hanks and cuts. And I have looked with an unrighteous eye after that dark-eyed and straight-limbed damsel, Mary Macmillan; even I who rebuked her, and counselled her before the session, and made even the anointed minister envy the fluency and scriptural force of my admonishment. But in gude time here comes auld Burnewin,' and extending his hand as he spoke, it was grasped by a hand protruded from a broad brown mantle, and tinged by exposure at the forge into the hue of a tinker's travelling wallet. 'Whole threads, and a weel gaun loom to thee, my douce auld fere,' said the Bailie, removing a slouched hat as he spoke, and displaying a rough jolly countenance, on which the heat of his smithy fire had inflicted a tinge that would have done honour to Vulcan's forehead hammer man. 'And a hissing welding heat, and an unburnt tew-iron, and ale fizzing and foaming for thee in thy vocation, my old comrade,' returned the weaver, in the current language of his friend's trade. 'Aha! Marion lass,' said the blacksmith, 'I have nae forgot that we were once youngers running among the moonlight on the moat-brae—here's a shawl—I wish it silk for thy sake—ye maun wear it for me at Paste and Yule, the seven trades dance, and other daimen times;' and enveloping the not unwilling shoulders of the matron in his present, he seated himself by the

side of a blazing hearth fire, and promising supper board.

It was now eleven o'clock—the reign of the old year was within an hour of its close, and the din of the street had subsided, partly from the lateness of the hour, and the fall of a shower of thin and powdery snow which abated a little the darkness of the night. A loud scream, and the sound of something falling, were heard at the end of the little narrow close or street, which descended from the old Kirk-gate to the residence of the elder. 'There's the sound of Deacon Tred-dle's voice,' said Marion, 'if ever I heard it in my life; and the cry too of sore affliction.' Away without bonnet or mantle ran the old friends of the expected deacon; they found him lying with his face to the pavement, his hands clutched like one in agony, while from a shattered punch-bowl ran the rich and reeking contents. 'As I live by drink, and sometimes

bread,' said the Bailie, 'this is a hapless tumble; I feel the smell of as good brandy punch as ever reeked aneath the nose of the town council—there it runs; water, saith the word, cannot be gathered from the ground, nor brandy punch from the street, saith Bailie Burnewin.' 'Peace, peace, I pray thee,' said the elder; 'Speak, Thomas Treddle, speak; art thou harmed in spirit, or hurt in body?' 'The spirit is running from him,' said the son of the forge, in the true spirit of citizenship: 'dost thou not feel its fragrance?' 'Peace, again I say,' enjoined the elder; 'I say unto you, something fearful hath happened unto him; he has felt an evil touch, or he has seen some unholy sight; such things have been rife ere now in the land; and he endeavoured to raise his prostrate friend from the pavement.

*To be continued.*

## POETRY.

### SUFFICIENT REASONS FOR WRITING NO MORE POETRY,

By a disappointed Author,

*Addressed to the Muse, and all concerned therein.*

No, Madam, no, I pray thee do keep off,  
I'm tir'd of rhyming—none on earth need wonder,  
When I'm oblig'd to bear the anger and scoff  
Of every critic who is pleas'd to blunder.  
Thus I—thy curs'd, inspiring mantle doff;  
'Tis thread-bare quite; I'd rather live on plunder,  
Or beggar turn—or be slave to Jack Ketch;  
Or aught than such a miserable wretch—

As I have been—My business I've mistaken;  
For though my rhymes are tolerably good,  
They ne'er have fill'd my guts with beef or bacon,  
And one gets tir'd of vegetable food.  
No Egg or Butter e'er is seen my cake on,  
And light-food some say, aqueous makes the blood;  
Though water-gruel good is for the sick,  
Hunger and health still something like *that's this &*

Beas witness for me—now my thread-bare coat;  
My lantern jaws; sunk eyes, and haggard mien;  
How available is a poet's lot!  
And you my linen, seldom over clean;  
And ye my Patrons, be not unforgot;  
The public too—all who my works have seen,  
If I have not done much while courting fame,  
Though every body said I was to blame,

For daring to assume the name of Poet;  
And I believe the good folks all were right,  
Though at the time, I *really* did not know it,  
And verily believ'd, 'twas only spite  
Or envy made them speak—my works will show it,  
I mean those works that never saw the light,  
They're better far, than those that are in print,  
And this I'll prove, or else the devil's in't.  
That's neither here nor there—I'll rhyme no more,  
As rhyming very seldom shows a reason,  
Why people should be subject to the bore  
Of list'ning while 'tis read.—'I here is a season  
For doing all things—this was known before;  
But plagiarism is not hold up-as *truce*,  
Or I, as well as many another Bard,  
Would not have starv'd for want of due reward.  
I've seen my folly—I repent it too.  
Starvation, nakedness, and scorn, and shame,  
I will no more endure, though it were true  
That suffering would immortalise my name;  
The present moment henceforth I'll pursue.  
'Tis said the muse will set the soul on fire;  
This may be true; but either wine or toddy  
Has double power—it heats both soul and body.  
I've written sonnets oft to please the ladies,  
But most of people think *them* wretched stuff;  
Such paltry writing certain to degrade is,  
Whether one writes to Della's nose or snuff,  
In fact, it does not matter what the maid is,  
For judges say, that Petrarch wrote enough  
Of those same kind of rhyme—don't think I'm  
At lovers who are fond of sonnetteering

And I have written satire—what of that ?  
 'Twas without point—to every body said ;  
 'Twas like stale beer, and that we know is flat.  
 I've written epitaphs upon the dead—  
 And living too.—I've written—Lord knows what ?  
 I've ransacked every cranny in my head  
 For some new thought, in vain. Gall says, a skull  
 Dumped like mine proves the possessor dull.

I've written Epics, Lyrics, and Addresses,  
 Eulogies, Elegies, and once a Play,  
 Anacreontics of a quite new species,  
 Heroics, Comic Songs abundantly,  
 I studied most assiduously the Graces,  
 Who never would the least attention pay :  
 I sought over description, hill, and dale,  
 But every thing I tried was sure to fail.

I've sung for Publications, periodical,  
 For Pamphlets, Newspapers—but never hire  
 I got—such treatment very odd I call ;  
 No soul on earth disposed seemed to admire.  
 Beside I did attempt what a New Mode I call ;  
 And this too fail'd—crest-fallen I retire ;  
 And who need wonder if I be uncivil,  
 And wish the Muses dining with—the Devil.

For I to dine with them no more am bent ;  
 'Twere worse than madness, witness O ! my bones,  
 That seem inclined to quit their tenement ;  
 No wonder they are peeping forth, like stones  
 In gravel-walk ; but all this to prevent,  
 And not to plague the world with sighs and groans,  
 I am determined to write nought but prose,  
 Rhyming is not my forte—away it goes.

*Postscript.*—I've written Story, and Lampoon ;  
 Paraphrase and Translation I have made ;  
 I've written riddles that would take a moon  
 Them to unriddle ; and at a charade  
 None could be more obscure ; but out of tune  
 And temper by neglect, I leave the trade  
 Open for him who'll try, for O ! I'm shock'd.  
 'Tis like the muslin market overstock'd.

MATTHEW MISSIT.

Glasgow.

## MID-DAY IN THE TRONGATE.

TOM *Soliloquizing.*

There are, that love companionless to stroll  
 In lonely paths, pursuing fancy's dreams,  
 Or, when the sun is bright and warm, to loiter  
 Upon the verdant banks of limpid streams.  
 For me—I'll follow no such idle whims,  
 My fancy is to cultivate the graces ;  
 And so I seek the town—the scene that teems  
 With gazing crowds, and haunt all modish places,  
 Where I may best be seen, and best see others faces.

*Dick*—Tom, what d'ye matter? *Tom*—Dick, pahaw,  
 what the deuce!

You've got into your meditative vein ;  
 See, here's a mirror—deck thee neat and spruce ;  
 Brush up thy head of hair, and seize thy cane,  
 And let us to the pavement once again ;  
 The sun is up, and all the world's parading  
 Along the glorious Trongate. Street and lane  
 Send forth their multitudes a-promenading,  
 And many a maid is there—young, blooming, ripe,  
 and fading.

*Dick*—Is not this market day? I think it is ;  
 And therefore, with your leave, I'll keep my seat:  
 For, just to look upon a girlish phiz,  
 I care not to be elbow'd, thrust, and bent,  
 From side to side along a crowded street,

Where two are every moment driven asunder :  
 Some clown perchance, before again you meet,  
 With head turned round to some shop-window  
 wonder,  
 Shouklers you down, and then grins at the ill-bred  
 blunder ;

And dirty porters running here and there,  
 And beggars too, and bakers, and a host  
 Of inconvenient objects, every where  
 Beset the luckless lounge to his cost.  
 The gentleman is altogether lost  
 Among a crew so vulgar and so humbling.  
 And then the noise outwards the ocean coast ;  
 Coal carts and carriages together jumbling,  
 Would rend the devil's ears with their confounded  
 rumbling.

*Tom*—Yet something may be learned from such a  
 mass

Of population, as they move along.—  
 To mark the various faces as they pass,  
 All bent on something, either right or wrong,—  
 To read the character that may belong  
 To every new expression of the features,—  
 And, from the looks and airs of old and young,  
 To guess their occupations, feelings, natures,—  
 May teach some useful hints ament one's fellow-  
 creatures.

And, Dick, the ladies, man ! the ladies, Dick !  
 All gorgeous in apparel—glad and gay—  
 With looks and smiles that touch one to the quick.—  
*Dick*—The ladies, Tom?—the ladies at mid-day,  
 Laced, plumed, and paraded, in bright array,  
 Are so well fortified in the possession  
 Of pomp, and pride, and haberdashery,—  
 Adonis' self would fail to make impression !  
 So I resume my book and end this long degeneration.

F.

## SONNET.

TO J — Y —

'Tis vain to weep—the tears of sorrow flow ;  
 But flow, alas ! in vain, o'er the scared bloom  
 Of opening joy, when hope is sunk in gloom,  
 And all is dark and dead, no more to glow  
 With life and beauty. Pangs of heartiest woe  
 Are softened not by tears, when the last doom  
 Of death hath sealed our hope, and on the tomb  
 They trickle unwept—unheeded. When low,  
 The blighted hopes of love are laid, and o'er  
 Our soul broods absence loneliness ; nor tears,  
 Nor sighs, again can to our heart restore  
 Its wonted buoyancy—our grief but sears  
 Our hearts :—'tis thus, alas ! when now no more  
 My Jessie's love my soul illumines and cheers.

C. W. A.

October, 1824.

## REBUS.—Answer required.

Take a 3d of a man, let him be great or small ;  
 The 6th of an insect, that only can crawl ;  
 Take the 3d of a tip, and the 4th of a hand ;  
 A 6th part of noses ; a 4th part of grand ;  
 When all these nam'd parts you can make in rhyme  
 jingle,  
 Take the 6th of an Adjective, namely of single ;  
 Set them all in rotation, just one after one,  
 And tell me their names, and a work when all's done

SIMON SLY.

## VARIETIES.

**THE LATE LORD VISCOUNT SACKVILLE.** This nobleman was not more distinguished for his abilities, than for his amiable disposition. Of this, his domestics felt the comfort, living with him rather as humble friends, than as menial servants. His lordship one day entering his house, in Pall Mall, observed a large basket of vegetables standing in the hall, and inquired of the porter to whom they belonged, and from whence they came? Old John immediately replied, 'They are our's, my lord, from our country-house.'—'Very well,' rejoined the peer. At that instant a carriage stopped at the door, and Lord George, turning round, asked what coach it was, 'Our's' said honest John. 'and are the children in it *our's* too?' said his lordship laughing. 'Most certainly, my lord,' replied John, with the utmost gravity, and immediately ran to lift them out.

**IRISHMAN ROBBED.**—An Irishman having bought a sheep's head, had been to a friend for a direction to dress it. As he was returning, repeating the method, and holding his purchase under his arm, a dog snatched it, and ran away. 'Now, my dear joy,' said the Irishman to the dog,

'what a fool you make of yourself? What use will it be to you, as you don't know how it is to be dressed?'

**SCOTCH AND IRISH OFFICERS.**—As two military officers of the sister countries of Ireland and Scotland, were passing along Piccadilly, their attention was arrested by a pretty girl at work with her needle, behind the counter of a *Magazine des Modes*. The Hibernian instantly proposed to go into the shop, and purchase some trifle, by way of excuse, for obtaining a nearer inspection of the fair damsel.—'Hoot awa' man,' said the equally curious, but more economical Scot, 'there's na occasion to throw awa siller; let's gang in, and ask change o' twa sixpences for a sbilling.'

Answers given to the following Conundrums will oblige

PAUL PEREIL.

Why is a washerwoman like a church bell?

Why are two large rivers in Scotland like man and wife? with the names of the rivers.

Why is Lemmon juice like a good saying?

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry that we cannot admit W. M's lines.

We thank W. H. for his lines on Yarrow, but the original song is so much superior, that we are afraid comparison might be made to the injury of our correspondent.

After consulting with our friends, we are sorry the Effects of Society cannot be admitted.

Our Irvine correspondent, D. D. in our next.

We thank A. W. for his support, he will find his MSS. when he calls.

Our Paisley friend A. D. will soon have a place.

The packet of Titus is too heavy and inaccurate. We would not give offence, but must be impartial. D. is under consideration.

We thank S. M. R. and wish he would call at the office.

Montana is our next.

The Irish Cabibb wants interest.

Want of room alone prevented the poetry of Amicus from finding a place; he will be attended to in our next.

Best respects to J. Ogle. We will gratify the public with a peep next number.

Our Distressed Friend is so tedious, that we cannot sympathise with him.

No. 2.—Rambles in Cumberland in our next.

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## GIBRALTAR.

The very name of Gibraltar revives, in the bosom of every Briton, the spark of military ardour. It is justly considered as the brightest jewel of the British crown, which no boon, however splendid and valuable, could induce the nation ingloriously to barter. The importance of this fortress, which is considered by Europe as the key to the Mediterranean sea, does not seem to have been duly estimated by the Spaniards until they lost it; not even by the English, who became masters of it more through accident than design. Sir George Rooke had, in the year 1704, been sent into the Mediterranean with a strong fleet, to assist Charles, Archduke of Austria; but was so limited by instructions, as to be unable to effect any enterprise of importance. Unwilling to return to England with a powerful squadron without having achieved something, he called a council of war, and it was determined to attack Gibraltar.

On the 21st of July, 1704, the fleet reached the bay, and 1800 men, English and Dutch, commanded by the Prince of Hesse d'Armstadt, were immediately landed on the isthmus. On the 23d, the ships commenced a brisk cannonade on the new

mole, which, in five or six hours, drove the enemy from their guns in every quarter, but more completely from the New Mole head. Captain Whitaker, with the armed boats, was ordered to possess himself of that post; but Captains Hicks and Jumper, who lay with their ships nearest the mole, eager to share in every part of the glory, pushed ashore in their barges, before the other boats could come up. On their landing, the Spaniards sprung a mine upon them, which blew up the fortifications, killed two lieutenants and forty men, and wounded sixty. The assailants, however, kept possession of the work, and, being joined by Captain Whitaker, boldly advanced, and took a small bastion, half way betwixt the mole and the town. The Marquis de Salines, who was governor, being again summoned, thought proper to surrender; and the British colours, for the first time, waved over the rock of Gibraltar.

No sooner were the Spaniards acquainted with the loss of this important fortress, than they made every effort to regain it. Foiled in several attempts, they formed the extravagant and desperate scheme of surprising the garrison, although a British admiral was then before the town. On the 31st of October, five hundred volun-

teers took the sacrament, never to return till they had planted the Spanish flag on the battlements of Gibraltar. This forlorn hope was conducted by a goatherd, to the south side of the rock, near the Cave guard. They mounted the rock, and during the first night, lodged themselves unperceived in St. Michael's cave. On the succeeding night they scaled Charles the Fifth's wall, and surprised and massacred the guard at Middle Hill. By the assistance of ropes and ladders, they got up several hundreds of the party appointed to support them; but, being by this operation discovered, a strong detachment of grenadiers marched up from the town, and attacked them with such spirit, that one hundred and sixty of them were killed, or forced over the precipice; and a colonel and thirty officers, with the remainder, taken prisoners.

Since that period, several attacks have been made on Gibraltar, with no better success; but the greatest of all was the memorable siege of 1781-2, when France and Spain brought before it the most tremendous force ever employed in any modern siege. General Elliot, whose name has been immortalized and identified with the event, was at this time governor of Gibraltar, with a garrison of near 6000 men. The Spanish army, consisting of 14,000, was encamped within a mile and a half of the gates, and had constructed the most extensive works. These General Elliot determined, if possible, to destroy; and accordingly, on the night of the 27th of November, a *sortie* was made from the garrison, the enemy surprised, and their works set on fire, and blown up. All this was effected in less than two hours, and with the loss of one man only, who being the first to mount a battery, encountered the Spanish captain of artillery, whom he wound-

ed; but being wounded also, he could not be got off before the flames had reached him. The works thus destroyed, cost the Spaniards the enormous sum of thirteen millions of large piastres, equal to three millions sterling.

The Spanish monarch, mortified at the disgrace brought on his arms, and the great loss that he had sustained by this *sortie*, publicly declared his determination to have Gibraltar at all events, cost what it would. It was now determined to make the grand attack by sea and land, which had been so long projected; and the command of this mighty enterprise was given to the Duke de Crillon. From the arrival of this commandant, the most active preparations were made in constructing batteries, which, however, were frequently destroyed by the garrison. The whole force of the allied crowns seemed to have been centred in this spot, and such a naval and military spectacle is scarcely to be equalled in the annals of war. Their naval force consisted of forty-four large ships of the line, three inferior two deckers, ten battering ships, fire bomb-ketches, a great number of gun and mortar boats, and large floating battery, many armed vessels, and nearly three hundred boats. The land batteries were furnished with two hundred and forty-six pieces of cannon, mortars, and howitzers; and the combined army now amounted to forty thousand.

On the 13th of September, the grand attack was made by sea, and met by the garrison by a brisk fire of red-hot balls. After a few hours, the admiral's ship was observed to smoke, and eight more of the ships took fire in succession. Several of the battering ships exploded in the course of the following day; the remaining eight ships also blew up with terrible

explosions. Brigadier Curtis, with his squadron of gun-boats, exerted himself most gallantly in the cause of humanity, and saved upwards of three hundred persons from the ships which were on fire, who must otherwise inevitably have perished. Lord Howe afterwards arrived with a fleet, and reinforced the garrison. The Spaniards, after the failure of their grand attack, kept up a petty warfare until February, 1782, when the news of preliminaries of a general peace having been signed at Paris, terminated hostilities.

## RAMBLES IN CUMBERLAND.

No. 2.

### ROSELY FAIR.

'Laugh and grow fat at the follies you see.'

*Tongue's Jest Book.*

There is in sorrow, as well as in all the passions inwoven in the human frame, a seemingly mediocrity between an overpowering display of pathetic emotion, and callous insensibility. The features well adjusted, with the appearance of woe, and the outer man sombered over with its external trappings, has oftentimes belied the latent feelings of the heart; and could we draw aside the veil that obscures internal feeling from actual observation, we might possibly see joy playing in sportive beams around many a bosom, from the thoughts of the snug little fortune which reverted to them from the demise of those whom they outwardly affected to deplore. But there is actually no occasion for supernatural agency to establish the truth of this hypothesis: the conduct of many in this, as well as every era of the world, unfolds an ample and literal verification of its truth.

'They dance about, in all the mockery of woe, To midnight dances and the public show.'—*Pope*

I had just noted this down in my patch book, as an incontrovertible fact, when the Doctor entered my lodgings, at Wa——n. I never saw him decked so sprucely since the death of Amelia. The thatch of his attic was tastefully grained, and his prominent eyes beamed gracefully from beneath their

long jolly lashes as he stroked his beard, and said, I was just thinking ——, naming me, on dosing these tables. I think I have just mourned long enough for that sweet creature. God rest her soul! She is now far happier than I am; and though I should mourn from this to dooms-day, I could not add one jot to her stature: besides, you know, to-day is Rosely Fair. Bravo! said I to myself, here is a man who treads the middle path of right feeling: he loved Amelia while she was in life, and seriously lamented her loss at death; but now, that the intensity of his feelings and abated, he wishes to maintain the outward appearance of grief no longer, than he retains its realities upon his heart. Besides, said I to myself, to-day is Rosely Fair. The thought had an instantaneous effect upon me; I started up with wonderful agility, considering my green old age, adjusted my auburn wig, and seized my oaken staff, round the huge head of which, I had, as a token of respect for my native place, engraven, 'Let Glasgow Flourish!' and forthwith, the Doctor and I sallied into the open air, and boldly set our faces toward Rosely. Its distance from Wa——n was 5 miles. It was a most delightful morning. How shall I paint it? Spirit of Hoggarth, assist me! Phœbus was scaling the blue vault, and shedding his refulgent beams on the sides of the distant mountains, which seemed to thrust their towering tops into the azure, and mark nature's boundaries. The sweets of expanding flowers were gently exhaling, whilst boyish zephyrs fanned around the ambrosial fragrance. The fertile vales were sprung up in rich luxuriance, to cheer the heart, and repay the toil of the laborious husbandman. The meadows were sprucely dressed in emerald robes, tastefully set with daisies and cowslip; and over the lee, the shepherd played his morning air, while the sportive lambs gambolled about, in all the gaiety of innocence. The lark, high poised in air, caroled his joyful song, while the black bird and the mellow-thrush, poured their melody on the tuneful ear, from the groves and thickets which occasionally diversified the scenery; in one word, all nature was rejoicing; and under its sweet inspiration, we soon arrived at Rosely. The ground on which the fair was held, lay on the side of the highway, and was situated in a kind of central position of the county of Cumberland. It had been appropriated, time

inmemorial, to this purpose; but its present owner had showed some disposition to infringe an ancient privilege, (as I was informed,) and as one step towards this, had surrounded it with a parapet. Through it we, however, soon found an entrance, and (as you know, Mr. Editor, men, like monkeys, are often fond of showing themselves,) made our way to the front of the crowd. Heavens! what a Babel of strife was here! Human nature, in two of its many forbidding forms, presented itself in the persons of two showmen, who were vying with each other for pre-eminence in their honourable occupation; one of them was a little squat bandy-legged fellow, with a voice as hoarse and monotonous as the rattle of a millstone. Cerberus; this, he occasionally put forth in roundly bawling, 'Walk up, gentlemen, walk up;' and concluded every effort of this kind with something like an assurance that every thing worth looking at, was contained within the precincts of his paltry caravan. He was assisted by a Babylonish dame,\* a plume of feathers nodded over her face, it was nicely besmeared with paint; but, in spite of this paltry substitute for beauty, it was visible that unsparing time was ploughing his furrows there, and setting his seal upon her withering lips, as they pronounced, 'Walk up, walk up, gentlemen and ladies. I candidly assure you, that what Monsieur Grumblegutter says is true, and if you an't satisfied with the performance, I shall, upon my honour I shall, return your money.' 'Honour!' exclaimed the Doctor, 'a fiddlestick, d'ye hear that old beldame honour? O shame, where is thy blush? Fled, I suppose, with the natural colour of her face, I an't joking now. By the time that their d— mummies, are over on the deck, this honourable lady will dive into the cockpit, and leave the clodpoles, the surest road to honour, in a trip down that there scurvy ladder.'

The other was a long lean fellow. His general appearance bore some analogy to Dr. Syntax in quest of the Marvellous. The powers of his body and mind seemed gone; for the being seemed to be centered in his elbows, and exerted in clanking a pair of old

rusty cymbals, in order to drown the clamour of Grumblegutter. A merry Andrew was making wry faces, at the crowd, and running over his well-conned vocabulary of antic vagaries, and occasionally pointing to the painted canvass, which hung in front of the caravan: 'this, I understood, was as much as to say, "Look'e, gentlemen, this speaks for itself." To the right of these, stood a tun-bellied German, one of the many rightfult successors to Herman Boast, in the mysteries of hocus pocus and legerdemain. Whether it was magic rings, potent incantations, or the names of two of the fancy, viz. Chicken and Johnson, who were exhibiting within, that attracted the attention of the crowd; I cannot pretend to determine; but certain it is, that the German monopolised all the trade, while the two rivals were repaid with the noise, for the seemingly small trouble of making it. We were now heartily tired with contemplating this motley caricature of human folly; and accordingly retreated to the back ground, while the Doctor muttered, 'A murrain seize them, what a pity nature intended them for men!' and such like cynical expressions. Here, all was bustle and animation; joy seemed to have erected a throne in every bosom, and mirth a seat on every countenance. The wag was playing off his drogeries upon the simpleton, while he, little suspecting that he was his butt, swelled with his laugh, the long and loud peal of merriment, at his own expense. Here, the man of gaiety was in his proper element, as objects of attraction, diversified in kind and name, were floating about like motes in sun-beams. The grave and the morose had apparently left their every-day faces behind them, with a solemn injunction not to trouble them till to-morrow: indeed, were one disposed to take as a criterion, the time to which I now allude, I might, with tolerable safety, assert that bad nature would never be more seen in Cumberland. But to proceed, the cynic had forgot his snappishness, and seemed for once resolved to let others live, and move, and breathe as well as himself. The moral man slackened the bridle of restraint, and gave a holiday to some of

\* I do not mean to say that this lady, pardon me, belonged to Babylon; no, no, she might be a native of Cross-in-Luif, for any thing I know: but sure am I, that I have often heard both clergymen and laity talk of the whore of Babylon; now, it is only to assure these gentlemen, that this was not her, that I have taken the additional trouble of writing this foot note.

the grosser appetites that was incorporated with his existence, hoping, in all probability, that, like a good catholic, he might, by an act of supererogation, transfer the surplus of some days' good deeds, to the chasm made in morality, by the sports of Rosely Fair. My friend, the Doctor, was a moral man; but, the encircling motto of all his actions on that day was, 'Let us enjoy ourselves, Rosely Fair comes only once a year,' &c. The amorous had ample scope for all their cupidical prowess, as the fair sex were floating about in vast variety, between the stiff Z—— virtuoso, and she whose virtue sits as easily upon her as smiles do upon a coquette.\*

Rosely town is of itself a contemptible place. A few houses are all that support the name, and these are built without the least regard to regularity. But the landlords of ale houses, in the surrounding towns and villages, had erected tents upon the ground, for the purpose of furnishing refreshments for such as wanted them, and means of inebriety to those who wished to engage in Bacchanalian orgies.

\* The votary of Bacchus sips sweets from the vintage  
Until its meanderings pervades every pore;  
His body's a barrel; his pocket's a mintage,  
That oftentimes is drain'd to pay a sweet score.

As the tipplers emerged from these canvass suttlng houses, and joined the crowd, the pleasure and enjoyment which prevailed on the former part of the day, gave place to the nonsensical hiccups of inebriety. Rings were formed, and pugilistic exhibitions began to predominate over every other. As neither the Doctor nor I was initiated, we now consulted our safety in an honourable retreat. As we were leaving the field, we witnessed a display of science between a noisy fellow, of the name of Moffat, a native of W——, and another whom the Doctor did not know. The eyes of the latter were in deep mournings. Moffat was the favourite of the fancy, and two to one upon his head was resounded with stentorian lungs from

almost every corner; but, O fate, how devious are thy ways! at the very time that Moffat was cock sure of victory, his sabbeyed antagonist lent him a turn one between the day lights, which fairly floored him; as he showed no innate inclination of again coming to the scratch, the victory was, of course, awarded to the unknown. I would not have adverted to this scene of folly, had it not been for the opportunity it afforded me of slightly glancing at the conduct of one of the sportsmen. He was one of the two to one heroes on the head of the vanquished; consequently, it was now his turn to pay: he accordingly slipped his hand into his pocket, with perfect sang froid, to satisfy the demand of his opponent; but, suddenly contracting his brows into a frown, he exclaimed, 'Egad, some of the nimble-figured ones has been making clean work here; the deuce a stiver is left; my pocket is here sure enough; but where is my money? Well, Rosely is a cursed scally place, to be sure; one would almost require to have eyes in their —— to keep their own; but there is no cure like patience for misfortune; as the saying is, we must look about us for time to come.' Here he ended his harangue. I felt something like pity for the fellow, till I was informed by some who knew him, that he was a notorious sharper, who, to rid himself from his present dilemma, had trumped up the present story. When I contradicted this account with his own indifference at his pretended loss, I was fully persuaded that it was the true representation of his character; and, in unison with this conviction, I exchanged pity for disdain, and darting a look of it indignantly at him, the Doctor and I left the field.

The day was, by this time, pretty far advanced. The sky which had been hitherto serene, lowered, and copious showers of rain presented a striking contrast to the finery of the morning. The few houses in Rosely were soon crowded to excess, and candidates for admission be-

\* Some of my readers may probably suppose that I am over colouring the picture, but the very reverse of this is the case. Were I to do my present subject justice, I would, at least, occupy one number of the Melange; but as I have no stomach for this kind of work, I have only taken a superficial view of some of the leading peculiarities of Rosely Fair, without hinting at the extensive traffic that is carried on by men, from almost every part of the kingdom. Besides these, all the itinerant vagabonds, from Johnny Grot's house to lands end, float about like locusts in Egypt, loaded with their portable puppy-shows, rowly powlics, wheels of fortune, money tables, dice boxes, and dancing dogs.

sieged the doors; into one of these, the Doctor and I found means to force a passage: within, all was noise and bustle. We were in the downer flat; the loft above us was trembling with a load of dancers. As dancing was congenial to the temperament of my friend, he must needs be aloft; I followed him. He had one particular advantage over many, namely, that of suiting himself to the humours of the different companies into which choice or necessity might lead him. Were I to do justice to his character, I would, for this night at least, classify him among the amorous; but his success in the prosecution of this character was a little more questionable than his right to the title. He did indeed ogle about wickedly, and tipped the wink with easy debonaire; but some cursed rival undeviatingly interposed between him and the object of his desires; till at last, by dint of fair battery, he gained a dulcinea. She was richly dressed, and possessed tolerable symmetry of form; but her face—pardon me, my dear Florida, I must be candid to the eye of a superficial observer—it met with a disaster somewhat analogous to that of Rollas, when he crept quietly out of his skin; but the Doctor was satisfied, and pr'ythee, what occasion had I to be otherwise? But after all, the theoretical part of any thing is easier than the practical. I have a good deal of owl's gravity blended in my features, but not so much as could keep them to the grave side, when this non-delicate began to recount the number of her admirers, and their devotedness to her service.

Who span'd her waist, and who, where'er he came,  
Scrawl'd upon glass Florida's lovely name:  
Who stole her slippers, till'd it with tokey,  
And drank the little bumper every day.—*Cowper.*

She observed the bent of my muscles, and resented it by indignantly pouting with her lips, and, for aught I know, inwardly contented herself with parodising one of Esop's fables, in the following manner: 'You, Scottish dog, I see, you look upon the fruit as if it were sour; and why so? because you cannot get at it; no, that you cannot, though you stood upon longer legs than those which support your little fabric.' However, as I before said, the Doctor was content, and shuffled away, till his legs almost tottered below him. We now thought of bending our steps back to Wa——n, and accordingly descended. All there, was noise and confusion. All were indiscriminately blended

together, each party had their separate topics of discussion. Hence the clamour arising from all rendered it intolerable. Quarrels had taken place, and fights ensued. The face of the clock was broken, for no other fault, I suppose, than that of marking the progress of time. Tinkers, ballad singers, and dray men surrounded the fire, and enjoyed themselves in their own way, as well as the best. We beat our march through the whole, safely reached Wa——n, and reeled to bed as Chanticleer was proclaiming the next dawning morn.

Amica

### THE PATRIOTIC SMUGGLER.

A man of notorious celebrity in the annals of smuggling, and whose name was Johnson, had, by some extraordinary exertions, escaped from a prison in London, in 1803. He fled to the continent, and principally resided in Flushing. On the commencement of hostilities, this man was arrested by order of the French Government, and conveyed to a prison at Boulogne: he was accused of having piloted the British fleet to the Helder, during the late war. In a few days after Johnson was lodged in confinement, a marine officer (who, for some time past, had been sedulously employed in obtaining British pilots) called upon him, and, after some preliminary observations, entered upon the chief object of his mission. 'I am told,' said the officer, 'you are well acquainted with the opposite coast.' 'I know every sounding and creek,' replied Johnson; 'and what then?' 'Why, my good friend,' continued the visitor, 'if you will engage to pilot a certain division of the French fleet to the British coast, and conduct yourself on that occasion with fidelity, I am directed to say, a general pardon will not only be granted to you, but an ample provision settled upon you during the remainder of your life.' The answer of this virtuous delinquent

should never be forgotten. 'Sir,' replied Johnson, 'I have not been kindly used by my country; but, notwithstanding that, *I cannot be a traitor*. I consider your proposal, Sir, as an insult, and treat it with the disdain it merits.' The officer admiring his principles and resolution, endeavoured to soothe him into a compliance, which Johnson observing, very calmly said to him, 'Do not endeavour, Sir, to render me a villain in my own estimation; indeed, were I to undertake the treason you propose, I am confident that, in the hour of trial, my heart would guide me to my duty, and *I should betray you*.' This roused the Frenchman, who exclaimed, 'Then, villain, you shall die.' '*With all my heart*,' said Johnson; and in a tone of voice highly expressive of his determination, said 'The sooner the better—I am prepared—I have no favour to ask but one—over my grave let it be written, in legible characters,

HERE LIES

AN HONEST ENGLISH SMUGGLER,

*Who scorned to betray his country.*

### TO MISS A——.

DEAR MADAM,—The other day, when perusing a volume of the Spectator, I observed the following letter:

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am, Sir, a member of a small pious congregation, near one of the north gates of this city. Much the greater part of us indeed are females, and used to conduct ourselves in a regular attentive manner, till very lately one whole isle has been disturbed with one of those set of men whom I choose to denominate Starers; that, without any regard to time, place, or modesty, frequently are known to disturb large companies with their impertinent eyes. He is the head taller than any in the church; but, for the greater advantage of exposing himself, stands upon a tiptoe, and commands the whole congregation, to the great annoyance of the devouter part of the audi-

tory; for what, with blushing, confusion, and vexation, we can neither mind the prayer nor sermon. Your animadversions upon this insolence would be a great favour to, Sir,

Your most humble servant,  
S. C.

Now, my dear, this account has given me a great deal of concern and apprehension, that I may have been offending you in a similar manner, in so much, that on reading the letter, and the remarks which precede and follow it, I resolved never to look at you more. But on farther consideration, it occurred to me that there were many aggravations in the conduct of the Starer above complained of, which I was not guilty of. For example, I do not, like him, stand upon any place, nor am I the head taller than any in the congregation; neither do I gaze at you during the prayer, and seldom at the time of the psalmody. My glances, too, are of so secret a nature, that, with the exception of one young lady, whom I sometimes suspect you have set as a watch upon me, no body but yourself is privy to them. In this important point, long practice has made me remarkably expert. I do not, like some inexperienced in the science of optics, lift my eyes off the minister, and directly cast them upon you; but, when I am disposed to have a look at you, I generally first lull the suspicion of the audience, by casting about with my eyes along the roof and walls of the church, and descending, I take a general view of all the faces in the gallery, and by this means receive a glimpse of yours, the most beautiful and interesting of the whole, as it were; *by the way*, which is a sufficient reward for all my trouble. At other times, for it would be dangerous not to vary my stratagems, I make my starting-post a tall, lean,

gentleman, who never suspects my real design, as being a divinity student of some vanity, he flatters himself I look at him in compliment to his genius; and from him I describe a circuitous route to the seat of attraction. When there is any noise or bustling, occasioned by people taking or leaving their seats, in your neighbourhood, I take care never to lose such opportunities of indulging my favourite propensity with impunity. I was much gratified sometime since by a woman fainting near you; and the consternation which the people were thrown into by the apparent demise of the precentor in his box, gave me inexpressible pleasure. The old woman too, who contended with Somnus for leading the music, was not lost upon me.

You will have observed, I think, Madam, that it is generally when the sermon is not very interesting, or, on the contrary, at the close of any splendid passage in a great discourse, that I indulge most in the passion. I take a pleasure in observing the glow of feeling, which the thrilling eloquence of our pastor suffuses over your countenance; and from which exhibitions, I have formed a very favourable opinion of your mind and understanding.—Indeed, your face has become to me a very expressive one—inasmuch, that without any vain affectation on your part, I can satisfy myself with a single glance, whether you agree with me in the excellence or puerility of any saying, in the beauty or infirmity of any illustration.

Now, my dear, it is with you to determine whether I am to continue, or if I am to forego this pleasant recreation. The question is, does it disturb or incommode you in the smallest? The many dull sermons which, since the amiable Mr. I, left us, the arrangements of St. J. subject us to; I would

plead as an argument to let me go on. And again, that generous desire of expressing, by some means or other, the satisfaction and delight which we are all made to feel by the force of irresistible eloquence, is another argument which I offer to your consideration, for a decision in my favour. I will say nothing of the pleasure which one feels in looking at beauty; for that would equally offend your modesty and piety; and will conclude this epistle, by expressing a hope, that, if you do deprive me of the pleasure of looking at you, you will, as an equivalent, encourage my often-foiled resolution of speaking to you, by some little, nameless indication, that you would not frown upon the attempt.

I am, Dear Madam,

Your humble admirer,

JOHN OGLE.

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

*Concluded.*

‘I renounce the sinfulness of long thrums and short ellwands, now and for ever more, Amen,’ muttered the overthrown head of the venerable calling of the weavers. ‘Long thrums and short ellwands,’ said he, of the smithy to him of the loom; ‘I’ll remember his confession, however—there’s knavery in all crafts, save mine.’ ‘Avaunt, avaunt, whither wilt thou carry me!’ exclaimed the deacon; ‘that man hath perfect blessedness, who walketh not astray in counsel of ungodly men.’ ‘O! that I could mind a prayer now, when a prayer might be of service, and no be borne away owre the fiend’s left shoulder like holy Willie gaun hame with a customer’s web.’ ‘The man’s demented,’ muttered the Elder; ‘possess’d by a demon—fairly possess’d—here, Bailie, bear thou his heels, I’ll



bear up his head, and let us carry him home, and deliver him up to the admonition of dame Marion.' And lifting aloft the weaver as they spoke, away they marched—but not without speech or resistance. 'A fiend at my head, and a fiend at my feet! Lost beyond redemption! Lost beyond redemption!' O! if I man be doomed, let me lie in my grave like other sinners, and no be borne away to be picked by the fiend behind the stake and ryse dike that divides the foul place from purgatory, like a gled picking a cock-bird.' Their entrance into the chamber beside dame Marion, seemed at first to augment his terror—he shut his eyes, and clenched his hands, in the resolute agony of despair. 'Ah! the black pit, and the burning fire, wi' fiends to torment me in the shape of holy Willie Warpentree, and that wicked body Bailie Burnewin,' 'A she-fiend too! Na, then there's nae redemption for me—I'm in the hollowest hell, I'll warrant me!' and half unclosing his eyes, they wandered with something of a half insane and half suspicious scrutiny around the elder's apartment.

At this irreverent allusion to herself and her sex, the yoke-fellow of the elder exclaimed: 'Ungracious and graceless body, I'll she-fiend thee!' and, lifting up a spoonful of the fat liquid in which the haggis had been immersed, she threw it fairly in his face. This application was much more effectual than the grave inquiries of her husband; the liquid, too cool to scald, and yet hot enough to make flesh feel, caused him to utter a scream. 'Well done, she-fiend!' said the blacksmith, 'if a woman's wit brings nae a man to his senses, I wot nae what will.' The afflicted weaver opened his eyes, exclaimed, 'Praise be blest!' leaped to his feet, shouted, 'redeemed!

redeemed!—won from the clutches of the auld enemy, and set on my feet at the fire-side of my sworn friend, William Warpentree. But, O! man, I have gotten such a fright this blessed evening, as will gang wi' me to my grave.'

'Fright!' said Marion, 'what could have frightened ye in the douce Kirk-gate of Dumsfries; the kirk at your lug, the kirkyard at your elbow, and the fear o' God afore ye, and a gallant bowl of brandy punch in your hand. I feel the smell of the spilt mercies yet, ye donard bodie; what fiend made ye coup the creels, and scream you way?' 'Woman, woman' said the elder to his spouse, 'bridle thy unruly tongue, and curb thy irreverent speech—this man hath, peradventure, seen something: which he will do well to disburthen his conscience in describing.' 'I shall make bauld to tell ye,' said the deacon of the weavers, 'how it happened, and whereabout; but, O! man, never let sinful flesh pride itself again in the joys of this world. Who would have thought that a man like me, a bowl of reeking punch in one hand, and buttered short cake in the other; the town clock chapping eleven, a glass in my head, the pavement beneath, and my friend's door open before me, should in ae moment be spoiled and bereaved of all in which he had sinfully prided. O! William Warpentree—flesh and blood—flesh and blood. Here he wiped away the moisture of Marion's haggis from his face, muttered, 'Grace be near me, I'm barely come to my senses yet—Lord, I'll never forget it—how can I—I'm a doomed creature, that's certain.' The elder enjoined him to tell why he was disquieted—the elder's wife desired to know what elf or brownie had scared him out of any little sense he ever laid claim to; while the Bailie declared, it would be a droll tale that

would recompense him for the privation of the spilt punch.

'O! hard, hard!' exclaimed the deacon of the weavers, 'I maun be frightened out of my senses ae minute with the Packman's ghost, and fairly die in describing it the next.' 'The Packman's ghost!' exclaimed the three auditors, at once gathering round the affrighted deacon. 'Yes! the Packman's ghost,' said he, 'give me leave to breathe, and I shall tell ye. As I came out to the street, there was a slight fall of snow; the way was as white afore me as a linen web—a light glimmered here and there—the brightest was in the home of Lowrie Linchpin, the Haunted House ye ken; the carle lies in a departing state.—As I looked o'er to his window, I thought to myself, the minister, or some of the elders will be there, doubtless, and a bonnie death-bed story he'll make on't if he tells the truth.—And then I stood and thought, may be, on the wild stories the neighbours tell of sights seen at midnight around his house—how he cannot rest in his bed, but converses with his dumb horse to drown darker thoughts: while atween his own house and the stable, the shadowy fingers of an auld Packman are seen plucking at him. A goid pose Auld Linchpin got by nicking the pedlar's thrapple, else there are many liars. There was my dooce gudemother, ye mind her weel Bailie, many a mutchkin of brandy you and auld Brandyburn, and John Borland, and Edgar Wright, and ane I winna name emptied ahint her hallan. Aweel thae days are gane, and my gudemother too; but mony a time she told me, when she was a stripling of a lassie, that the auld Packman (nae other name had he) was seen coming laden, horse and man, along the lane to the house of Lowrie Linchpin.—He was never more seen; but his

horse ran masterless about the fields, and mony a ride she and Peg Lawson, and Nell Thomson had: their daughters are fine madams now, and would nae like to hear that their mothers rode round the own meadows on a strayed horse, but its true that I tell ye.'

'And now,' said the deacon, 'I am come to the present concernment. I stood looking at old Ne'er-do-good's house, and thinking how soon he might be summoned, and what a black account he would render; when lo, and behold! what should I see coming towards me from auld Lowrie's, but a creature,—the queerest creature that een ever saw: I thought I should have sunk where I stood, with dread, and yet the worst had not happened. I could nae for my soul take my een from it, and straight towards me it came. I think I see it yet—the breeks of hodan gray, the Packman plaid, and the Kilmarnock bonnet: the hair of my own head, gray and thin though it be, raised the bonnet from my own brow. O! William Warpentree, could I have remembered but three words of thy prayer which seven times to my knowledge ye have poured out before the men who swear by the wolf's head and shuttle in its mouth, I might have come off crouse perchance, and triumphant. But the world winna credit it—I tried to pray—I tried to bless myself, I could neither do the one nor the other, and curses and discreditable oaths came to my lips; I shall never dare to sing a psalm, or speak of a thing that's holy again.'

The deacon's story had proceeded thus far; Marion had with a light foot, and a diligent hand, and an ear that drank in every word of the narrative, replenished the table with a noble haggis reeking and rich, and distilling streams of amber from every pore; while, from the collops scored, a smoke thick and savoury ascended;

and a table of inferior size exhibited an ancient punch-bowl curiously hooped and clasped, flanked by a brace of gardevines, filled to the corks with choice gin and brandy. Upon the whole looked the elder and Bailie with a strong wish that the deacon's adventure with the pedlar's apparition would come to a close. A hurried foot in the street, and a mighty rap, rap, rap at the door, equal to the demolishing of any ordinary hinges, accomplished the good man's wish. Ere Marion could say—'Come in,'—in started an ancient Kirkgate dame, her hood awry, and a drinking-cup, which her hurry had not hindered her to drain, though she found no leisure to set it down, was still in her right hand. She stood with her lips apart, and pointed towards the haunted house of old Linchpin, half choked with agitation and haste. 'The saints be near us, woman; have ye seen a spirit also?' said Bailie Burnewin. 'Spirit,' said the dame, an interrogatory suggesting words which she could not otherwise find—'ten times worse than a thousand spirits—I would rather face all the shadows of sinners which haunt the earth, than sit five minutes longer by the bedside of auld Lowrie; the fiends have hold of him, there's little doubt of that—for he's talking to them, and bargaining for a cozie seat in the lowing heugh—its fearful to hear him—and what can have brought the evil spirits around him already—naebody will dispute possession; and then he thinks the Packman is at his elbow, and begins to speak about the old throat-cutting story, but his wife, a wicked carlin and a stout, lays ever her hand on his mouth, and cries out, 'He's raving, sirs, he's raving!' But I think I'm raving myself.—Come away, Elder, Warpentree, and try and speak solace to his soul, though it be a rotten and a doomed one; he may

as well gang to hell with the words of salvation sounding in his ear.'

Sore groaned the devout man at this ungracious and untimely summons; he looked on the smoking supper-table; he thought on the wretched and the worthless being, for whose soul's welfare he was called to minister by prayer and supplication—and despairing of success in his intercession, he threw himself into a chair, pulled it to the head of the table, laid aside his cap, and spread forth his hands like one ready to bless the savoury morsel before him. The Christian spirit of the messenger, reinforced by strong drink, came down like a whirlwind. 'A bonnie elder of God's kirk, indeed, to sit down to his smoking supper, with his full-fed cronies aside him—and leave a poor soul to sink among the fathomless waters of eternity. Had it been a douce and a devout person that was at death's door, the haste might have been less; but a being covered with crimes as with a garment, whose left hand clutched men's gold, and whose right hand wrought murder, it's a burning shame and a crying scandal, not to fly and seek to save, and send him the road of repentance. A bonnie elder, indeed! O my conscience, Sir, if I had but spared to Sunday—if I stand nae up and proclaim ye for a sensual and selfish man, who shuns the dying man's couch, for the sake of a savoury supper, may the holy minister give me a hot face, clad in a penitential garment on the cutty stool.' During this outpouring of remonstrance and wrath, the good man found leisure for reflection; he rose ere she concluded, assumed his hat and mantle, and saying, 'I will go to the couch of this wicked man; but wicked should I be to hold out the hope that an hour of repentance will atone for an age of crime.—It's but casting precious words

away, and might as well try to make damask napery out of sackcloth thrums, as make a member for bliss out of such a sinner as Lowrie Linchpin.

When the elder entered the dying man's abode, he found him seated in his arm chair, pale and exhausted, his clothes torn to shreds, and his hair (as lint, white and long, as if it had waved over the temples of a saint) scattered about in handfuls; while his wife, a stern and stout old dame, pinioned him down in his seat, and fixed upon him two fierce and threatening eyes, of which he seemed to be in awe. 'And what, in the fiend's name brought auld Wylie Warpentree at this uncivil hour, when we have more distress than heart can well endure,' said she of the haunted house; 'are ye come to steal our purse under the pretence of prayer, like bonnie Elder Haudthegrup? de'il may care if ye were all dancing on the morning air in a St. Johnstone cravat, the land would be well rid of ye.' 'Woman, woman,' said the elder, in a tone of sorrow and Christian submission, 'wherefore should ye asperse the servant of Him above; I come not here to take, neither come I hither to steal, but I come to one sick and subdued in spirit, sick even unto death, for the hand of the enemy will soon be upon him. 'O man!' said he, addressing the dying person, 'if ye had seven years to live, as ye may have but seven minutes; if your soul was as pure as the unfallen snow, now descending at your window, instead of being stained as with ink, and spotted as with crimson, I say unto you repent—repent—cast thyself in the ashes—groan and spread thy hands night, and morn, and noontide—thy spirit will find it all too little to atone for thy faults, and for——' 'Devil! wilt thou talk about the Pedlar also?' exclaimed

dame Linchpin, placing her hand as she spoke on the mouth of the elder; 'it's enough that my poor old demented husband should upbraid me with planning and plotting out, without thy uncivil tongue. O sirs! but I am a poor broken-hearted mad old woman, and my words should not be minded to my character's harm; and she covered her face with her hands, and wept aloud.

'Ay, ay!' exclaimed her husband, 'I'm coming—I'm coming—will ye not indulge me with another little-little-year—I have much to settle—much to do, and much to say, and I'm not so old—what is seventy and eight?—there's twenty in the parish older, and my limbs are strong, and my sight's good—I can see to read the small print Bible without glass, and that's a gallant brag at my time of life. Weel, weel, all flesh is grass, the word says that; and I shall fulfil it—but wherefore am I not to die in my bed like my douce father? ye will never punish an old man like me—it's bad for the land when the gallows sees gray hairs. Prove it! who will prove it, I pray thee?—who shall tell that I slew him for his gold?—how my wife plotted his death, and helped me bravely to spill his blood, and rifle his well-filled pack?—Ah, mony a bonnie summer day has she gone gaily to kirk and market with the price of our salvation on her back—She gave a gallant mantle from the pack to the proud wife of Provost Mucklejohn; the wife's good luck was ended; she gave a plaid to Bailie Proudfoot, and proud was he no longer; he was found drowned in the Nith on the third day; it was nae sonsie to wear the silks and satins, and fine raiment, of which a dead man was the owner. Weel, weel, woman, if ye will tell of me, even tell—all that ye can say is easily summed. Hearken, and I will dis-

close it myself. He came with his packs and his pillows filled with rich satins and fine twined linen, and silver in his pouch, and gold in his purse. I was poor, and my mind was prone to evil.' Here he clenched his teeth, wrung his hands fiercely for a moment, his colour changed, his lips quivered, and he said, in a low and determined tone, 'I see him, there he sits; there he sits; a thousand and a thousand times have I seen him seated and watching, and he will have me soon: Ah, it's he—it's he! My dog Tippler sees him too, and the creature shivers with fear, for he lapt his blood as it streamed o'er my wife's knuckles upon the floor.' The dying man paused again, and he said, 'Wife, woman, fiend, why come ye not when I call? Wipe my brow, woman, and clear my een, and let me look on something that seems as a black shadow seated beside me:' and passing his own hand over his eyes, he looked steadfastly on the elder, and uttering a cry of fear, fell back in his chair, and lay, with his palms spread over his face, muttering, 'I thought it was something from the other world; and it's ten times worse; an elder of the kirk! an elder of the kirk! He's come to hearken to my disordered words; to listen to my ravings, and bear witness against me. O, farewell to the fair, and the honest, and the spotless name that my father gave me. The name of my Forebears will be put in a prayer, made a proverb in a sermon, and halloed in a psalm; the auld wives as they go to the kirk will shake their Bibles at the naked walls, and the haunted house, and say, Blood has been avenged.' The shudder of death came upon him; he tried to start from his seat; he held out his hands like one repulsing the approach of an enemy, and uttering a loud groan expired. 'I have been at many a

death-bed,' said William Warpentree, resuming his seat at his supper-table, and casting a look of sorrow on the diminished haggis—'but I never was at the marrow of this;—and now for the collops scored.'

#### THEATRICAL NOTICES.

It is a common cant to decry Glasgow for want of taste, because, with its immense wealth and population, it will not, or cannot support a body of regular players. This species of cant is however more specious than solid; and not the less so, that it has been echoed and re-echoed five hundred times since our large theatre was built. If managers imagine, that a company of broken-winded hacks, who are fitter to rant before clowns in a barn than do any thing else, can satisfy the inhabitants of an intelligent city, they will find themselves mistaken; and if the said managers meet with disappointment in bringing these hacks before the public, who are to blame? It says a great deal for the good sense of the Glasgow people, that they discountenance such *balderdash*. It proves that they possess a taste often denied them, and, more than any thing else, shows that their purses are open to merit, and merit alone. If they did encourage such exhibitions, they might be fairly charged, not with wanting taste, but with possessing a taste vitiated and absurd in the highest degree. We do not say, that a perpetual company would meet with constant encouragement, but send good actors now and then, and they will be encouraged. There is no instance whatever to the contrary, Kean, O'Neil, Matthews, Braham, Mackay, Catalani, and a host of other eminent hands, are living evidences of the liberality of the Glasgow public, to deserving performers. The Musical

Festival, a monument of folly on the one hand, and profusion on the other, shows to what lengths it will go. Even Mr. Kean, with the band of miserable clodpates who lately attended him, drew full houses. We are led to these remarks, from observing the reception which Miss Stephens met with in her six nights of performance. Messrs. Mackay and Calcraft, we will venture to say, have reaped no bad harvest in bringing forward this lady. And they deserve all their success, for on their part nothing was omitted that could give satisfaction. The band was excellent, so were two or three of the performers, and the rest were very respectable. Mr. Mackay, in his favourite Baillie, and Mr. Calcraft, in his matchless personation of the poor Frenchman, were both first rate performances, and quite enough to draw good houses. Of Miss Stephens, it is impossible to speak too highly.—She is certainly an admirable singer.—Nothing can possibly surpass the purity, clearness, and precision of her style. Her voice possesses a richness, combined with a silvery tone, and melody which can scarcely be equalled. Compared with Mrs. Salmon, she may be said to stand in the same relation as a violin to a flute. Not that she is a finer singer than the latter, but that her voice possesses greater compass, flexibility, variety, and ease. In Mrs. Salmon there is a softness and melting melody, which resemble the finest tones of the flute. In Miss Stephens, the notes bear such a resemblance to the violin, that it was sometimes impossible to distinguish her voice from the fiddles which accompanied it. This was the triumph of the human voice, and proved that it may possess a richness and sweetness not inferior to the cadence of that divine instrument. We will venture to say that Yanicwicz or Spagniol-

lessi themselves, could not draw forth, with all their matchless skill, more delicate tones, than proceeded from Miss Stephens! She may be said to hold a middle rank between Madame Catalani and Mrs. Salmon. She has not the boundless compass, and rending tones of the wonderful Italian—nor the thrilling power which fills, with a volume of sound, the most capacious apartments—nor that faculty which arrests the heart in astonishment, and stamps its possessor as the *Queen of Singers*. Neither has she the soft, melting, flute-like tones of Mrs. Salmon, which fall upon the ravished ear in a soft delicious enchantment. Miss Stephens has none of these in such perfection as the above-mentioned ladies—but she inherits a portion of their respective qualities, which are blended together so harmoniously as to produce a singer—not greater, but to British ears more delightful than either. We say to British ears, for of the two other singers, Catalani did not delight—she merely amazed our public. Let the British, but more especially the Scotch, talk as they will of the pleasure they experienced. Let them tell how their hearts thrilled at her ear-piercing notes—how they were rapt in delight at the boundless compass of her vocal powers! and how they felt her songs in all their beauty. We tell them plainly that they felt no delight—that the almost magical combination of melody went to their ears, and went no farther—that there was nothing in her style—no feeling with which they could possibly sympathise, and that, if they felt any emotion, it was one of wonder, and wonder alone. What sympathy can a Scot be supposed to feel, in hearing songs of whose meaning and language he was totally ignorant: or what resemblance is traceable between the complexity of her songs, and the at-

most proverbial simplicity of the Scottish music? None! Every one who hears Catalani, must feel deep astonishment at her powers; but none except Italians, or those whose natural taste has been vitiated with intricate melody, can possibly feel anything like delight. Connoisseurs, or professed judges, may be allowed to feel pleasure, but plain, ordinary Scottish ears, must be contented with simple admiration. But the feeling, with regard to Miss Stephens, is different. She sings beautifully, simply, affectingly—and finds an echo in every heart. ‘The solder tir’d’ and ‘Charlie is my darling,’ are two of her finest performances. The latter, in particular, she sung with exceeding sweetness and pathos. The song ‘Nid nid noddin,’ was likewise sung. It is a pity that this fine air should be coupled with such stupid words. What would hinder the Ettrick Shepherd, or Allan Cunningham, to suit it with proper poetry?

Mr. Leoni Lee appeared in different characters. Among others, in Harry Bertram, but he did the character no great credit. In truth, it is not very susceptible of effect, either in the novel or drama—especially in the latter. By-the-bye this novel is not well dramatised. In some places it differs entirely from the original. Dirk Hatteraick, one of the most prominent

and best sustained characters, is almost kept out of view. Mr. Lee, we suspect, is a better singer than actor.—He sung many songs finely, especially ‘Dunois the brave;’ but his voice is not strong enough for our theatre.

Mr. Weekes sung some Irish airs with great spirit. The effect was much heightened by the grotesque Hibernian figure of this gentleman.—He is an excellent singer; but has not enough of the brogue for Irish songs.

Of Mr. Calcraft we need say nothing. The performances of this excellent actor speak for themselves.

Mr. Mackay performed various characters with his usual excellence, but his personation of Dominie Sampson is not equally fine with his Bailie Jarvie and Laird of Dumbiedykes. To do this character well, indeed, the actor must have the long, lank figure of the worthy Dominie, and his lanthorn jaws, or one half of the effect is lost. It was certainly out of all place to make him sing a song. This might do very well with the Bailie; but with Dominie Sampson it was most *mal à propos*.—However, various parts of the character were done with abundance of truth; and if Mr. Mackay is here inferior to himself, in some other characters he is at least above any other who has yet appeared upon our boards.

## POETRY.

### TO DECEMBER.

All hail! thou gloomy ruler of the storm;  
Thou hoary terminator of the year!  
Thou com'st, the face of nature to deform;  
Soon shall we thy loud tempest's roaring hear,  
Which strike the breasts of mariners with fear,  
And often hurl them to a watery tomb;  
While their fond friends on shore shed many a tear  
As sad they eye the fast increasing gloom,  
And watch each changing form the tempest does assume.

Thy cold breath binds up every little brook;  
Even lake and river must its power obey;  
While the bright sun has almost us forsaken,  
And southward far, does light the shorten'd day;  
For he, to southern climes has ta'en his way

To make a Summer in lands distant far;  
To pour on them his bright enlivening ray,  
While we endure the element's fell war,  
And all the horrid train that follow Winter's car.

No more with leaves is clad the stately oak;  
The woods are strip'd of their rich verdure quite;  
Bare, stern, and rugged, they sustain the shock  
Of the rude elements in all their might;  
And now on every hand, far as the sight  
Can travel o'er the surface of the earth,  
Each object is clad o'er with snowy white;  
Till a new season shall again have birth,  
And Spring return again to renovate the earth.

*Pauley.*

A. D.

## LULLABY.

*Imitated from the Gaelic.*

Hush, my baby, hush, and rest  
Softly on thy mother's breast:  
Sweet and soothing be thy sleep,  
While I in sorrow o'er thee weep!

Little gem of purest love,  
Wilt thou mother's deed reprove,  
When thou know'st that thou wast born,  
To be with me, thy father's scorn!

Hush, my baby, &amp;c.

Or, when thou reachest manhood's day,  
Oh! wilt thou be poor mother's stay,  
And screen her from the bitter scorn  
That she for love and thee hath borne?

Hush, my baby, &amp;c.

Wilt thou with friends then intercede,  
To heal the breach that love has made?  
And try thy mother to restore  
To that sweet peace she knew before?—  
Hush, my baby, &c.

But that sweet peace she ne'er can know!  
Her fate is seal'd to dwell with woe!  
That peace for ever, ever fled,  
With the false vows thy father made!

Hush, my baby, &amp;c.

Ah! cruel, thus to leave me here,  
Of friends the scorn, of foes the jeer!—  
Ah! cruel, cruel, to destroy  
The hopes of thee, my darling boy!

Hush, my baby, &amp;c.

MONTANA.

— \* \* \* —

## SONG.

*Tune.—'Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon.'*

The sun was sinking in the west,  
Surrounded by a liquid gold;  
A vernal shower had kissed the ground,  
And spread a fragrance through the wold;  
On Irvine's verdant banks I stood,  
And saw her stream pass smiling by;  
Her tranquil bosom keenly viewed—  
But ah! 'twas grief that fed my eye.

I heard the oozy margin wash—  
I saw the spangled trout uprise;  
But vain these play to cheer the heart—  
A heart that's torn from other ties.  
Farewell! ye early haunts of youth;  
With glistering eye, I bid adieu—  
With parched bosom, still farewell—  
I'm severed from my love and you! D. D.  
*Seagate, Irvine, 4th Nov. 1822.*

## LINES ON A YOUNG WOMAN

Who drowned her child and herself on a tempestuous night, from an eminence on the shore, between M—— and P——, in consequence of having been seduced and afterwards abandoned by a pretended lover.

High on the margin of the raging flood,  
Wan and dejected, Elenora stood;  
Loose flow'd her garments—streaming was her hair  
Her gestures wild—her very look despair.  
As she began 'Perfidious ingrate!

'Reck'st thou thy babe's or Elenora's fate;  
'Reck'st thou—but if thou did'st, what's that to thee?

'Tis Elenora's woe—and, thou art free;  
'But where's thy honour—where thy plighted love.

'And where the boon thou us'd, thy truth to prove;  
'And where the woe that was to bind my head,

'And where the ring, and where the nuptial bed?  
'Fled like thyself; but not till thou hast torn

'My honour, virtue—but my dear first born,  
'Thy mother's woes shall never thee betide.

She wildly cried, and plung'd it in the tide.  
'Hark, pity! Hark! I hear its plaintive cries;

'Save, mercy! save, my little Mary dies.  
'Dies did I say? heavens! 'tis already dead,

'My own right hand hath done the cruel deed.  
'How! Bores how!—ye waves impetuous sur—

'Beat louder! beat upon the sea-girl shore—  
'Flash, forked lightnings!—thunder, never still!

'Your dreadful language suits my woe;  
'I shock your store-house,—scare not if you can:

'I dread no ruffian but the ruffian man.  
'Ope, ope ye waves! O hide me from his sight:

'Prepare your deepest shades, eternal night.  
'Home, home! she cried, then with a frantic leap

'She headlong plung'd into the foaming deep;  
The deep exulting receiv'd the load:

Her body sinks—the rest is known to God.

AMICUS.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answer to the Rebus in our next. We are aware of the error.

We are of opinion that R. M. R.'s lines may yet be improved; if he will permit us, we would try it next week. We admire the piece.

In consequence of a recent occurrence, John Rashful's communication cannot be inserted. We will thank him to favour us with an article on some other subject.

A. B. C. D. in our next. We are much obliged to him.

Paraphrase on part of the 3d. Chapter of Ecclesiastes in our next number.

We were a little surprised to hear of a certain attack. We can assure Hercules, we are both able and willing to defend ourselves; at the same time, we would be happy to have his assistance when needed.

Solomon Seekshadow's letter in our next. We really do not pity him.

We do not admit old stories, though well disguised. We hope Raxter will not repeat the insult.

Lines on Wallace will find an early insertion. We would be happy to receive a prose article from our correspondent.—Sunset is under consideration.

We would be much obliged for the continuation of the strictures on the Language and Poetry of Scotland, as we have promised them to the public.

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# THE LITERARY MELANGE:

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## ON THE LANGUAGE AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND.

*Concluded.*

The writings of Burns alone would have given life and stability to the language for a century to come. But he was not left unsupported in his brilliant attempt. No sooner had his spirit set in death than, like the fabled Phoenix of old, a legion of rhymers sprung up from his ashes. But few of these children possessed a ray of that splendour which shone around their adopted parent. As soon as their works appeared, they subsided into forgetfulness, while those of their great original towered more beautifully and more majestically than ever. It would be an endless attempt, even to name the best of poets who now gave their productions to the public. The press groaned with rhyme—for poetry it could not be called—and the heads of hundreds of the lower classes were turned with the vain idea of emulating the fame of Burns. But under this cloud of dullness, a few choice spirits burst forth to illumine the way, and shed a new lustre on their country. Of these, Hector Macneil, Esq. is among the first. Born in the better ranks of life—accustomed to polished society, and educated with

suitable care, he spread over his Scottish poems, a purity of thought and expression, and a classic eloquence, almost unknown to his predecessors. Macneil had a soft imagination, and a feeling heart. He delighted to contemplate nature in a state of repose; and the bowers of Roslin, and the banks of Loch Lomond, infused into his mind that richness of imagery, and that pastoral beauty, which breathe in all his productions. Had he lived under happier auspices, and had the years of his youth and strength been unlighted by calamity, he would have shone, not merely as an elegant, but even as a great poet. But, till his fiftieth year, he was tossed from clime to clime—oppressed with ill health and misfortune, and the current of his imagination balefully interrupted by hardships and grief. Under these discouraging circumstances, he wrote 'Will and Jean.' Of this admirable poem it is needless to speak. The public voice has long sanctioned it as one of the fairest gems of Scottish poetry. Its simplicity, purity, and moral aim, fit it for every eye, while the pathos, descriptiveness, and imagery with which it abounds, render it no less a work of admiration than of love. The plan of this poem is taken from 'Watty and Meg'; but in this,

Macneil does not stand alone. Burns founded his 'Cottar's Saturday Night' on the 'Farmer's Ingle;' and for the groundwork of the 'Monk and Miller's Wife,' Ramsay is indebted to Dunbar. The last fifteen years of his life were passed in lettered ease and affluence, and during that period he composed many of his works. Among a few of his poems, we may mention the following,—'The Harp,' 'The Links of Forth,' 'Mary of Castle-carry,' 'Donald and Flora,' 'Hey Bonnie Lass can you lie in a Hammock,' and 'Come under my Plaidy.' Macneil is one of the first writers of Scottish lyrical poetry.

The Paisley poets, Alexander Wilson and Robert Tannahill, attracted notice at the time they appeared, and some of their pieces are still read with pleasure. Wilson possessed considerable talent for humorous poetry. He wrote 'Watty and Meg,' 'Rab and Ringan,' 'The Laurel Disputed,' and various other pieces of merit. He was a man of little education, but of a powerful, laborious, and persevering mind. He was alternately a pedlar, schoolmaster, and weaver. He imbibed the republican principles which followed the subversion of the French Monarchy; and, in a fit of discontent, left his native country for America, in 1794. He died at Philadelphia, in 1813. In that distant quarter, he composed his Herculean work, the 'American Ornithology,' an undertaking on which his fame mainly rests. 'Watty and Meg,' his poetical masterpiece, though full of vulgarisms, possesses great merit. Some of his townsmen have been absurd enough to compare it to the 'Jolly Beggars,' 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' 'Pebblis at the Play,' and 'Will and Jean.' Tannahill laboured under a thousand disadvantages; and has written a few songs which will redound to his last-

ing reputation. He was a sort of Burns in miniature, had a feeling heart, and great sensibility. At the time his poems were published, they were exceedingly popular, and gave rise to expectations, which, in public opinion, his brief and unhappy existence prevented being realised. It is questionable, however, if he would have been a better poet than he was, even if his life had been more favourable. Much of the merit of his poetry depended on the untoward circumstances in which it was composed. He wanted imagination; and, at any rate, the loom of a weaver was a bad element for the visits of the Muse.

A greater poet than either Tannahill or Wilson, is Richard Gall. It is surprising how little the writings of this ingenious man are known. Had he appeared before Burns, he would have gained universal popularity; but the works of the latter threw all contemporary and succeeding song-writers into the shade. In point of merit, he comes as close to Allan Ramsay as it is possible to come without absolutely equalling him. His poems, we believe, were first published four or five years ago. He enjoyed the friendship and esteem of Burns, Thomas Campbell, and Macneil. The 'Farewell to Ayrshire,' generally published among Burns' poems, is, in reality, the composition of Gall. There are scarcely in the Scottish language two finer songs than his, beginning, 'As I came through Glen Dochart vale,' and 'For many lang years I hae heard frae my grannie.'

These poets, and various others whom we shall not even name, gave, if possible, an additional extension and popularity to the tongue. But it is to Hogg, to Cunningham, and to the author of Waverley, that we are indebted for completing that superstructure which Burns had commenced,

and for robing it in the last and brightest hues of fancy. Nurtured among the wilds of Selkirkshire—familiar, from his earliest years, with mountain scenery—and dwelling in a region of shadows and clouds, and spirits, Hogg may be said to have been born in the land of poetry. Sitting upon the mountain side with his sheep feeding before him; his eye was accustomed to gaze on solitary scenes—and his imagination, heightened and expanded with romantic tales, peopled the solitudes with unearthly forms, and threw over them a dim and visionary veil. There was not a vapour that hung upon the mountain—nor a meteor that bespangled its side—nor a murmur that floated down the glens, but contained the elements of poetry; not a stream, or lake, or fountain, but was pregnant with wild and poetical associations. Every hill was peopled with its aerial inhabitants. They floated on the wreaths of gossamer, glittered in the moonlight beams, and danced upon the rainbow between the earth and heaven. His wild imagination was filled and beautified. He became more conversant with the world of idea than of reality, and formed to himself a region of fancy, with whose mysterious scenes and inhabitants, his soul loved to hold communion. The Ettrick Shepherd, therefore, had better external advantages for forming the mind of a poet than any of our bards. Ramsay's genius expanded in the dull unpoetical occupation of periwig-maker; Burns' came forth at the plough, in the midst of distress and sorrow; Macneil's, though familiar with the lovely scenery of Roslin, was long withered by misfortune; Wilson's and Gall's expanded in poverty and grief; and Allan Cunningham's sprung up with beauty, in the monotonous occupation of a stone mason. Hogg,

therefore, in one sense, had the advantage of them all. The years of youth and fancy flowed on in a clear, unbroken stream—enlightened with every circumstance which could adorn a poetic mind. In his writings, he has shown that these advantages were not bestowed in vain. They display the pure visionary ideal of his imagination. There is no strong depth of feeling—no vigour of expression—no impetuous burst of intellect—but a soft shadowy imaginary touch, which floats like a cloud, and skims over the mind, as a vapour along the surface of a stream. He has not the fire, the intensity, the keen play of passions, and the understanding of Burns—nor the feeling for pastoral beauty of Ramsay—nor the gracefulness of Macneil—nor the devotional purity of Cunningham; but, in clothing the shadowy regions of fancy in material hues, and in investing ideal forms and places, with a 'local habitation and a name,' he excels them all. When this incomparable shepherd is so eminent as a poet, it is to be regretted, that he ever tried his hand in prose composition. Neither the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck,' 'The Winter Evening Tales,' nor even his 'Three Perils of Man,' will add to his fame. As a prose writer, he is far inferior to Burns, which is the more unaccountable, as his opportunities have been much greater. He is totally destitute of the ease, energy, and manly diction of the Ayrshire Ploughman. In poetry, 'Kilmeny' is, perhaps, his masterpiece. It is certainly an exquisite production, and breathes an unearthly spirit and wildness, which no poet of the age could have spread over it, but himself. Of the 'Queen's Wake,' 'Mader of the Moor,' the 'Mountain Bard,' the 'Forest Minstrel,' and 'Pilgrims of the Sun,' it is impossible to say any thing at present.

He has written some beautiful songs ; but his genius has not the condensation and variety necessary to form a first-rate lyric poet.

Of Allan Cunningham, we shall say little ; and for two reasons—1st, His writings, although beautiful, are little known, and have formed no era in his native dialect ; and 2d, We are too imperfectly acquainted with them to give any thing like a general or conclusive opinion. From the little, however, we have seen, we have no hesitation in placing him by the side of Burns and Hogg. Many of the songs which Cromek gave to the world, as the remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song, are now ascertained to be his. Whether Cromek knew this or not, is a matter of indifference. The fact is true, and stamps Cunningham as a man of extraordinary talents. ‘ The Lord’s Marie has kepp’d her locks,’ ‘ She’s gane to dwell in Heaven, my Lassie,’ ‘ There’s Kames o’ Hinney between my Luv’s Lips,’ are among a few of his songs. He must be blind indeed, who does not perceive that Burns, or Hogg, or Macneil, never went beyond them. ‘ The Lass o’ Preston Mill,’ ‘ Mary Halliday,’ and ‘ Julia Vernon,’ are in a different style, and no less beautiful. Why many of the tame sentimental lyrics of Moore are so much admired, and why the writings of this incomparable Gallowegian are neglected, we leave the public to say. Beautiful as some of Moore’s songs are, we will engage to pick out a score of Cunningham’s, which shall surpass any equal number of the Irish bard’s. We have no hesitation in saying, that Thomas Moore never wrote any one poem better than those of Cunningham’s, which we have named. ‘ Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,’ a tragedy, is the most splendid effort of his genius—and deserves the high encomium

bestowed upon it by the great magician in his introduction to the ‘ Fortunes of Nigel.’ Praise from such a quarter, is praise indeed, and sufficient to console a man under every neglect.

We have been obliged to skip over a host of writers, many of them men of genius, and have restricted ourselves almost entirely to those whose writings have been instrumental in restoring and preserving the dialect. Miss Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Grant, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. John Wilson, and various other writers of the present day, have added splendour to their native language ; and the author of *Waverley*, whoever he be, has placed upon it the stamp of his matchless die, and has bid it live for ever.

#### CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

*Society, Women, &c.*

Cape Town, the capital of South Africa, has, for some time past, amongst travellers at least, enjoyed the reputation of being a lively, pleasant town. How long its glories have passed away, I know not ; but am very certain, it is entitled to no such encomiums at the present day. The fluctuating condition of the individuals who compose the society of the Cape, will at once account for its instability and variation. The respectable part of the inhabitants may be divided into two classes : first, the military upon the station, and the invalids in the East India Company’s service, who may be said to comprise nearly all that there is of gentility ; and, secondly, the merchants ; a most comprehensive word ; among whom are to be found a few men, who might rank with that class on the Royal Exchange ; and a vast number of the lowest order of money-getters. The invalided warriors of the East, are permitted to wander, for their health, upon the high seas ; and to retain their full pay, if their peregrinations are not extended to the westward of the Cape. From this circumstance, and the attraction of good air, they abound, thick as ‘ autumnal leaves,’ exhibiting a splendid specimen of disease—a variety of wretchedness!

These miserable gentlemen (if it be allowable to sport with human infirmity) might seem part of Milton's squadron of diseases.

\* All feverish kinds—  
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
Demonic frenzy, moping melancholy,  
And sun-struck madness.

A society, therefore, which is dependent upon such moveable gentry for its tone and brilliancy, must be subject to incessant changes; and, accordingly, the last removal of military made a woeful alteration.

There is, at present, little or no visiting going on at the Cape; and few amusements, either public or private, to enliven the hours of relaxation from business.—Eating and drinking, however, in the absence of other attractives, are by no means forgotten, but engross at least as large a share of attention as in any other part of the world. What is wanting to their festivities in science—in 'pomp and circumstance,'—is made up for in solid feeding. There is a pretty theatre, where amateurs performed; but the actors are dispersed; even theatrical entertainments were too refined an amusement for the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape. Public dancing assemblies are held monthly during the winter season. I was present at one of these, and found but little to distinguish it from an English country assembly. The women, taken collectively, were much upon a par with our own country-women, in face, figure, movement, and dress; but there was nothing above mediocrity—none of those strikingly beautiful and elegant forms, one or two of which are usually to be met with in a ball-room at home—the admiration of the one sex, and the envy of the other.

It may be remarked, that the women have far less influence upon the general tone of society than with us; as is ever the case in less polished countries. The Dutchmen are of an inferior stamp: vulgar and awkward; with an attempt at smartness and fashionable deportment, which is visibly unsuccessful. The women dance well enough: the performance of the men is more conspicuous for energy than grace.

Nearly the whole of the residents of Cape Town, excepting, of course, the military, and members of the government, are merchants, traffickers in some shape or other; who pass their mornings in attending sales, and their evenings at the table, or in lounging before their houses. The

English merchants, who are the most opulent, can boast of a few highly respectable characters, who would do honour to any society: but many are mere unprincipled extortioners. Nothing is to be purchased in this town, in the shops, or stores, as they are termed, as an advantage is taken of a man who wants any article in a hurry; and cent. per cent. profit is expected on all goods sold in that manner. In addition to this, you have to endure a most intolerable degree of insolence. If the master of the store is engaged in eating, drinking, or smoking, you may wait in patience. Ladies have been requested to get upon a stool, and hand down, for their inspection, the particular wares they were desirous of purchasing.

The public sales are the only places where things are sold for their real value: indeed, from this circumstance, there is little business done in any other manner; and every mercantile house has one or more of these sales during the week. They are usually held in the open street; and it is considered as nowise derogatory to the dignity of a merchant, to be seen at the auctioneer's elbow, displaying Bandana handkerchiefs, bundles of thread, or such like articles; or standing with a goose-quill behind his ear,

'arrectis auribus,'

ready to note down the names of the different purchasers of his wares. It was in this gentlemanlike situation, that I discovered, to my surprise, one of the most respectable and opulent merchants of the town, in whose company I had dined the previous evening.

There is very little export trade at present: wine was the principal article; but the market at home is glutted with the bad adulterated wines, and has spoiled the sale of the good. A considerable quantity is sent home, in pursuance of private orders, to the friends of persons resident here.

Baths, which in a hot country are almost indispensable for refreshment, cleanliness, and health, are a luxury unknown in Cape Town. Sea-bathing is not in fashion; the beach is much exposed; and on that part of it which is best adapted to the purpose, it is the custom to deposit the filth of the town, to be swept away by the tide.

The streets are overrun with dogs, who act in some degree the part of scavengers, as at Lisbon, Alexandria, &c.; but there is no want of neatness and cleanliness in the exterior aspect of things.

The Dutch are early risers. They make a point of attending the market, which is daily held at sun-rise; and, as there are no public evening amusements, and little private society to tempt them to encroach upon the night, they go early to bed. At ten o'clock nothing is to be heard but the baying of the dogs, or the distant roaring of the tide. In the country, however, or the environs of the town, the summer nights are not altogether favourable to repose. Stillness and solemnity are here no attributes of the Sable Goddess: the earth swarms with crickets, and other chirping fry, that come forth to revel in the cool dews of night, like true Anacreontic spirits; as if

‘The busy day  
Drove them from their sport and play;’

and the air is filled with the incessant hum of insects; to say nothing of the mosquitoes, whose operations are not confined to bunnings.

The English follow precisely the same mode of life as at home;—dine late; go to bed late; and get up late; drink Port wine, and bottled stout; wear narrow-brimmed hats; and walk in the noon-day sun. This attachment and close adherence to national habits, in defiance and contempt of all local customs, is characteristic of the English, wherever they are found. A late ingenious author gives a very pleasant instance of this:—arriving at Naples, he found ‘a regular double-wicket cricket match going on—Eton against the world—and the world was beaten in one innings!’—(Matthew’s Dairy).—A subscription pack of fox-hounds is regularly hunted during the winter season, for the recreation of the English, with very indifferent sport; for though game is in plenty, the country is uninclosed, and the glorious difficulties and dangers of the chase are wanting. The horsemen, who literally must be ‘*patientes pulveris atque solis*,’ are occasionally precipitated into deep holes, formed by the ant-eater and other animals, and may return covered with the sandy honours of the field. I have not heard that any of them have been fairly ingulfed, like Curtius, for their country’s weal.

Literature is wholly neglected. The chaplain of the garrison takes in a few pupils; but there is no school in the colony. A good schoolmaster is much wanted.—Such as can afford it, among the English,

give their children an education at home. The Dutch go without.

A fine collection of the Latin and Greek classics was left to the public, by an old German gentleman, who died here; and they are deposited in a room adjoining to the Lutheran church, called the *Public Library*. However, a friend of mine applying for admission, it was thought to be an innovation upon established rules, and so hazardous a step, that the colonial secretary was consulted upon the occasion!

There is a subscription reading-room, whose shelves are supplied with a very few novels, and books of travels; and one circulating library, to which Tom Jones and Humphrey Clinker have not yet found their way. Intellectual refinement is, in fact, at the lowest ebb, both among the Dutch and English. Their business and pleasure are buying and selling. I could not help thinking of the soliloquy in Seneca’s Epistles:—‘Let me be called a base man so I am called a rich one. If a man is rich, who asks if he is good? The question is how much we have, not from whence, or by what means we have it. Every one has so much merit as he has wealth. For my part, let me be rich, O ye gods, or let me die; for there is more pleasure in the possession of wealth than in that of parents, children, wife, or friends!’

‘*Hæ ubi erant artes*.’

For the polite arts, of course, can have no admirers in such a community as this. Music, the first of the sister arts that finds its way amongst an unlettered people, is cultivated with little assiduity, and with a success hardly proportioned to that assiduity. The Hottentots are the best natural musicians; and, I think, altogether, the best vocal performers I heard. The voices of the women are sweet, rich, and in excellent tune. At a distance of two hundred miles in the interior of the colony, I heard several of them singing, in parts, the psalm tunes which they had learned at the Missionary Institution. One sang the air, another sustained a second part, confined chiefly to the third below. Sometimes a third part, by way of bass, has been attempted; though not so perfect in the execution, but still without the slightest violation of harmony. This they call, in Dutch, ‘singing gruff and fine.’ The men do not appear to possess, or, at least, they do not exert this talent; and how the women acquired it, I could not discover,

nor were they able to inform me. All that I could gather upon the subject from those to whom, like myself, it had been a matter of astonishment, was, that being naturally gifted with fine ears, they fell into it instinctively; for, at the Missionary Institution, nothing beyond the plain chaunt, or melody, is taught; the men and women singing the same note upon different octaves. If this be correct, it is a singular phenomenon, that a horde of savages should, by instinct or accident, have attained that of which the polished and luxurious Greeks are supposed to have been ignorant.\*

But though not easy to trace its true source, it has probably originated in the military music, which some of the Hottentots have occasionally heard, and which has operated powerfully on the minds of a people, who, like the other savage tribes, are ardent lovers of melody.

*To be continued.*

## KEAN AND TALMA.

BY M. DE ST. FOIX.

In tragedy the English have, I think, more merely *good* actors than we have; but a merely good actor is the most insipid person in the world to describe, so I shall tell you no more about them. But there is one tragic actor on the London stage, by whom I have been so deeply interested, and whose powers appear to me of so extraordinary a description, that I shall take some pains to give you an idea of them. His name is Kean. The coincidence of name with our own ce-

lebrated *Le Kain* is remarkable. He has already established a reputation nearly as great as that of Talma. I expect, too, that you'll be a little startled, if not scandalized, when I tell you that I think he deserves it—that he is, upon the whole, nearly as great an actor—that he possesses as consummate a judgment, as pure and delicate a taste, as clear, quick, and vivid conceptions, and as admirable and wondrous a power of embodying those conceptions. For physical powers he is about as much and as little indebted to nature as Talma is: but it is remarkable, that whatever Talma wants, Kean has, and whatever Kean wants, Talma has. Unlike Talma, Kean's person is insignificant, and his voice is totally bad; and unlike Talma, also, his eye is like lightning, and his face has a power of expression that is perfectly magical. The action of Talma is less constrained and redundant than that of any other French tragedian; but Kean's is still less so than his. It has much more variety, and yet is much more simple and natural; his attitude in any given situation being precisely that which a consummate painter would assign to it. If I were to notice the general resemblance, and the general difference between these two extraordinary actors, I should say,

\* That there exists a natural sympathy between sounds, tending to form that harmonious combination which is distinguished by the name of *concord*, the most simple experiment places beyond a doubt.

'Harmony,' it has been well observed, 'is not an adventitious quality in sonorous bodies, but it is in some sense inherent in every sound, however produced. Every sound is as much made up of three component parts, as a ray of light is composed of seven primary colours.'

It is difficult then to conceive, that a refined people, who arrived at such perfection in sculpture and painting, should have remained such barbarians in musical science; and still more difficult to conceive, that the stupid Hottentot should have stumbled on a discovery that was denied to the subtlety and enthusiasm of Greece. Perhaps the hypothesis concerning the ignorance of musical combinations amongst the Greeks is built upon too slight a foundation, for the little that has been handed down upon this subject seems hardly to warrant the conclusions that have been drawn.

that both draw their resources fresh and direct from nature, and that both study her as she exists in the depths of their own hearts; but that Talma has more imagination than passion, and Kean more passion than imagination.—Not that Talma wants passion, or that Kean wants imagination; but passion is the characteristic of the one and imagination of the other. When Talma exclaims in *Macbeth*, ‘*Il est la! la!*’ the strength of his imagination kindles that of the spectators, till they absolutely see the image of the murdered king reflected from his face. His imagination is still more conspicuous in the tremendous power he gives to the words in the same play, ‘*Attete, donc, ce sang qui coule jusqu’a moi!*’ But surely the most splendid and astonishing of all theatrical exhibitions, and the effects of which are to be attributed to the realising power of his imagination, is that of Talma in *Oedipus*, at the moment that he discovers his involuntary crimes. It is a thing to be seen once, and remembered for ever; but not to be described. Kean has nothing like this in the same class of acting. His characteristic, as I have said, is passion—passion under all its names and varieties—through all its windings and bendings—in all its delicate shades and most secret recesses. Its operation never for a moment ceases to be visible; for, when he ceases to speak, every motion of his thoughts is absolutely legible in the astonishingly varied expression of his face, and eye, and action. Passion seems to be the very breath of his mental existence—or rather its vital stream—into which every thing else resolves itself. If he has to express love, his whole soul seems to cling to the being on whom he is gazing—his voice melts—his eye swims and trembles—and the words fall from his

lips, as if *they* were the smallest part of what he would express. And in all this there is no show; no endeavour; no pretence;—for real love is the most unpretending thing in the world; the most quiet; the most able to repose upon itself, and the most willing to do so. If hatred and revenge are his themes, it is hardly possible to image yourself looking at, or listening to the same person. His eyes glare; his teeth grind against each other; his voice is hoarse and broken; his hands clench and open alternately, as if they were revelling in the blood of his enemy; and his whole frame seems to have imbibed the will and the powers of a demon. This actor’s delineation of all the other violent passions—as remorse, jealousy, despair, &c. seem to me to possess alike a force, a truth, and a distinctness, which render them almost perfect. And all is done, too, without the slightest appearance of art or effort. It is scarcely possible, while you are seeing him, to recollect that he is an actor; and he himself seems never for a moment to feel that he has an audience before him. Kean’s picture of remorse, as it affects *Macbeth* after the murder of Duncan, if it has not the overwhelming and terrific force of that of Talma in the same play, has, I think, more variety, more intensity, and more truth. There is no extravagant and hurried action; no loud and vehement tones of voice; there is no bursting forth of the flames; they are all within, and are only to be discovered by their torturing and withering effects upon the outward frame. The eye is fixed and vacant; the hands hang down motionless, or are clinched in the fruitless endeavour to suppress the agony of soul; the knees tremble, and scarcely support the body;—in the general and total convulsion of the frame, the tongue



refuses to obey the will, and the voice becomes choked and lost in forced attempts at utterance. To all this succeeds a dead calm, which is not less fearful than the agitation which preceded. There is a point at which human suffering destroys itself. His agonized mind and exhausted body can endure no more; and they sink together into a motionless stupor. A loud knocking is at this instant heard at the gate of the castle; but there he stands in the open hall, with the bloody witness of his guilt upon his hands,—yet nothing can rouse him; and his wife drags him away by force to his chamber. I have no hesitation in telling you that I think this piece of acting (including from the time Macbeth quits the chamber of Duncan, till he is forced away to his own), though it is not so tremendous as some parts of Tasma's *Cedipus*, nor so fearfully grand as his *Orestes*, nor so, what I should call, *beautiful* as the Hamlet of that actor, is, without exception, the most affecting and impressive exhibition I ever beheld.

But there is one other character in which this actor displays still greater powers than he does in Macbeth: a character in which he appears to me to have reached the absolute perfection of his art, in the very highest class of it. This is the *Othello* of Shakespeare. You know I am not very familiar with this celebrated English dramatist. But, since I first saw Kean in *Othello*, I have taken great pains to make myself acquainted with this play in particular. I have seen it twice since, and read it twice; and though I have been a good deal puzzled by some old phraseology, yet the more intimately I come to understand it, the more I am astonished at the writer who could draw so miraculously true a picture of the human heart; and the more delighted admiration I feel

towards the actor who can turn this picture into a living human being, and place it before us in all the breathing reality of flesh and blood.

I wonder what the English would say to my admiration of their favourite actor; for he is their favourite, though they hardly seem to know it. At the theatre, indeed, the magical power of his genius sometimes works them up into something approaching to enthusiasm; but, when they get home again, it is all forgotten: and if you ask their opinion of him, they tell you that he is a very clever little fellow, with an indifferent person and a bad voice—and that it is a pity he is not more prudent in his private character: that he makes an uncommonly good Richard III.; but that in Hamlet he is not near so much of a gentleman as Kemble was, and that they don't think he could play *Coriolanus* at all!—and that is all they know about the matter! Even among the critics, there is but one who has had the skill, the courage, or the justice, to speak of Kean as he deserves. How paltry this is, to withhold from a man the homage that his genius merits, merely because he is alive to receive and enjoy it!

#### To the Editor of the *Messenger*.

All men have faults; and, as then art, be man,  
Do not expect too much, for all must err.  
Thou hast thy failings too; so think not lightly  
Of those who journey on with thee through life,  
Lest all thy hopes end in disappointment.

SIR,—The proper study of mankind is man; so Pope says; but we are inclined to doubt, if the information acquired would be a sufficient compensation for the drudgery of the study. A question very naturally occurs,—how much real good can be obtained by the longest and strictest investigation of the human mind? We will suppose an individual who, by making man his only study, can, at a single glance, pierce

the inmost recesses of the bosom; who can unveil all the secrets of the heart, by marking the changes and workings of the face; one who can trace the motives of every action, and can know the bias of every mind; whose knowledge of human nature is so thorough and correct, that he cannot be deceived by any of his cotemporaries; and what then? will his happiness be increased? will the study of the mind exalt man in the individual's estimation? we are afraid not. The more we know of the human mind, the more we know of its selfishness and depravity; and we believe every step that an individual descends in the estimation of another, causes a diminution of happiness. Hence we infer, that if we knew the motive of every action, we would think man descending step by step, until he had stepped entirely out of our good opinion.

We have been induced, Mr. Editor, to make those remarks, from having studied man as he came under our own observation; and we reluctantly confess, that all the good we have obtained, is only a more complete knowledge of man's infirmities and weaknesses; and after weighing maturely, in our own minds, the advantages resulting from the knowledge we have acquired, we are compelled to say, that it has not added in the least to our happiness; and we thereby consider the study of man unprofitable. We may be blamed for holding such an opinion; but the current of thought is not easily checked; and we are at best warranted in holding our opinion, until we are convinced we are holding an erroneous one. We entered life with the same hopes and fears of other young men. We were determined to seek for happiness wherever there was a probability of finding it; and, as a principal *desideratum*, we wanted a friend whose bosom was the tenement

of a kindred spirit. Determined not to be rash, we were in no hurry in making our election; but, after trying anxiously and assiduously for a number of years, we never could find the kindred soul which, in idea, we had so often contemplated. We saw shades in every character, that in no wise assimilated with our own; traits from which we shrunk, as if it were intuitively; some possessed a weakness, which required a support we were neither able nor willing to give. Some, on the other hand, were so conscious of self-superiority, that we turned from them in disgust; as we saw them demanding homage to which, we thought, they had no other claim than a very large portion of conceit and arrogance. Some seemed too gay, others too grave; some profuse, and some stingy; so that, among all the young men to whom we were introduced, we could not select *one* in whom we could repose unlimited confidence. We had read a little, and from our books had learned the danger of being too rash in the choice of a friend; but we are now convinced of the folly of being too squeamish; for, by expecting too much, and by prying too narrowly into the lives and characters of men, we have become so suspicious, that we can place faith in no one. From all this, we believe the 'proper study, &c. &c. unprofitable, as it has burdened our mind with uneasiness, and told us, in no very pleasing terms, that we ought not to expect pure and unimpregnated water from a fountain that has its source in a spot defiled by a thousand causes. The Glasgow Water Company may raise objections to this remark, by proving the purity of the water drawn from their pipes, after passing through a number of filtering processes; but we beg they will not think the remark invidious, as we

have no wish to injure the sale of their water, being well aware of the advantages we enjoy, in having such a mode of supply; but if they would only consider for a moment what the path of life is, they will find that every step abounds with contamination, and that neither the length of the way, nor the channel through which it must pass, are calculated to improve the quality of the body.

Disappointed in not finding a male friend in whom we could confide, and feeling ourselves occasionally affected by the attentions paid to us by the opposite sex, we resolved to seek for that solace in their society, which fate had denied us among men. The same cautious spirit still hovered over us, and we were determined to be perfectly convinced of a reciprocity of sentiment and feeling in a female soul, before we would unfold to it the workings of our own bosom.—Beauty was, of course, desirable; but the love of admiration which we saw in lovely women, and the hosts of rivals by which we saw them surrounded and beleagured, so chilled and terrified us, that we thought happiness incompatible with those who dealt out their smiles as liberally and generally as the sun emits his rays. This was a very trying time of our life. We were always admirers of beauty; but we had pictured something more than mere face and form to ourselves; and the consciousness that it could only be enjoyed in idea, gave us some very pungent twitches. Had we taken into consideration the coquetry of our own sex, we would have ceased to wonder at the seeming capaciousness of female bosoms. We mean nothing offensive to the ladies; but, in the days of our experience among them, we have often wondered at the impartial manner in which they dispensed their smiles and other tokens of approbation. We

hereby declare that we consider the ladies perfectly justifiable in keeping their Strepous in suspense, being no more than a just retaliation, for the manner in which a certain set of dangles strive to excite hopes and fears among the females of their acquaintance. Smirking at their supposed conquests, like summer insects among flowers, they wander from one object to another, until their hearts get so completely embossed in vanity, that they are incapable of feeling a genuine attachment, and at last deliver themselves up to men-hunters, as unfit to feel as themselves. We conclude from this, that such conduct on the part of men, is one great stimulus to female caprice; and the men have no reason to complain when they get a Rowland for an Oliver. We cannot blame ourselves with having been guilty of such a dishonourable, and we may say, contemptible mode of conduct; but the 'proper study,' &c. &c. ever running in our head, made us so wary, that we were lost in the net of our own cunning. We drew the unfair inference, that women, who allowed more beaux than one to pay them attention, could possess no quality that was not completely selfish; and, in despair, we turned from beauty, to seek a congenial mind among those who were less indebted to nature for the richness of her gifts. After a long and an anxious search, we at last stumbled, as we thought, on the being destined to make us happy. She was as plain and homely as the most jealous husband would wish his help-mate to be. She seemed quite conscious of the feebleness of her claims to admiration. She never was obtrusive; and evinced, on all occasions, so much seeming eagerness to make other people happy, that we immediately decked her mind with all imaginable graces. After a very short siege, we carried the for-

ness by captulations. The easiness of the conquest, instead of lowering its value in our estimation, was only considered as a proof of the great kindness of her disposition. Alas! we were soon convinced that she was as very a woman as any we had ever known. When married, she assumed a will of her own, and in three months we became her slave, in spite of 'the proper study,' &c. &c.

Thus, Mr. Editor, have we fallen a victim to fastidiousness; for had we married a lovely woman, we would have had some consolation in being hen-pecked, as we could have boasted of our wife's superior beauty over those whose wives honour and obey them; but we are now made the sport of every one, and our former caution is made the source of eternal ridicule and merriment.—Pope's maxim should, as we think, be thrown entirely aside. 'The proper study,' &c. &c. being only calculated to engender uneasiness and suspicion. We are now of opinion, that the better we can think of man or woman, the more happiness will be forthcoming; and we are certain that to know little of most people, the higher will they stand in our estimation.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Yours in sorrow, &c.

SOLOMON SEEKSHADOW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MELANGE.

SIR,

We sincerely sympathise with the fair writer of the following letter; but can do nothing more than show it to the public. By reading the letter from Mr. Seekshadow, she will find that there are people in the world as miserable as herself. If any thing we could say would induce the gallants to renew their attentions, we would say it cheerfully; but Editors are now too common, that all advice from them is considered impertinent and presumptuous.

To the Editor of the Melange.

SIR.—It is quite vexatious to think, of the ungallantry of the Editor of the Chronicle, which displayed itself a short time after his marriage, in publishing the surplus of my sex above that of the male, it has created a haughtiness amongst many of the junior bachelors of this city, which I once imagined they never would have had the presumption to assume. Even some of the most fusty ones, that I once thought not worth looking at, have got themselves brushed up so trimly, that I shall scarcely be able to withstand their pressing condescensions, unless the young ones resume their wonted courtesy. Several young gentlemen who used to visit our family, come now very seldom near us, and when they do so, they behave very differently from what they once did. If they send me a card respecting any thing, it is couched in the most careless manner, written on soiled paper, clumsily folded, and sometimes sealed with a filthy wafer, whereas they were formerly sealed with wax, having some pretty device upon it, such as U. X. L.; but it would fill your Melange to mention all the mottos I have received since my 18th year. And indeed, Sir, I am quite impatient to get to the main object that has urged me to lift the pen. O how I should rejoice to see some scheme fallen upon to bring obstinate and confirmed bachelors into disgrace, and some scheme devised, for deterring young ones from passing the prime of their lives in celibacy. Might not parents make it a point to do no business with men who allowed themselves to pass the 30th year of their life in circumstances, for entering into matrimony, while so many lovely mates stand around more than half willing to be pressed. All decent men who have

good established businesses, whenever they reach their 30th year untrammelled, should have the patronage of families taken from them, and given to married men, and young bachelors, who seem inclined to get married. But really, Sir, I am in such a perturbation, that I cannot compose my mind to suggest what might be of use in our present sad dilemma. Perhaps, however, you may be able to serve our cause somewhat, and if so, considering our number, your paper may meet with an extensive sale. It would not be unworthy the attention of the legislature to endeavour to ameliorate our forlorn condition. It was deemed a crime, Sir, in Greece not to marry, and the men, when in proper circumstances, were not permitted to decline it beyond a certain age. And more, Sir, it was even permitted (and most wisely too), that incorrigible bachelors, should be treated with contempt. By the laws of Lycurgus, they were reckoned so base as to be excluded from certain processions, and even compelled to march, in the depth of winter, round the market-place in a state of nudity, singing a song to their own disgrace. I blush to mention this, and conjure you not to imagine I should like to see them treated so unmercifully. A milder punishment might conduce as much to our advantage, such a one, for instance, as was adopted by the Dey of Algiers, when he found his capital thinned by the plague, war, &c. A number of young men, about 20 years of age, were brought to the public place, and there presented with the choice of a good wife, or the bastinado. Now surely, Sir, this being no prize-case to determine, bachelors who refused the former, well deserved the latter. By their mode of living, they left unproduced (which is little better than murder)

hundreds of their posterity to the thousandth generation. More I cannot add for want of time, but hope you will take up the cause yourself. Adieu, I am, Sir, your most obedient,

NANCY GRAB,  
Maiden Hall,  
Nov. 21st, 1822.

### CRITICAL REMARKS ON THE PERFORMANCES at the CIRCUS.

TOM, JERRY, LOGIC, &c. &c.

To the Editor of the *Melange*.

'One man in his time plays many parts.'

SIR,—We went to the Circus on Saturday evening, conceiving it a proper place to relax from the labours of the week: we were surprised on taking our seat in the boxes, at the well ordered alterations of the interior of this little and favourite seat of the Muses. Our reminiscences were both of a pleasant and painful nature, as our thoughts reverted to the days of our youth, when the Theatre Royal, Dux-lap Street, was the legitimate seat of the votaries of Thespis; but, since that time, converted into heaven knows how many ignoble uses! Here, we said to ourselves, have the representatives of kings, and princes, strutted and fretted their little hour, until the increasing opulence of the Glasgow public deemed it unworthy of containing their corporealities. The meanness of the exterior made them build a house, which they have since proved, they were unable to occupy, either from want of ways and means, or from some error in calculation, or from a sudden declination of Dramatic taste, or from what cause you will. At any rate, the house would have been better unbuilt, that is, the money would have been better in the pockets of the proprietors, as it is much to be

doubted, if they will even make their own of it; and it is a reproach to our fellow citizens, standing as a monument of public neglect, and individual extravagance. That it is much too large for our town-folk's theatrical needs none can deny; and we know of nothing more cheerless than a nearly empty theatre. It ever puts us in mind of a garden, when the flower season is past, when only a few of the hardier or later productions of Flora spreads a remembrance over the mind of what it had once been. An empty theatre sheds a chilling influence over both mind and body, as we contemplate the cheerless state of the actors, and the little chance we have of seeing the play well done, as the withered flower, *partere*, puts us in mind of winter, and warns us of the piercing blasts of the north, the nipping power of frost, and the thousand natural shocks the flesh is subject to *per consequence*.

Though winter is already begun, we had no reason to complain of cold on Saturday evening, as with much difficulty we procured seats in the third row from the front, and ere the curtain was drawn up, we were well protected from the insults of the season by those who took their seats at our back—not that any danger is to be apprehended from cold, though there were but two persons in the house, for it is well heated by fires; and we smiled complaisantly as we contemplated the red glow which one of them emitted in the lobby, as we made our way to our seat.

The performances commenced with a Scotch Ballet, of which little can be said; and, as friends of the manager, we think it should be the last he will attempt to bring forward during the season. They are not suited to the taste of our denizens; and we plainly perceived, that its representation was only tolerated in expectation of what

was to follow. Mr. Power danced tolerably, as did Miss Newcombe; but the principal performer was our old friend Edwards, who, with all his fun, could elicit nothing more than a horse laugh from the gods. The curtain dropped amid laughter and hisses, though the former predominated. We mention this as a stimulus to the manager to introduce something more rational. Ballets, in general, are insipid and so unnatural, that people of taste generally despise them.

The next part of the performance was the exhibition of Juan Bellinck and family, on the Slack Rope, Suits &c. We never saw any thing of the kind equal to the performance of these extraordinary individuals. The hearty plaudits they received from all parts of the house, were proofs how highly the entertainment was relished. We can convey no adequate idea of the astonishing powers of the father, so shall not attempt it; but will merely say, that they are sights worth seeing.

We were principally interested in the forth coming Burletta of 'Life in London'; and much as our hopes were excited, they were fully realized. The first scene introduces us to Hawthorn Hall, where a number of the characters are seated round a table enjoying sportman's cheer, and singing a song to an auld Scotch tune, viz. 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut.' We must confess that the tune disposed us to think favourably of the person who adapted the words to music. This might have proceeded from our partiality to our national airs, but *amor patriæ* is *næ sîn*.

Mr. Darnley, as Corinthian Tom, did his part in tip top style, though his figure is not quite so fine as to convey to a looker the idea of Corinthian elegance, having more of the Hercules than the Apollo in it. He is much too stout, and has a

little too much of the frost work of time about him for a blood of the present day; but he bears no sign of dilapidation. He spoke the part well, kept up the spirit of it to the last; but we must say, we would have liked him better had he been a little more *exquisite*. He is a good actor, and seldom fails to please; and the audience seem always glad to see him.

Mr. Power, though no great actor, did great credit to himself in the character of Jerry. He had all the necessary *mauvaise honte* of a country novice. Every step he advanced in the mysteries of a town life seemed to deprive him of a part of his sheepishness. His dancing at the assembly at Almack's was admirable. He looked and behaved so like one who had never made a similar display, that we were almost tempted to think the thing real; and pitied him as his partners in the dance shoved him about from side to side, as he made a *faux pas*, &c.

Mr. Kinloch, as Bob Logic, in our opinion, never looked or acted better, he was quite the thing—master of the *flash current*,—perfect in his part—and finished Jerry in first rate style. His encounter with the charlie, and behaviour while before the constable, were really *out and out*—his dress admirable—his manner as indifferent to circumstances as we could conceive a blood's to be; he exceeded our expectations completely, and we wish him all the luck he deserves.

It would require more space than the *Melange* will allow, to do justice to this admirable treat. We cannot mention all the beauties or defects which came under our observation.

Mrs. Makeen's Kate is a well played part. She is already a favourite with the public.

We liked Mr. Makeen worst in his parts of the landlord and beggar. His Scotch pronunciation, frequently betraying him not to be an English landlord in the one case, nor a cock-

Edwards quered it well both as a charlie and a vagabond. He really seemed a prime flash, and provoked as much laughter as most people could bear.

The minuet between Mr. Colingbourn and Miss Newcombe should be dispensed with, and a waltz, or something shorter introduced; it is much too tiresome.

The quadrilles were excellent, with the exception of one or two dancers, who were, in reality, what Jerry was only in appearance.

The rapidity of the action, during the whole piece is astonishing. We never got time to pause between the scenes. The scenery is beautiful, exceeding any thing of the kind we have ever seen in Glasgow. It must have been very expensive, and we really hope Mr. K. will be no loser by the risk he has run. We would advise Mr. K. to pay a little more attention to his underlings, and make them dress with more propriety.—The clothes are good enough, but in many cases they were huddled on with no regard to character or *effect*. We do not mention names, but hope the hint will be taken, particularly by those whom we saw in the scenes at Tattersal's, and in *All-mas* in the east. By-the-bye, we thought the auction the worst part of the whole representation: there is no spirit in the conducting of it, nor any thing like nature.

Mr. Cardoza is *une pauvre marchand des chevaux*; but he makes amends in African Sal, so we let him pass.

On the whole, we never enjoyed a night's entertainment more; and we conclude our epistle, with hoping the manager will be rewarded for the very great expense and trouble which he must have incurred. Your giving insertion to these loose remarks, will oblige a friend and well-wisher, who subscribes himself,

THEATRICUS.

## POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF AN AMIABLE YOUNG  
LADY.

How low thou art, and yet how bless'd!  
Reposing on thy bed of rest,  
No more on thee shall nature pour  
Her vials in the torturing hour;  
No more around thy youthful head  
The agony of death be spread:  
For thou art gone to fairer lands,  
And thou art bless'd by other hands;  
And lovelier sounds shall charm thine ear  
Than ever breath'd upon it here.  
And from thy breast shall angel sighs  
Dispel a parent's agonies;  
And in thy sainted bosom flow  
The stream that quenches every woe.  
No longer shall thy holy lip  
The bitter draught of sorrow sip;  
Nor from thine eyelids flow the tears  
That stain our first and latest years.  
Fair spirit! in thy bless'd abode,  
Belov'd of angels and of God!  
With beamy crown of glory shining,  
With beauty round thy temples twining,  
Canst thou, from thine abode of bliss,  
Gaze upon world so vile as this?  
Canst thou, from Zion's holy place,  
Look down on man's degraded race?  
Yes, spirit bright!—though glorious be  
The radiance that encircled thee,  
Though richer than the golden dye  
That hangs upon the evening sky,  
Though purer than the virgin snow  
That crowns our mountain peaks below,  
Though fresher than the crystal tide  
That flows from Carmel's wreathed side,  
Although more beautiful than earth  
When she rejoiced in Eden's birth;  
Yet, with a soft impassioned eye,  
Dost thou look from thine native sky,  
And pour upon our sorrowing head  
Such tears as angel forms may shed.  
Belov'd one!—even thou must know  
The height and depth of mortal woe,  
The tears affliction shed for thee,  
In the deep burst of agony,  
The pangs that seiz'd on every heart,  
When from the earth thou didst depart.  
The agonizing throbs that tore  
The heartstrings from their inmost core—  
This thou canst feel; and while thy knee  
Is bent before ETERNITY—  
Wilt thou implore? Ah! yes, thy prayer  
Will gain a balm for our despair;  
A hope to cause our sorrows cease,  
And the warm heart repose in peace;  
And bid a sweet remembrance wave  
Its gentle influence o'er thy grave.

A. B. C. D.

## TO THE MEMORY OF WALLACE.

O Caledonia! while thy arts arise,  
While fame proclaims thy deeds to distant lands,  
While thy proud spires invade the bending skies,  
While Scotia's banners wave in freemen's hands,  
While o'er thy heath-hills hums the moorland bee,  
While thy blue mountains bound the horizon,  
While round thy rough shores chafes the raging sea,  
While freedom is thy children's orison,  
Forget not Wallace! who, with dauntless breast,  
Oft braved for thee the brunt of lawless power;  
And burn'd with rage to see thy sons oppress'd,  
To see the tyrant's banner on each tower.  
Shall Caledonia, thus the Hero cried,  
Be ravished of her glory and her fame?  
Shall her pure streams with Scottish blood be dy'd?  
And her surviving sons be slaves and tame?  
Shall the keen eagle cleave the azure sky?  
Shall the dun deer bound lawless o'er the heath?  
Shall the green thistle rear its head on high;  
And Scotsmen's lot be slavery and death?

No!—while the life-blood warms this beating heart,  
While a free spirit animates this frame,  
It shall be mine to act a glorious part,  
And wrench from tyranny my country's name.

The Patriot's God confirm'd the Hero's vow;  
A brighter sun-shine fell upon the land;  
A song of freedom burst from every bough;  
And Peace and Plenty smil'd on every hand.

Then, Caledonia! while thy arts arise,  
While fame proclaims thy deeds to distant lands,  
While thy proud spires invade the bending skies,  
And Scotia's banners wave in freemen's hands,

Forget not Wallace! who, with dauntless breast,  
Oft braved for thee the brunt of lawless power,  
And rais'd triumphantly thy fallen crest,  
And tore the tyrant's banner from each tower.

W. H.

## ANSWER TO THE REBUS.

The 3d part of man, sir, an M I would make;  
A 6th part of spider's an E, as I take;  
An L of a lip is I think part the 3d;  
And A the 4th part of a hand, take my word;  
A 5th part of noses I take to be N;  
G is the 5th part of grand, and what then?  
A 6th part of single I take to be E—  
All which duly arranged, make the Melange to me.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are astonished at the pertinacity of our correspondent, who signs himself a friend, in persisting in his poetical reveries. If he would believe us, we can assure him, that a man may be an ornament to society and literature, though he be not the author of a single rhyme. Cleero was a man of letters; every body knows that; but unfortunately he imagined himself a poet: disregarding the opinions of his friends he would write verses, and was laughed at. We beg he will take warning by Cleero: he was born an Orator, but not a Poet.—If A. B. C. D. would continue the subject of his last communication, we, as well as our friends who have read his remarks, would esteem it a favour. We will always be glad to hear from him. Thank him for the hint, which entirely accords with what we were contemplating.—Nincompoop is not admissible. When he can write prose so well, we wonder he would suspend his time stringing rhymes.—We thank our correspondent of Maiden Hall, for the *Present*. We have used some of it, and think it well favoured. Some of it will not agree with Glasgow standards. We will dispose of that in a proper manner. We have paid attention to the communication.—A anecdote are too common.—We have received W—e's descriptive poem; it possesses merit, but not sufficient to warrant us in inserting it.—The Tryst cannot be admitted.—My Anna's Tomb is under consideration.—We have received three letters on the subject of Mr. Ogilvie's communication; all of which came too late for this week's publication. As we cannot insert them all, we made our selection in the following manner:—We blinded the eyes of one of our devils with a handkerchief, placed the three letters on a table, and contented ourselves with the one he put his paw on. Their merits are equal. We were impartial. All the writers are unknown to us. The letter, beginning 'As you have thought me, &c.', will appear in our next; so our devils have decided.—Remarks on the state of Greece, and the measures of recollection, are under consideration.—S. M. B. in our next.

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THE  
**LITERARY MELANGE;**

OR,

**Weekly Register**

OF

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

“SERIA MIXTA JOCIS.”

No. 23.

WEDNESDAY, 4th DEC. 1822.

PRICE 3½d.

*To the Editor of the Melange.*

I send you the enclosed Essay, which, I hope, will be thought interesting to some of your readers.

I am, &c.

C.

ON THE  
**ANCIENT THEATRE.**

The history of Grecian and Roman literature cannot but be interesting to every man of letters, when it is considered, that from them have we derived almost every thing of excellence in the politer studies. To me, however, the history of the dramatic art has always appeared to possess a double portion of the interest, which is attached to all such inquiries; when it is remembered, that to it, we are indebted for the glory of our nation.

When a nation is, just as it were, emerging from barbarism, and the people, after having provided for their wants, a task formerly of great difficulty, find themselves at leisure for instruction or amusement, there will probably arise men, who will make it their profession to gratify their desires, and depend for their living upon the pleasure of the multitude. To secure the necessary favour, these primitive artists will adapt their amusements to the character and

genius of their countrymen; and, as it cannot be supposed, that a people, rude and uncultivated, shall be able to admire and appreciate the finer touches of poetical genius, will endeavour to produce that gaiety and mirth, which alone, they know, will be acceptable to their audiences. The subjects, likewise, upon which they exercise their talents, will be such as are familiar to their hearers; for, it is not to be expected, that the multitude, ignorant as they must be, can feel the force of their representations of scenes or objects, of which they know nothing.

Hence we find, that the first efforts of the dramatic Muse, both in Greece and Rome, consisted in comic representations of the prominent characters, and popular vices, which were peculiarly characteristic of their age and nation. But to a rude audience, satire can have no charms, unless pointed and personal—mere general declamation must be dull and unmeaning. To promote, therefore, the interest of the spectators, these ancient dramatists resorted to the custom of introducing, by name, any of the citizens, whose characters were obnoxious, or ludicrous, that the hearers might be able to see and feel the force of their invective. Among the

elegant and polished states of Greece, this practice was gradually abolished; and comedy rose to its true level, and became a satire, without personality, upon the prominent vices, and unnatural characters of the world. In Rome, however—a more rude and vigorous people—it was long before the nation of warriors had either genius or taste, to renounce their errors—not till a poet, more polished than the rest of his countrymen, introduced the improvements with which the Greeks had elevated and adorned their tragedy. The rude verses, however, which had amused their ancestors, were not allowed by the Romans to perish and be forgotten. But some of their earlier poets, following out the example of their predecessors, improved and fashioned them into regular satire—a species of poetry always amusing, and often useful.

Stage scenery was, in those early ages, as barbarous as the poetry. It is recorded, that one of the first Grecian dramatists used a waggon, or cart, in place of a theatre; and we are informed, by a Roman poet, that, in the primitive times of his own country, the men of the commonwealth, *placed upon seats of turf, and shaded with branches*, gazed with delight upon the scenes before them. Though this may be fiction, or the mere heightenings of poetry, we are yet certain, that the theatres in early ages were but temporary buildings, composed of wood, and easily destroyed. The manner of acting was of the same primitive character. One, or at least a very few actors appeared on the scene—their faces besmeared with white lees, and calculated, in the words of another poet, *to frighten the rustic child on the breast of its mother*, and intermixed with the songs of a chorus, which stood by. The satirical effusions we have mentioned, something, it

may be supposed, in the manner of those comic songs of our own country; to every verse of which, are subjoined some ludicrous remark in prose.

From this rude and artless state, the dramatic poetry was rescued and adorned by the genius of Æschylus, the first Grecian tragedian; and the feeble and faint charms of the rustic amusements were lost in the greater splendour which attended the introduction of the finished and polished invention of the regular drama. Its author trusted not to satire or comic representation for success in interesting and pleasing his audience; but struck into a new path, and terrified or melted their hearts, with pictures of horror or of woe. He was succeeded by Sophocles and Euripides, who brought this art into the highest state of perfection it ever attained while cultivated by the ancients. The rules for regulating the conduct of the pieces were introduced and established, and these extended also to comedy. Architecture, likewise, was called in to the aid and advancement of her sister art, and added to its charms, by embellishing, with beautiful sculpture, the theatres of Greece.

We have neither any intention, nor indeed are we capable, of tracing the successive steps, by which the ancient dramatic poetry arose to that height, at which it stood in the days of its glory: we shall endeavour, however, to point out a few of its peculiar characteristics.

It has been a question of dispute, whether the ancient tragedies were divided into acts: at least, whether that was not a comparatively late invention. This we pretend not to determine. It seems, however, to be more certain, that these were not admitted into comedy till a late period. Be this as it may, it is evident that such divisions are entirely arbitrary.

We can conceive no reason, unless to afford a little ease to the audience, for introducing pauses of any length into a regularly continued action, such as Grecian and Roman plays peculiarly were. The only effect which such a proceeding can have, is, by diverting the attention, and interrupting the action, to make the audience lose sight of the connexion, and consequently of the interest of the plot. Notwithstanding this, this division was considered necessary by the ancients; as Horace informs us, that *a play should neither have less nor more than five acts*.<sup>\*</sup> Their critics have farther noticed, that there ought to be four distinct stages in a play; and these, indeed, seem to be founded in nature;—1st, where the characters are introduced; 2d, where the plot becomes more busy, and begins to developé; 3d, where it comes to its height; and last, where the catastrophe is disclosed.

The particular manner in which the actors were dressed, differed according to the country in which the scene was laid. There were, however, particular equipments, which always formed part of the furniture of the ancient theatres. These were the *Tebæ*, the *Cothurnus*, and *Soccus*—the *Persona* and the *Chorus*. The *Tebæ*, or pipes, are now little capable of explanation. In general, it may be said, that they were used for the amusement of the audience, during the discontinuance, or perhaps during the continuance, of the acting. Of the rest, however, we possess more means of forming a correct idea. The *Cothurnus* and *Soccus* were coverings for the feet; the latter, used at first, only by women; and the more effeminate of the other sex, was intro-

duced into the theatre for the purpose of expressing the contemptibleness of the character represented; and, perhaps, for the lightness and grace which it added to the dancers. The *Cothurnus* was a high heeled boot, by which the actors were often raised to the height of half a foot or more above their natural level; some say, for the purpose of representing the gigantic size, to which tradition had elevated the first inhabitants of the world—but more probably, to preserve some proportion between the height of the theatres and the actors, and prevent them from seeming to the eye of the spectator, who was at a great distance from where they stood, to be dwindled away into insignificance. The *Persona*, or mask, which had been substituted in the place of the painting of the ancient actors, was a covering for the face, with an opening at the mouth—where, if I mistake not, was sometimes fixed a piece of brass, to raise the voice of the speaker, to a fuller and more commanding tone, and enable him to extend it to the uttermost bounds of their immense theatres.

To be continued.

## CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Music, Slave Dances, &c.—Concluded.

The numerous slaves, of various nations at the Cape, are not behindhand in their fondness for, and no less enthusiastic admirers of, music. It rouses all their energies, and awakens the most lively passions, but they do not betray any of the genitis of the Hottentot. Their songs are confined to the compass of three or four notes, which are eternally reiterated in a low plaintive voice, that would scarcely pass for a musical effusion, and certainly not for an expression of gaiety, did not the countenance and gesture put it beyond a doubt.

Their instruments are of the rudest construction. A hollow piece of wood, with two strings of catgut, or two thin bits of steel, not unlike a tuning-fork, which, being struck with the finger, and put into a vibratory motion, emit a low twang, compared with which the music of a hurdy-gurdy, or a Jew's harp, would be a perfect Apollonicon. Yet, simple as these efforts are, and remote from the science of an itinerant bagpiper, upon these rude sons of nature they produce as powerful emotions as the strains of a Linley or a Cramer, upon the more refined inhabitants of Europe. A week of unremitting toil, and the tyranny of an unfeeling master, are all forgot in the tumultuous delight of the Sunday-dance to these simple instruments.

This is the only indulgence and relaxation which is permitted to the slave. It is, therefore, eagerly anticipated, and prosecuted with proportional ardour, when the moment of enjoyment arrives. After divine service, they assemble in a plain in the suburbs of the town; the dance is begun to the instruments I have before described, accompanied with a few notes of the voice, at times rising into the wildest shrieks, and then subsiding into a low querulous sound, while the irregular beating of a log of wood, hollowed and covered at one end, with an undressed sheep's skin, in imitation of a drum, adds to the noise, and increases at once the wildness and animation of the scene. Men and women, young and old, join promiscuously in it; but there is no prescribed order, no arrangement of partners, or visible attention to the females;—all seem engrossed by some powerful emotion, which at times breaks out into wild exclamation, but at other times imparts an air of profound abstraction.

The general dance at times gives way, whilst some individual steps forth, and performs a *pas seul* with abundance of grimace, and action, interspersed with soliloquy, the meaning of which it is impossible for a stranger to discover, but it is listened to with rapturous exclamation by the rest of the party. This dancing is certainly not an exhibition of grace and elegance; it is not even a display of that vigour which the elasticity and buoyancy of youth may produce. The spirit which actuated Goldsmith's pair,

is not known among them; probably a week of toil may have exhausted that springiness. If these dances be, as is usual with most savage nations, meant to display or excite that sensibility which mutually attaches the sexes, the choice of attitude and gesture to convey this expression, is certainly most singular. The amusement, however, is continued with unremitting ardour and profuse perspiration, without the aid of tea or small beer until sun-set, when a civil officer in attendance gives the signal for retiring, and the parties quietly disperse to their respective homes.

Without entering into the long-debated question, how far the colony at large would be benefited by the total abolition of slavery, I cannot say that the condition of the slaves at the Cape struck me as being peculiarly miserable. It is as much the interest of the master to keep his slave in good condition, as his horse. As the property is valuable, they invariably have the best medical attendance in sickness, and such comforts as are necessary in that situation. Though their toil is incessant, and their indulgences much fewer than those of a European labourer, they have not in general the appearance of being overworked; for they are early inured to hardship and spare-living. If they are sunk below the level of their fellow-creatures, we may perhaps argue, that they cannot be supposed sensible to the pain of degradation, when they have never enjoyed a more elevated state; or to feel the want of liberty, when they have not known, or ever aspired to the character of free-men.

In fact, only suppose the sensibilities of his nature deadened, and the difference in the condition of the slave and white labourer is hardly perceptible. The portion of both is a life of unremitting toil, servitude, and dependance; and if we reflect, that the slave has no apprehension of want,—that he has no harassing solicitude on the score of providing for his offspring;—but is always sure of a subsistence, which the other equally toils for in the sweat of his brow, and oftentimes in torturing uncertainty, the balance will be still more equal.—This, however, is not admitting a right in any human being to fit his victim, by early and continued degradation, for wearing his chains; a slight extension of such a privilege might justify the Eastern despot in furnishing his seraglio with its mutilated attendants. In a moral point of view, the consequences of slavery are more strik-

—'That simply sought renown,  
By holding out to tire each other down,'

ing. It is necessary that the slave should be depressed in the scale of human beings by ignorance; for knowledge would awaken the energies of the soul, and 'tell them they are men;' but that a large portion of our fellow-creatures, whose menial offices and occupations are precisely similar to those of our own countrymen, should be devoted to superstition, and debarred from all moral improvement, is a singular feature in the state of servitude. Why a population of blacks are to be shut out from the light and advantage of Christianity, detached from the common chain of human beings\*,—why they are not to know the social ties of kindred, to solace themselves, like the other wretched ones of the world, by the anticipation of future happiness, is a mystery I cannot explain. If slavery be incompatible with such things in its present ameliorated state, it is indeed a bad cause.

When the Spaniards first became acquainted with the natives of America, we are told that they looked upon them as animals of an inferior order, and it was with difficulty that they could be persuaded that they belonged to the human species. It required the authority of a Papal bull to counteract this opinion, and to convince them that the Americans were capable of the functions, and entitled to the privileges of humanity. Though that age of darkness has passed away, one would imagine that this preposterous opinion still prevailed in Southern Africa.

This practice is contrary to the invariable rule observed in the Spanish, Portuguese, and French colonies, by which every master is compelled to procure religious instruction for his slaves; and this seems to be according to the true spirit of Christianity. Indeed, the diffusion of Christianity has unhappily been made a plea for this odious traffic.

The slaves are by far the most numerous class of domestic servants at the Cape, and the women are invariably used as the nurses and companions of the young children of the family. The influence of these persons upon the young mind is well understood, and occasions the strictest scrutiny into character in our own country. What then must be the pernicious effect of early

and continued intercourse with a class of beings so degraded and demoralized?—Much of the laxity in morals, and that general tone of levity observable among the upper orders of society, may be traced to this source; and while slavery exists in its present form and extent, it seems in vain to hope for any thing like virtuous principle and morality amongst the lower orders of society.

Instances of cruel treatment, are, I believe, rare, especially since the great increase of English in the colony. However, it must be confessed, that a notion universally prevails, that slaves are not to be treated with kindness; and perhaps, a saying, that is said to pass current in the French West India islands, will serve with tolerable accuracy to express the general opinion here, viz.

*'Battre un negre, c'est le nourrir.'*

The politics of Europe are not a subject of much interest, or a topic of frequent discussion, amongst the inhabitants of the Cape. The newspapers are irregular in their arrivals; indeed, they depend almost entirely upon the captains of ships, for such as they may casually have provided themselves with, and appear to be well reconciled to the privation. The general listlessness and inactivity of mind that prevails upon all subjects unconnected with the shop, betrays itself in nothing more visibly than in this.

There is a miserable weekly gazette published under the immediate superintendence of the government, containing little else but mercantile advertisements, with, now and then, a few garbled extracts from the London papers.

The only printing press in the colony is that which furnishes forth this choice publication, and is the property of government. It is of course a subject of complaint, that another press should be prohibited. That such prohibition does exist, or has ever been called for, I think extremely doubtful. Beyond the few individuals connected with the government, it would be difficult to find any one capable of editing a journal, and still less easy to find public spirit to support one. There cannot surely be a doubt that the dissemination of useful in-

\* A slave, as such, is not permitted to become a Christian at the Cape. Of this sacred calling, his debased situation is supposed to render him unworthy. Hence he can never marry.

struction, through the medium of a free press would be beneficial to the colony at large.

There are few of the elements of republicanism to be discovered here, nor can I find any point of resemblance between these Africans and the old Spartans, but in their common admiration of thieving, both mistaking *rascality* for a proper degree of dexterity and ingenuity. A swindler is called a *slim fellow* at the Cape.

There are a Lutheran, a Calvinistic church, and numerous dissenting chapels at the Cape; but the lessons of religion are little taught, and still less put in practice. The moral virtues seem not to be implanted by nature. There is no law of nature, that I know of, which teaches the restraint of those dangerous propensities, the indulgence of which infringes upon the peace and order of society. Nature does not prohibit the coveting another man's wife, or another man's goods, but rather seems to say, 'If this thing hits thy fancy, take it to thyself—if this man troubles thee, even put away his life.' Hence, then, those philosophers by whom virtue is termed, 'tyrannic custom,' and faith, 'an obscene worm,' maturely considered the nature of man, when they talk of disencumbering him of his shackles; for he does not appear to move with greater ease or dignity without them.

Decency is seldom openly outraged in the disgraceful manner we daily witness at home, though vice has an unlimited sway in the walks of private life. There is more temperance and moderation amongst the female part of the world, because a lack of chastity is more a thing of course. Where women can be profligate without shame, they rarely exhibit to the eye those grosser excesses which, in other countries, where disgrace and infamy are attached to the indulgence of these 'venial delights,' so frequently shock us. Conjugal fidelity is rarely to be met with here. The men have their slave girls, without any disagreeable feelings on the part of their wives; and these, again, have their cicis-bos, with the good will and permission of their husbands. An intrigue, with an unmarried young lady, under a promise of marriage, has this unpleasant consequence attending it: if the lady can bring proof of such promise, and chooses to exact the performance of it, the party is compelled either to marry her or to leave the colony.

As there are few heiresses, marriages are usually contracted either from motives of personal affection, or a desire of posterity. Now, as the former of these objects may be attained without the shackles of matrimony, which is by many considered essential only for the purpose of legitimizing the issue, they sometimes have recourse to a very delicate sort of arrangement, which is worthy of notice. The parties meet together under a provisional contract or promise of marriage as man and wife: if the lady conceives, the ceremony is performed in good time; if there is no appearance of progeny, their innocent pleasures may be prolonged without detriment, till passion is satiated, or other motives may induce a separation. I am sorry to say, our own countrymen are, as usual when from home, most forward in every excess. This is an old saying in Italy: 'Inglese Italiano e diavolo incarnato.'

The word delicacy, which has undergone such revolutions, and at this day means such different things in different countries, may be said to have no place at all in the Dutch Cape nomenclature. As an instance of this, the ceremony of marriage is usually performed in open church on Sundays, during the hours of public service. On such occasions, men are apt to sneak into church, and sneak out again; but a young lady of the Cape is not satisfied unless she can display her unblushing charms and her wedding dress to the gaze of an unlimited number of spectators. A Dutchman was engaged to be married to an English lady residing at the Cape, whose father had stipulated to pay down a certain sum of money, by way of portion, on his daughter's wedding day. The day arrived, and the bride and bridegroom, with the friends of both parties, assembled in splendid attire at the father's house, on their way to church. At length, every preparation for the ceremony being completed, all rose up to go, when the bridegroom, instead of leading his fair bride to the altar, paused for a few moments, in an attitude of calculation, and then suddenly advancing to the father, and striking his fist upon the table, broke out into this delicate exclamation before the whole party. 'I tell you vat, if I no get the via-dollen, I no take the wife.'

Slave girls, when possessed of any personal charms, are an invaluable property. They are sent forth elegantly equipped.

and are immediately hired of the owner, either by the month or year, or perhaps purchased altogether by some enamoured admirer. If this property should belong to a lady, the traffic is not considered as indelicate, but an honest source of emolument, which it would be fastidiousness to decline. A married lady, of great respectability, was possessed of a slave girl, whom she had regularly hired to an East India officer by the month; but the girl had the presumption to engage in other amours, and he made a complaint of this impertinent conduct to the mistress in the public dancing assembly, with an intent of having her punished. The lady very composedly told him the fault was his own, that he ought to purchase the girl at once.

*'Ex una disce omnes.'*

This is a very disgusting, but a very true picture of natural morality.

The pusillanimity of the Africanos was conspicuous enough in the last capture of the Cape. The epitaph in Westminster Abbey, which so nobly commemorates the family of the Lord Lucas of Colchester, wherein it is said, that 'all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous,' might be aptly reversed to pourtray the qualities of an African family.

*To the Editor of the Melange.*

#### REMARKS

ON THE

#### PRESENT STATE of the GREEKS.

In the present state of the affairs of Greece, any thing connected with that country cannot but be interesting. The history of ancient Greece—its poets, statesmen, and the heroic exploits of its warriors, have been the subjects of our early education, and the admiration of our more advanced years. Now, learning and liberty have deserted their former favourite abodes, and the present inhabitants are so changed, and possess so few of the characteristics of their predecessors, that it is now become a matter of dispute, whether or not they can lay claim to them as ancestors.

When we consider the long time that Greece has been under the dominion of conquerors, and especially the dreadful tyranny under which it at present labours, we ought not surely to be surprised that the present Greeks are so different from the former. Oppression is the sure cause of demoralization; it spreads its baneful effects over all under its power, nurses in the breasts of the oppressed, deceit and cunning—alarmed to give free vent to their feelings of indignation at the injuries they receive, their complaints are uttered in low and sullen murmurings—unable to assert their just rights, and to punish their oppressors by open force, they employ artifice for the gratification of their revenge. Thus, that free and manly spirit, possessed by nations enjoying the blessings of liberty, will never be found in Greece, or any other country in similar circumstances.

But it cannot be justly said, that the Greeks are more debased than some other people in Europe. By the misrepresentation of travellers, and the prejudiced accounts of merchants in the Levant, we have formed the lowest opinion of their moral state. But these individuals have seen the worst of the Greeks, and even those in the most unfortunate circumstances, unprotected by any law, liable to be imposed on, and defrauded by the Franks, equally with the Turks, they are forced, for their own preservation, to resort to the same means of deceit and injustice, which are employed by others against them. The enlightened and disinterested scholar, who repairs to Greece, not for personal aggrandizement, but to view those scenes already familiarized to him in story, and for which he has cherished feelings of veneration, and who has had an opportunity of observing a Greek of the better sort, has been at no loss to dis-

cover, in the degenerate son, the true lineaments of his illustrious father.

Nor is it true, that the Greeks do not possess the genius of their ancestors. Greece has given birth to men of the most cultivated ability, who would reflect honour on any country; but the recollections of the former glory of their nation, contrasted with its present condition—the unsupportable tyranny of its rulers—the debased and servile state of their countrymen—have forced them from their native soil. Though exiles in a foreign land, their thoughts are ever turned to their former homes: and they have devoted all their talents to the improvement of their countrymen. Grammars, Lexicons, and other literary productions, are the labours of some; but others, fired by a more active patriotism, have lampooned, and assailed in other ways, the enslavers of their country.

Although it is comparatively few of the Greeks that possess a liberal education, which is only to be procured abroad, yet the whole nation are acute and ingenious. The ancient Greeks devoted no part of their time to the study of any language but their own. The whole force of their genius was directed to the study of the arts and sciences, and to this perhaps may be ascribed their perfection in those things to which their attention was turned. But the exertion of the modern Greeks have been directed to the acquirement of languages, and in this, they have displayed the most unrivalled powers. Possessing a fine and discerning ear—a flexibility of tongue—and a most astonishing memory, the youngest is soon enabled to speak a variety of tongues: likewise, those of the lowest ranks are able to make themselves understood in languages that are spoken only by the most learned and accomplished of our

own country, and the possession of which has cost them a life of severe study. The Greeks, in general, receive a good, though not a liberal education; but, from the system of policy in the country, they can never arrive at any great proficiency in the more useful departments of literature. They possess no means of improvement; no books are allowed to be disseminated, but a few of the most trifling and despicable kind. Thus the learning of the Greeks must remain light and superficial.

Poetry is the chief study of the Greeks, and gives them great delight. It is wild and unconnected—filled with figures and similies—more remarkable for passion and imagination than feeling and nature—possessing, however, a considerable sweetness. It partakes more of the Eastern richness than the Grecian simplicity. Every trifling circumstance calls forth the Muse; and the great number of their love and convivial songs, shows the fertility of their poetic powers. Bad as the Grecian poetry is, we cannot believe it could obtain among a people so degraded as the Greeks are represented to be.

But there are a few poets of a higher rank than those to whom we have already alluded, who tune their lyres to nobler strains—the injuries and emancipation of their country. Possessing, in an eminent degree, the poetical genius of their nation, and fired by patriotism, they have composed songs that are sung throughout all Greece, and which kindle, in the breasts of their countrymen, the greatest enthusiasm. Very remarkable is the similarity of idea in the song with which I will conclude these remarks, and one of our own at present so much admired and so popular. To some it may appear that the translation is unworthy to be com-



pared with our native ballad : but he who consults the original will perhaps find that Riga was scarcely inferior to Burns.

# WAR SONG,

BY RIGA, A GREEK.

Greeks arise ! the day of glory  
Comes at last, triumphant dawning :  
Let us all in future story,  
Rival our forefathers fame !

Under foot the yoke of tyrants,  
Let us now indignant trample,  
Mindful of the great example,  
And avenge our country's shame.

To arms, then, our country cries :  
Sons of the Greeks, arise ! arise !  
Until the blood, in purple flood,  
From the hated foe,  
Beneath our feet, shall flow.

Whether now, alas ! retreating,  
Limbs where Grecian blood is beating ?  
Breathe again, ye spirits fleeing.  
Now your scattered force recal,  
At my trumpet's voice resounding,  
Towards the seven hill'd city bounding—  
Fly, and conquer for your all.

To arms, &c.

Sparta ! Sparta ! why in slumber ?  
Why in lethargy so deep ?  
Rouse thyself, thy friend awaken,  
Glorious Athens, from her sleep.  
Call to mind thy ancient warrior,  
Great Leonidas, of old,  
Mighty man of fame immortal,  
The tremendous, and the bold.

To arms, &c.

See him, where the noble patriot,  
All the invading war withstands.  
At Thermopylae victorious,  
O'er the flying Persian bands.  
With his brave three hundred heroes,  
Forward on the lion goes,  
Plunging through the blood of battle,  
To the centre of his foes.

To arms, &c.

G. D.

## ANSWER FROM MISS A—.

To Mr. John Ogle.

SIR,—As you have thought proper to enclose me a No. of the *Messenger*, with a request that I would carefully peruse the letter signed John Ogle, as it contained the genuine sentiments of your palpitatory bosom.—

Though you have made a slight alteration in the letters of your name, I will not affect ignorance of the person who so unaccountably addresses me; and I wish, for your own sake, that you had shown the same want of affectation on your part. Your pretending to belong to the respectable family of the Ogles, when there is such good grounds to suspect that you belong to the Goggles, which every body knows is but a *distant* branch of the Ogle family, and long since disowned by them for their misbehaviour in church, is a piece of presumption which, by no means, enhances you in my estimation. That you belong to this family, there can be little doubt, and if there were any, the strong family likeness you betray, *particularly about the eyes*, will always be sufficient to identify you, when you happen to go *anonyma*.

The Ogle family have always been remarked for the becoming diffidence of their demeanour; and when the gentlemen belonging to this family were 'disposed to have a look at a lady, their eyes were raised from the ground, with respectful timidity, to the object of their regard, and withdrawn, with modest confusion, when their tender secret appeared to be discovered. Their amiable feelings would have been shocked at the idea of allowing their eyes to fall from the roof of a church, upon any lady, more so on the lady they professed to esteem.

You seem to take a little merit to yourself, for not 'lifting your eyes off the minister and casting them upon me. If I may judge of the weight of your eyes, from the heaviness of your eye-brows, it would be a *lift* not easily accomplished; and, as for 'casting them,' that is out of the question; your wisest plan would be to let them fall, which, I suppose, you did, on a late occasion, on the head of the preceptor, which might be the

cause of his being so uncommonly heavy, when he ought to have been attending to his duties. You also inform me, that you are not the head taller than any in the congregation, and that you 'do not stand upon any thing.' Of the comparative stature of gentlemen, I don't pretend to be a judge; but as to your standing, you at least don't appear to *stand* upon ceremony, when you can address, in so public a manner, a person who has not the honour of your acquaintance.—Your experience in 'optics,' Mr. Ogle, I am not inclined to call in question, for really, John, considering their size, your management of them is 'remarkably expert,' and you make them perform their obliquities with as much precision, as if their motions were regulated by a pendulum.—That they make impressions is also a truth, which the poor female, who fainted beside me, found to her experience, as you, no doubt, had been *ogling* and frightening into fits, as the poor creature, no doubt, imagined she had seen *something*.

I am sorry to be obliged to say any thing harsh to a gentleman who seems to stand so well with himself; but there is a degree of self-sufficiency in your epistle, which is quite subversive of that respectful line of conduct, which ought to be pursued by every gentleman, who acknowledges himself affected with a palpitation 'in the stomach.' Your suspicion, that I am privy to your 'glances,' and have set a young lady to watch you, is ridiculous enough. To be serious with you, Mr. Ogle, we were both equally at a loss to tell what could be the matter with you; and, from your 'glances,' as you are pleased to call them, were rather inclined to suspect it was a paralytic affection, than an affection of a more tender description; your letter, however, has made us easy

on this head, for believe me, John, we really *felt* for your situation.

Hoping you will be able to collect so much from my answer, as will serve to regulate your conduct in future,

I remain,

Your most obt.

A

P.S.—Be a good boy, and it's hard to say what may happen.

### LORD LOVAT.

Of all the Chiefs who figured in the unfortunate attempt of 1745, certainly the most singular and notorious, was Simon Fraser of Lovat. To the wild ferocity, unsubdued passions, and cunning and caprice of savage life, he added the insinuating address, dissimulation, and crafty policy, of a more civilized state. Bold, restless, aspiring, and avaricious in the extreme, he was continually plotting the means of self-aggrandizement; false and deceitful, he was profuse of oaths and promises, when in his heart he had resolved to act contrary to his protestations. But his schemes often failed through a refinement of cunning; while his restless and turbulent disposition was continually leading him into new plots, until at last his intrigues brought him to the scaffold. His station in life, and the period in which he lived, were unfortunately too favourable for the developement of such a character. Living in a remote part of the country, and the head of a people, who knew no law but the nod of their chief, he exercised an authority nothing short of regal sway; his violent passions raged without controul, and there was no enterprise, however lawless, oppressive, or criminal, in which he was not seconded by his followers.

Simon was the son of Thomas Fraser of Beaufort, the male heir of

the house of Lovat. After the death of Hugh, tenth Lord Lovat, the title and estate of Lovat were disputed between his Lordship's daughter, heir of line, and Thomas Fraser, heir male. Simon, in order to combine the claims of both houses, proposed an alliance with the daughter of Lord Hugh; but being thwarted through the interference of the Marquis of Athole, the lady's uncle, who gave her away in marriage to another, Simon Fraser came to the desperate and unaccountable resolution of forcing a marriage between himself, and the Dowager Lady Lovat, daughter of the Marquis of Athole, a lady advanced in life, of respectable character, not certainly of an inviting person; but who, in virtue of her jointure, was in possession of a considerable part of the estate of Lovat. This design he actually put in execution:—he went through the mock ceremony of a wedding; had her dress cut from her person with a dirk, and subjected her to the last extremity of brutal violence, while the pipes played in the next apartment to drown her screams. For this unwarranted outrage, he was obliged to fly to the continent; and, having been tried in his absence, was declared an outlaw. He repaired to the court of St. Germans, entered into some plans for the restoration of the exiled family of Stuart, came over privately to Scotland, but his plot failing, he was, on his return to France, thrown into prison.

It was not until the troubles of 1715 commenced, that government, foreseeing the advantage of securing such a powerful and numerous Clan in their interest, gave a pardon to Lovat, and invited him to return for the purpose of heading his Clan in behalf of King George. To secure his allegiance, he had a pension granted to him, besides some other offices of distinction which he held, and he con-

tinued faithful to the government until the arrival of the Chevalier in 1745. Allured by the hopes of plunder, and tempted by the high promises of personal preferment, he again began to waver; and, with his usual duplicity of character, endeavoured to hold a stake with both parties, until the success of the Chevalier's army at Prestonpans, confirmed him in the resolution of joining the Prince's standard. Still, however, it was in an underhand manner; he did not join the army himself, but compelled his son to head a detachment of the Clan, although he pretended to the government party, that his son had joined the Chevalier's army contrary to his injunctions.—Lovat was not present at the battle of Culloden; nor had he, previous to that event, had an interview with the Prince in whose cause he had involved himself. It was not till after that fatal day, that the vanquished Charles, with his few attendants, came galloping with full speed to the remote and solitary mansion of Castle Dounie, bringing the fatal intelligence of the ruin of the cause, and the dispersion of his adherents. Thus Lovat saw all his hopes blasted, and his doom at length sealed. Old and infirm, he attempted to seek his safety in flight, although obliged to be carried on the shoulders of his attendants; but after lurking for some time, he was at last discovered in the hollow trunk of a tree, and carried prisoner to London.

He displayed to the last all the peculiarities of his character. In a singular letter which he wrote to the Duke of Cumberland, he endeavoured to excite his compassion, by telling him, 'how often he had carried him in his arms when a child, and offered to make such discoveries as would be of an hundred times more advantage to government than the sacrifice of an old grey head.' During his trial, he

made an excuse, that his deafness prevented him from ascertaining the nature of the accusations against him: on the scaffold, he preserved that undaunted firmness, mingled with a satirical causticity of humour, for which he was remarkable; and died with the words of the old Roman in his mouth,

*'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.'*

That such a person should assume such sentiments, in his last moments, must certainly appear singular.

His life, from the outset, was one tissue of falsehood and deceit. His public conduct was invariably influenced by views of self-interest, not by the good of his country; in private life, he was harsh, tyrannical, and ungenerous; with not one redeeming virtue to palliate his many vices.

#### *To the Editor of the Melange.*

MR. EDITOR,—A young man, whose occupation was the herding of cattle, among the wild mountains of the Highlands of Scotland, in his wanderings after his flock, one day, met a most beautiful young woman seated on the bank of a little river. At his approach she did not seem to shrink; but looked up to him, with an enchanting expression of countenance, when he spoke to her, and bade him rest himself, and oblige her with his company. He sat down beside her, and, as he gazed upon her for a while in admiring rapture, she clasped his neck, and kissed him. Encouraged by this, the shepherd took her all in his arms, and the yielding maiden melted in his grasp. The fruit of the embrace, was a young son, who was brought to the world long before the ordinary course of nature warranted. The mother always paid the shepherd and child a visit every day, bringing wild berries and flowers, and the speckled tenants of the brook to the youngster, both for food and amusement. At night, she brought him out, and washed him in a pool, formed by a part of the river on whose banks he was begotten, when the fairy train of a neighbouring knoll responded to the wild note which she sang while engaged in this operation. While she was

away upon her morning excursion, the young fairy, which you, by this time, have discovered he was, was tended by his father; and the song, of which you have a translation, is sung by the old wives of the Highlands till this day, as the lullaby which he used to croon to the boy, in the absence of the mother. I am, Mr. Editor,

Your well-wisher,

S. M. R.

#### RUAINI YLINICHAN.

*A Fairy Song, from the Gaelic.*

Ha, ho ro, my Ruaini Ylinichan,  
Sleep while the sun shines so clearly;  
By the time that he reaches his diary meridian,  
Mother will cuddle thee dearly.

She has gone, the wild goat to chase over Ben  
Niveth,  
And bound o'er its precipice dreary;  
And bring the new milk that the giddy kid leaveth,  
To feed you at noon-day, my deary.

Each wild-flower that spreads its perfume through  
the corrie—

The berries that stud its graith briery—  
She'll skilfully cull, and will carry home for you,  
To deck and to nourish her deary.

She'll wile the bright par from its cosy retreat,  
She'll charm the young ptarmigan, deary;  
And bring from the wild wood, each dainty and  
sweet,

That makes the young fays hale and cheery.

And then, when the even-tide sheds her bright dew  
drops,

O'er the green sward of the mountain;  
And no fleeting cloudlet, the moon's course of blue  
stops,

She'll lave you in yonder clear fountain.

And soft is the song that she sings you to rest with,  
As the cold waters stream o'er your bosom;  
And the chorus is swell'd by the friends you are  
blest with,

And their theme is the young fairy blossom.

The portal of yonder green knoll opens wide,  
And its inmates come forth light and cheerily;  
For they know what the lullaby sung should betide,  
And they reel 'neath the moonlight so cheerily.

And your mother and you join the sprightly cotillion  
And the minstrelsy aye makes ye cheery;  
Till morn paints the welkin with streaks of vermilion,

Ye ne'er of the revelry weary.

Glasgow, 4th Nov. 1822.

#### FISHER-BOY OF NAPLES.

In the year, 1647, there lived at Naples, a poor fisher-boy of the name of Tomaso Anello, vulgarly corrupted into Masaniello. He was clad in the meanest attire, went about barefooted, and gained a scanty livelihood by angling for fish, and hawking them about for sale. Who could have imagined that, in this poor abject fisher-

boy, the populace were to find the being destined to lead them on to one of the most extraordinary revolutions recorded in history? Yet so it was. No monarch ever had the glory of rising so suddenly to so lofty a pitch of power, as the barefooted Masaniello. Naples, the metropolis of many fertile provinces, the queen of many noble cities, the resort of princes, of cavaliers, and of heroes—Naples, inhabited by more than six hundred thousand souls, abounding in all kinds of resources, glorying in its strength—this proud city saw itself forced, in one short day, to yield to one of its meanest sons, such obedience as in all its history it had never before shown to its liege sovereigns. In a few hours the fisher-lad was at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men; in a few hours there was no will in Naples but his; and, in a few hours, it was freed from all sorts of taxes, and restored to all its ancient privileges. The fishing-wand was exchanged for the truncheon of command, the sea-boy's jacket for cloth of silver and gold. He made the town be entrenched; he placed sentinels to guard it against danger from without; and he established a system of police within, which awed the worst banditti in the world into fear. Armies passed in review before him; even fleets owned his sway. He dispensed punishments and rewards with the like liberal hand; the bad he kept in awe; the disaffected he paralysed; the wavering he resolved by his exhortations; the bold were encouraged by his incitements; the valiant made more valiant by his approbation.

Obedied in whatever he commanded, gratified in whatever he desired, successful in whatever he attempted, never was there a chief more absolute, never was an absolute chief for a time more powerful. He ordered that all

the nobles and cavaliers should deliver up their arms to such officers, as he should give commission to receive them. The order was obeyed. He ordered that men of all ranks should go without cloaks, or gowns, or wide cassocks, or any other sort of loose dress, under which arms might be concealed; nay, that even the women, for the same reason, should throw aside their farthingales, and tuck up their gowns somewhat high. The order changed in an instant the whole fashions of the people, not even the proudest and the fairest of Naples' daughters daring to dispute, in the least, the pleasures of the people's idol. Nor was it over the high and noble alone that he exercised this unlimited ascendancy. The 'fierce democracy' were as acquiescent as the titled few. On one occasion, when the people, in vast numbers, were assembled, he commanded, with a loud voice, that every one present should, under pain of rebellion and death, retire to his home. The multitude instantly dispersed. On another, he put his finger on his mouth to command silence; in a moment every voice was hushed.

The reign of this prodigy of power was indeed short, lasting only from the 7th till the 16th of July, 1647; when he perished, the victim of another revolution in affairs. It was a reign marked too with many atrocious excesses, and with some traits of indescribable personal folly; yet as long as it is not an every-day event for a fisher-boy to become a king, the story of Masaniello of Naples must be regarded with equal wonder and admiration, as exhibiting an astonishing instance of the genius to command existing in one of the humblest situations of life, and asserting its ascendancy with a rapidity of enterprise to which there is no parallel in history.

## THE RHYMESTER'S ORACLE;

*Or, Art of Poësy-making laid open.*

Every body in the world, that is, every *genius*, (and who is not a *genius*?) finds that it is necessary to write verses sometimes—an '*Epithalium*' on a friend's marriage, or a '*Monody*' on his death; '*Lines to a New Born Infant*,' or, '*On the unfortunate indisposition of Poor Pompey*,' my lady B's Pug.

Now, this is a serious affair, let me tell you, Mr. Editor; these occasions for versifying may occur frequently, of course; then, every body in the world should be prepared for them. What a pity it would be, if, when a *genius*-like being had one of these glorious opportunities of signaling himself, he should fail to elicit unbounded applause; because, his rhymes had an unmetrical rudeness, resulting from his unacquaintance with what are assuredly the most important parts of the poet's study,—the *Mechanism of Feet* and of *Rhymes*.

This much, regarding the usefulness of the *Art*, and the necessity of obtaining a knowledge of it. It remains now to show, 'what has been done for it, and what remains to be done.' In ancient times there was one *Aristotle*, and, I believe, one *Horace*, also, who wrote upon the subject; but they lived so long ago, and, indeed, those ancient writers were such barbarians, that their treatises cannot be recommended to you. To come down to the moderns, then—to come, at once, to those who have written, particularly on what I write about,—to come to such men as *Bysshe*, and *Gent*, and several others, who have composed *Dictionaries of Rhymes*. These were indeed useful men—industrious pruners in the vineyards of *Par-nassus*—who have rendered more assistance to young practitioners, in the

pleasing art of poetry, than any men I know of. But, alas! even the great deal that they did, was very little, in comparison with what might have been done. If their *Rhyming Dictionaries* are examined, they will be found to be mere *sarragos*, in which nothing is consulted but the *sound*.

Here, then, we perceive a *Desideratum*—a systematic work on the *Art of Rhyming*; and such a work I have, after considerable labour and study, completed. The rude and crude clippings of the aforementioned authors, I have digested into order, by selecting the rhymes proper for every possible subject; and reducing them to systematic arrangement. The whole is explained and illustrated in the most familiar and pleasing manner.

I announce this work with great satisfaction, and assure the public it shall shortly be laid before them: in the mean time, to gratify, in some degree, the curiosity which I foresee will prevail regarding it; and, to afford some insight into the nature of my plan, I have transcribed, from the MS., the following passages.

'For the *Eclogue*, or pastoral dialogue, let the student conclude his lines with the rhymes underwritten: always taking care to finish his sense with the second rhyme, and at no time to suffer his verse to exceed the just measure of ten syllables. The rhymes for this purpose, are these:

\_\_\_\_\_ shady brake  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Lycidas awake.  
 \_\_\_\_\_ careless rove  
 \_\_\_\_\_ leafy grove,  
 \_\_\_\_\_ fruitful field  
 \_\_\_\_\_ harvest yield.  
 \_\_\_\_\_ tuneful measure  
 \_\_\_\_\_ harmless pleasure  
 \_\_\_\_\_ nymphs and swains  
 \_\_\_\_\_ flowery plains  
 &c.

'Should our student turn his thoughts to panegyric, we would ad-

wise, that he adhere to the endings we have here prescribed, as :

\_\_\_\_\_ the muse  
\_\_\_\_\_ a tributary--refuse  
\_\_\_\_\_ good and great  
\_\_\_\_\_ ordained by fate  
\_\_\_\_\_ noble line  
\_\_\_\_\_ race divine  
\_\_\_\_\_ great heir  
\_\_\_\_\_ peculiar care  
\_\_\_\_\_ &c.

‘ If my practitioner should, perchance, be possessed of a great fund of humour, and be inclined to employ his wicked wit in ridiculing the clergy, we would admonish him to adhere to the following terminations, in order, as they are appointed, being careful to confine his lines to eight syllables only :

\_\_\_\_\_ musty  
\_\_\_\_\_ rusty  
\_\_\_\_\_ college

\_\_\_\_\_ knowledge  
\_\_\_\_\_ farce on  
\_\_\_\_\_ parson  
\_\_\_\_\_ vicar  
\_\_\_\_\_ liquor  
\_\_\_\_\_ ease  
\_\_\_\_\_ fees  
\_\_\_\_\_ fire  
\_\_\_\_\_ squire  
\_\_\_\_\_ tall  
\_\_\_\_\_ all  
\_\_\_\_\_ spouse  
\_\_\_\_\_ carouse  
\_\_\_\_\_ breed  
\_\_\_\_\_ feed.

I need not give more to prove the inestimable advantages which may be derived from the study of so admirable a work. I have only to add, once more, that it shall soon be published, to serve my friends and, to ———  
My pockets are rather low.

**JOB RUSTICOAT.**

## POETRY.

### THE POWER OF WOMAN.

*Paraphrase on part of the 4th Chapter of Esdras.*

O Men ! 'tis not the king who reigns,  
Nor yet the wine-cup which he drains,  
(Ye vie in strength one little hour,  
With lovely woman's wondrous power ;  
For woman lord's it o'er them all,  
And all before her influence fall.

Ye sages, and ye warriors, say,  
Have ye not felt her powerful sway ?  
Ere Woman's smile, can soothe the heart  
Of him who is with passion mair,  
And can more blissful joy impart,  
Than aught on earth—'tis so engaging ;  
It steals the lightning from the eye ;  
It fills the soul with sympathy ;  
It lulls the frenzied mind to sleep,  
And makes the eye forget to weep.  
No hour so dark, in life's distress,  
That woman's smile would fail to bless ;  
No hour so bright, that woman's eye  
Would not add to its brilliancy.

Riches and honour men forget ;  
Not ruin's self can bar her away ;  
And when she throws love's silken net,  
The strongest heart becomes her prey ;  
And country, life, and friends, will fall  
Before her sweet enchanting thrall.

Do ye not labour, men, and toil,  
But to be bless'd with woman's smile ?  
Nor do ye scruple, men, to sin,  
When woman's love ye hope to win.  
Kings are but men, and do not they  
Woman's capricious will obey ;  
For readily sweet sin's sin,  
When woman's love it tries to win.

O woman nerves the warrior's hand !  
And fires his soul, and draws the brand,  
O woman sheathes the sword of war !  
And binds the wound, and heals the scar.  
The weak, the strong, the base, the brave,  
Alike, in turns, is woman's slave.

And woman's scorn's a keener sting,  
And deeper strikes than power of king ;  
What ill on earth can e'er compare  
Unto that loveliness of hair,  
When woman's slight instils despair,  
Nor seems to pity when we smart ;  
Ye who have liv'd that bitter hour,  
Say, what appeared the kindly power,  
And all the ills he could dispense,  
Compared to woman's scornful glance.  
That hopeless moment, when despair  
Sits on the soul, and the madd'ning brain  
Seems whirling round—O ! who would dare  
To brave that ecstasy of pain,  
When the heart is rest of that cheering ray,  
And our dearest hopes are sent away,  
And the gasping soul feels that moment of woe,  
Which it cannot tell, though doom'd to know.

Glasgow.

### LINES ON JEANIE.

Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,  
And Jeanie has undone me ;  
And yet, I swear, I can't tell how,  
The pleasing plague stole on me.  
Tis not her face that drew my eyes,  
For there no graces revel ;  
Tis not her shape, for there the fates  
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis neither air, nor sure is that  
There's nothing more than common;  
And all her sense is only chat,  
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give the alarm,  
'Twas both perhaps—or neither;  
In short, 'twas that provoking shape  
Of Jeanie altogether.

D. P.

Glasford Street.

## THE POWER OF WINE.

Paraphrase on part of the 3d Chapter of Ecclesi.

O wine! above all earthly things,  
Is strong! before it reason flies.  
The vilest slaves 'twill change to kings,  
So well it can the truth disguise.  
Distinction flies before its might;  
The rich, the poor, the bond and free,  
Alike assume the boasted right  
Of vaunting self-supremacy.

O wine is strong! and glads the heart,  
And makes the mind its griefs forget,  
And pain itself forgets to smart,  
And with it sorrow flies and debt.

The heart enrich'd more keenly burns;  
We laugh at kings, or him who rules;  
The brain beneath its influence turns,  
And fools grow wise, and wise grow fools.

O wine is strong! and gifts the tongue  
Of silence with the power to speak;  
Its praise can ne'er be spoke or sung,  
It steals the tear from sorrow's cheek;  
It makes the coldest bosom glow;  
It makes the prisoner's fetters tight;  
It makes the bard forget his woe;  
It makes the darkest moment bright.

O wine is strong! the miser's self  
Is leached of beneath its power;  
It makes the soul forget itself;  
It makes the cloud of ruin lower.  
Wine poisons off the cup of bliss,  
And leaves the mortal's life below;  
It sweetens on the lover's lip,  
Turns foe to friend, and friend to foe.

O wine is strong! and turns the love  
Of friends and brothers into hate;  
It draws the sword, its strength to prove,  
And oft decides the wretch's fate;  
It rends the dearest ties on earth;  
It makes the bashful lover woo;  
It gives the bright idea birth.  
O tell me what it cannot do?

R. G.

Glasgow.

## VARIETIES.

An old woman, who had been sacrificing  
with a neighbour very liberally to Bacchus,  
in returning to her home, a little below  
Greenock, fell fast asleep within the water-  
mark. Feeling the water, some hours  
afterwards, on the flowing of the tide, fre-  
quently washing over her mouth, and conceiv-  
ing from the taste, that her neighbour,  
with whom she supposed she was still in  
company, was adulterating her drink, she  
exclaimed, with some acrimony and indig-  
nation, 'No! no! curse me if I do; I shall  
not taste another drop, if you change the  
liquor upon me.'

## ANSWER TO CONUNDRUMS.

Q. Why is a washer-woman like a church  
bell?—A. Because she wrings.

Q. Why are man and wife like two  
large rivers in Scotland.—A. Because  
they have been connected. So is the Forth  
with the Clyde.

Q. Why is lemon juice like a good say-  
ing.—A. Because it has been expressed.

## EPIITAPH ON NEIL GOW.

Gow and time are even now;  
Gow beat time; now time's beat Gow.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Extract from my Journal, and the Sailor's Journal, are under consideration.  
We advise R. M. to keep his verses until Valentine's day, they may then be useful.  
Amicus Virtutis will appear soon.

The Demon of the Storm cannot find a resting place; Poverty, by the same author, will.

The communication from Maiden Fall in our next.

Editor is received.

We do not like to meddle with J. A. C's letter.

Letter to Miss Nancy Crabb in our next.

We are of opinion that our correction, in Miss Crabb's letter, was requisite to make sense. We advise  
the lady to compare the original with our page, and she will find us right.

Atlas, we are afraid, wants strength to bear his burthen. We never see the name, but we think of  
him who bore the heavens on his shoulders. We believe he will find his own *Acad* as much as he  
can move under.

We thank our correspondent for the sum he sent us to defray future postage. We do not wish to  
pocket any of it. We would like to know to whom we are indebted, for fear of imposition.

We will treat our readers to Pies and Porter next week.

Nepos's letter we never received. If his *baits* are good we will not readily disgorge them. We will  
be glad to hear from him in prose or verse.

The fate of Glasgow will be decided next week.

We must change the title of W. H.'s piece, else we cannot insert it.  
Superstition is too hackneyed. Let Z. Y. X. try some other subject.

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THE  
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OR,

**Weekly Register**

OF

**LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.**

"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

No. 24. WEDNESDAY, 11th DEC. 1822. PRICE 3<sup>d</sup>.

ON THE  
**ANCIENT THEATRE.**

*Concluded.*

The Chorus is the last, and most remarkable peculiarity of the ancient theatres. This was a body of men or women, supposed to be spectators of what was transacting; and who intermixed, from time to time, with the speeches of the actors, their own remarks (which were chaunted in verse) on the conduct of the characters. Horace tells us, that it was the duty of the Chorus, *to forward, in some measure, the plot, to be favourable to the good, restrain the unruly, praise temperance, and pray to the gods, that fortune should desert the proud, and return to the humble, &c.\** In comedy, the remarks of the Chorus, upon particular characters, arose to such a pitch of severity, that it was, at last, thought necessary to abolish it as offensive. It is said, that the cause of its introduction was, that during the festival of Bacchus, the songs which were sung in his honour were broken into distinct parts, between each of which was introduced

a speaker, for the purpose of reciting or acting a story. When the drama assumed its regular form, these songs were still retained, and made an instrument of introducing some of the finest passages in the ancient plays.

The form of the theatre itself deserves some attention. In Rome there were two kinds, the simple theatre, and the amphitheatre: the one of a semi-circular, the other of an oval shape, both were uncovered at top; though the rays of the sun were generally excluded from the audiences by a covering of canvas. There were three rows of boxes for the different orders of the people; (though the number was less in Greece, on account of the constitution being more democratic, and not admitting of such a numerous division of the citizens;) and their general size may be conjectured, when it is stated, that some of them were capable of containing eighty thousand spectators. The scene, that necessary decoration of a theatre, was at one end of the building, extending from side to side, and was, I believe, almost, if not altogether immovable.

From this general and imperfect

account of the ancient dramatic representation, we may be able to form some idea of the difference which subsists between it and our own. The immense size of the theatres—the stateliness which the Cothurnus added to the actors, and the beautiful music and poetry, which sometimes burst from the band of the Chorus, must have added to the native dignity of the drama, an air of grandeur to which we cannot aspire. In this, therefore, the ancients probably surpassed us; yet, we think, we can discover, attending them, some disadvantages which do not attach to the modern stage.

1. The Persona, or mask, and the Cothurnus; or boot, with which the actors appeared, must have had the effect of taking away all the pleasure which might be derived from the vivid and true representation of the feelings on the countenance; and from the natural and easy gestures of the body. True, indeed, the great comparative distance, at which the actor stood from the body of his audience, might have prevented them from distinguishing the play of his features, even had he been unmasked: yet this only gives additional force to our objection; and we must conclude, that the Romans were deprived of a pleasure, the extent of which those only can appreciate, who have witnessed—how, by the glance of a Kean, the sentiments, even of a Shakespeare, are heightened and enforced.

2. Though we readily admit the many benefits which literature has derived from the beautiful effusions, which the dramatist delighted to put into the mouths of the Chorus; yet we are constrained to acknowledge, that we consider its introduction on the stage, as both unnatural and unnecessary. To suppose, that a band of spectators would always be placed

on the spot where the scenes were transacting, whether in a house, or in the open air—that these would hear the plot—stratagems laid—and crimes resolved upon—yet take no part in what was passing before them, farther than to break out, at times, into moral reflexions—is a conception, which does not appear to add much to the reality of the scene. Besides, if their office was merely to express and apply the advices and cautions, which naturally arose from the conduct and situation of the characters, might this not have been left to the minds of the spectators? confident, that if nature were poetically and truly represented, they would have been overwhelmed with the feelings and sentiments intended to be produced.

3. The strict unity of action, both in time and place, which was faithfully preserved by the ancients, seems to be another disadvantage. This they were obliged to do, by the presence of the Chorus—the difficulty of managing their scenery, and perhaps, by their taste. It has become a question, in latter times, whether our own, or the Grecian mode, is more according to nature? The truth seems to be, that neither of them have this advantage. If it is unnatural, that the scene should be laid, now in this country, and again in that, it surely is also unnatural, that a great many events should not only be crowded into a small space of time; (which is the case with both modes,) but that all these should happen upon one select spot. Who can believe, that one set of actors will regularly succeed to another—that each will luckily happen to stop and discourse in the same place—hatch their plots—and accomplish their designs, and do all this in the presence of the Chorus? An example of a play in our own language, modelled upon the ancient

drama, may make our meaning intelligible to English readers. Addison, in his *Cato*, makes counsels be held—stratagems be resolved on—skirmishes and murders take place—his hero make a long and learned oration—and finally, the catastrophe be developed, in the great hall of *Cato's* house—a succession of events, in such a place, as impossible to be credited, as the wildest and most improbable fiction. In fact, there does not appear to be any great necessity for the preservation of the unities. It is impossible that the most credulous audience can have more than a momentary feeling of belief, in the reality of the scenes before them. It is not as if we ourselves were engaged, we come merely as spectators—and what is necessary to interest? an acquaintance with the characters, and a connexion in the plot. I venture to affirm, that our minds are not directed to the probability, or improbability of being now in this place, and the next half hour in another: we give our whole attention to the circumstances and the acting; and if these be interesting and according to nature, we must be affected, as far as fiction can affect us.

In general, if the ancient drama\* possessed more dignity and state, and perhaps, more probability in the plot—ours, on the other hand, displays more vigour, more freedom, more nature in the particular acts. The genius of Shakespeare has enabled us to surpass those who are our masters in all the other polite arts, and has given a distinct character to our national school.

To the Editor of the *Melange*.

## THE BRIDAL OF DEATH†

A TRUE STORY.

Elizabeth M—, was one of the prettiest girls in the middle ward of Lankashire, and possessed a sweetness of temper which made her universally loved. Her father was a gentleman of some property—she was the only relic of his family, and consequently drew to herself all his affection. Indeed, she may be said to have been the only human being he cared any thing about; for he had a sullen, morose temper, which repelled intimacy, and drove almost every acquaintance from his house. But the sable locks, lovely complexion, and elegant eyes of Elizabeth, overcame the obstacles which his sullen disposition offered to visitors. As she entered on her fifteenth year, his house began to be more frequented, his visitors more complaisant; and even those who were little likely to stoop to his caprice, became wonderfully accommodating. In short, the house of Mr. M— assumed quite a different air—there was something like sociality in it. The laird himself relishing the flattery of the young men, smoothed over his ruggedness; and every one who knew him began to admit, that he was a better man than he seemed to be, if he was only humoured a little. I remember of seeing Elizabeth at this time; she was certainly a lovely girl—none of your quiet prime sentimental damsels; but a brisk, rompish, hearty creature, full of mirth and animal spirits. A smile seemed to repose naturally upon her countenance, and two dark brown eyes, smiling beneath full-arched, and graceful eyebrows, sparkled with life and intelligence. Her hair, of the deepest black, hung gracefully, in ringlets, over her temples; and her complexion possessed that beautiful, warm, Italian hue, which glows in the pictures of Titian. But if her temper was brisk and airy, she inherited, at the same time, a depth of character, which, at first sight, no

\* The learned reader will observe, that the preceding account is confined exclusively to the Roman stage, and that no mention has been made of the *Mimus*, or *Pantomime*, another kind of ancient plays.

one could imagine her to possess. When in any situation which called it forth, she exhibited the workings of a refined feeling, and could throw off the manners of a fanciful girl, to assume those of an intelligent woman. I have seen her weep at a tale of distress. I have known her enter the huts of woe to relieve the needy. I have heard her name re-echoed affectionately, fifty times, by the poor. In short, to use the words of our divine Shakespeare, 'She had a heart for pity, and a hand open as day for heaven-born charity.'

No wonder the laird's house began to be frequented more than usual: no wonder that the youngsters were contented to coax him—to laugh at his witless jokes, and put up with his bad humour. But of the suitors of Elizabeth, there was one on whom alone her affections fixed. William L—, indeed, was a noble fellow, not that he was merely handsome in his appearance, and elegant in his manners—but he possessed a frankness—an ingenuousness, and, at the same time, a modesty, which brightened his other qualifications, and constituted him, in the strictest sense of the word, a gentleman. Elizabeth had scarcely attained her eighteenth year, when she fell deeply in love with this young man, and he was about four years older. But she knew the laird's disposition—she knew that with him money was every thing, and personal merit nothing; and felt convinced that his everlasting displeasure would attend any union with L—. However, she could not root out the passion which had taken ground in her soul—nor quench the Promethean fire which burned within it—nor unclasp the stems of affection which clung around her heart. By a sacred sympathy, she felt that her own happiness centered in him. At the same time, she tried to disguise this from the laird, by an affected coldness to L—, and by bestowing all her vivacity, wit and smiles, upon her more wealthy, and consequently with the laird, more favoured lovers. But love cannot be concealed. The sigh which stole from her bosom; the flush that suffused her cheek; the swimming softness of her eyes, as they glided almost unconsciously on her lover; the confusion, and eloquent silence which ensued, on a mutual glance—spoke volumes. By these tokens, the laird discovered that his daughter loved L—. His sullen temper revived. He forbade him his house, and threatened Elizabeth with his perpetual an-

athema if she saw him more. This command went like lightning to her heart. It was the first time she had met with calamity. Her fabric of bliss fell in an instant to the ground. Her visions of happiness floated away like a summer cloud, and she felt herself a pilgrim in the midst of despair.

Immediately on this interruption, William's destiny led him to Jamaica, to look after his affairs, which had been unfortunately impaired by some misfortunes on that island. But ere he departed, perhaps for ever, he met with Elizabeth on the banks of the Aven. By the borders of that lovely stream, in the evening of a summer day, they met together. Grief was depicted in each countenance. They looked on each other silently, for the fullness of their hearts denied them utterance. At last the feelings of Elizabeth found vent in a flood of tears. She sobbed and fell into the arms of her lover. The winged hours flew by—the moon was up—the voice of the songsters had ceased along the Aven, and the river poured its silver tide at their feet, with a melancholy murmur. At last the hour of separation came.—'Elizabeth,' said William, 'we part now, and we may never meet again. The broad Atlantic must soon roll between us, but can its waves wash out our mutual remembrances, or tear our soul asunder?' A flood of tears, which glanced in the beams of the moon, was her only answer. 'No,' he continued, 'I can see that the vows which are graven on *your* heart, Elizabeth, cannot be effaced—that the words you have uttered in affection, shall never be retracted—that your soul, pure and constant, shall cling to mine. But ere we part wear this ring for my sake: when you look upon it, think that you are my affianced bride—my guardian angel—my best beloved. O! Elizabeth, when you look upon it, *think on me*, and if ever the messenger of death arrests your joy, and says, 'William is no more, wear it next your heart as the token of one who loved you better than life.' 'No William,' said she, returning him the ring, which he had put upon her finger, 'keep that pledge till another time. The day may yet come when you will be able to bestow it under happier auspices, when our countenances shall shine with smiles, instead of being darkened with tears, and when you may call me something else than your betrothed bride. Keep it, William, till that happy day, when

our souls shall dissolve in one. Keep it till my father's anger is wiped away, when our bridal may be solemnized not in the gloom of a parent's anger, but in the light of his consent. Keep it till then, for that happy day shall assuredly arrive, if we are blessed with years. Then, William, present the token to me, and claim my promise. As sure as the eye of *Eternity* is now upon us, it shall be fulfilled. Beneath the rocks that gird this mysterious solitude—beneath that moon which lightens up so sadly the glen of *Aven*. In the presence of whatever unseen forms now behold us and hear us, I pledge my vow, and it shall be fulfilled.

After the departure of William L., Elizabeth's spirits sustained a fatal shock. The bright sparkling of her eyes disappeared—they became dim, heavy and anxious. The beauty of her complexion faded into a pallid hue—her cheeks turned wan and sunken. The symmetry of her form, and that exquisite proportion which delighted all eyes, began to be lost. Instead of the light, airy, brisk step, which attended all her movements, she trembled when she walked, and degenerated apace into a mere shadow of what she had been. Cough—the heavy eye—the hectic flush—the blanched lips—succeeded in their turns. Every body said that pretty Elizabeth M. was in a consumption. But where were her spirits which sported about her so gaily? where the light, open heartedness, the vivacity, the wit, the smiles which she showered forth in delightful profusion? These were all gone, yet none knew why; although, had the tears which bedewed her sleepless pillow been witnessed, they would have shewn, that at the heart lay the complaints. Poor Eliza! before others she never wept, nor spoke her sorrow, nor said she was ill, but her utter change of spirits—her frequent sighs, and her spectral form, told a tale which could not be concealed.

Her father alone knew the secret of her soul, and felt remorse for his harshness; but it was too late; destruction had done its worst. He longed, with insufferable anxiety, for the return of L.—— to arrest its progress. L.——, at length, did arrive, after an absence of two years; but his approach could not snatch that form from the grave, which was opening to receive it.

When Elizabeth was warned of this event she fainted away. Then a flush rose upon her pale countenance, like a beam on the valley of death—a smile crossed her lips, and her heart palpitated

with a transient rapture. For a moment she was happy—but when she contemplated her emaciated form—the ravages which disease had made there—and the short step which lay between her and eternity, her happiness passed away, and she felt that she was indeed miserable. But what were William's feelings on beholding this sad spectacle? In the pride of youthful beauty—an angel of loveliness he had left her, but he found her a shadow, disrobed of all her charms, save that immortal beauty, inspired by love and hope, over which disease has no command. His heart was blasted at the sight—his eyes swam—he fell insensibly at her feet—he dreamed that what he beheld was a vision, but he awoke to find it a sad reality. Elizabeth stretched forth her hand to him. 'Do not weep for me, William, I shall leave you only for a season. I am going to a country, where the bride shall not mourn the absence of the bridegroom, nor the bridegroom, the departure of the bride. Farewell, dearest—best beloved. Think often on Elizabeth M.——, when she is away. Think how she lived and died for you, but mourn her not, for she is happy. The unfortunate youth could only sob in a burst of agony. He pressed her slender hand to his lips—he bedewed it with tears. At length, the irrepressible tide of affection found way in words. 'Eliza,' said he, 'you remember the banks of the *Aven*, where you vowed to be mine—where you told me, that this ring when exhibited was to be the token, which would make us one. Let your vow be now fulfilled, and, in this place, before we are parted from earth, let it receive its indissoluble seal from the hands of the man of God.' As Elizabeth looked on the ring, her eyes sparkled with unusual vivacity; but when she remembered the time, the place, and the occasion of this pledge, she wept bitterly. William placed it on her finger, kissed her, and said, 'You are mine—mine for ever.' But as she turned down her hand, the ring dropped off. The emaciated finger could not fill up even its small circle. Elizabeth observed this, and shook her head. William remarked it also, and called to mind how lovely and full of health she was two years before—how thin now, and worn out, when the ring, which fitted then, dropped from her finger.

The friends of both tried to dissuade them from the melancholy, yet romantic union which they desired; but their minds

were fixed, and they were married by the parish minister. It was a sad sight, to witness the pale, consumptive form of Elizabeth robed in the bridal garments—but whoever looked on the pensive melancholy of that still lovely face, could see an expression more than earthly, and a spirit of hope and virtue, which aspired beyond the tomb. An evanescent flush came across her countenance, as she joined hands with her lover. It was the last which, in this world, she ever wore. She died eight days after the marriage. Nor did William L. survive her long, for, under a cloud of insupportable sorrow, he went once more to Jamaica, and fell a victim to the yellow fever three weeks after his arrival.

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To the Editor of the Melange.

SIR,—I was somewhat surprised to observe, in your last number, a letter purporting to be an answer from Miss A.—— to her admirer, and your humble servant, John Ogle. As this correspondent has, in pretty round terms, denied my claim to my own name and family, I think it but fair to retaliate upon her, by assuring her that she is not the Miss A.—— to whom I was addressing myself; and that I am sorry, for her sake, that so much good nature, and good writing, as she has exhibited in her unlucky attempt at appropriation, should have been thrown away.

I regret, exceedingly, that I did not address the letter in question, in a more specific and particular manner, so as to have prevented any blunder like the one into which this lady has fallen; but, at the same time, I conceived that the whole tenor of the letter was such, as might have hindered any, save the young and beautiful of our congregation, from suspecting themselves to be so specially interested. You will be surprised, then, to hear, that the lady who is so coy and maidenly upon the

subject, and who seems so desirous of freezing me by her disdain, is one who is already considerably advanced in years, and whose features and carriage are quite sufficient of themselves, without the aid of her pen, to repel all my approaches. To speak plainly, Sir, I have always been of opinion, that she was not a native of this climate. And I remember, when she first made her appearance amongst us, a wag of my acquaintance conjectured, that she had been sent here by some of our Missionaries abroad, as a living testimony of the great progress which Christianity was making in foreign parts. The incorrect and broken manner in which she writes the English language, confirms, in some degree, my friend's surmise; as likewise the disingenuity of which she is guilty in referring to, and quoting from, a private letter, which she pretends to have received from me, along with the number containing my epistle, is certainly not of this country's growth.

It may be, however, that some mischievous dog, had thought upon this method of imposing upon the vanity of my unsuspecting correspondent, and had enclosed to her the number in question, together with a card, wherein he made mention of his '*palpitatory* bosom'; but if this was so, it did not say much for the prudence of the wit, if he knew that he was dealing with a lady of so ticklish and irritable a temper. It is fortunate, however, that matters have turned out in the way that they have done; for, if she had taken it into her head to have been a little more yielding, I might have laid my account with being teased in no very enviable a manner.

I am, Sir,

Your most obt. st.

JOHN OGLE.

## THE ONE-HANDED FLUTE

## PLAYER,

*Of Arques, in Normandy.*

Rising above the trees which envelope Arques, a village about a league in distance from Dieppe, in Normandy, the ruins of a old castle catch the eye, and the vividness with which the scene of upwards two centuries gone is brought before us, is checked by the view of the crumbling fragments of the once powerful fortress, that strong hold from whose embrasures, the Hugonot cannon did such execution on the forces of the League in September, 1589. The illusion lasts no longer. The hand of Time is felt to be more powerful than the touch of Fancy, and we sink into the contemplation of the sober reality around us.

I wound my way up an eminence on which the old towers totter to decay: and, passing under the broken archway, which received the triumphant Henry after his victory, and then tracing the rugged path which marks the grand approach, I got on the summit of the mound that forms the basement of the vast expanse of building. The immense extent of these ruins gives a fine feeling of human grandeur and mortal littleness; and the course of reflection is hurried on as the eye wanders over the scenery around. This may be described in one sentence, as the resting-place on which a guilty mind might prepare for its flight to virtue.

While I stood musing in the open air, where the scent comes and goes, like the warbling of music,\* and neither wished nor wanted other melody, the soft sounds of a flute

came faintly towards me, breathing a tone of such peculiar and melting expression, as I thought I had never before heard. Having for some time listened in great delight, a sudden pause ensued; the strain then changed from sad to gay, not abruptly, but ushered by a running cadence, that gently lifted the soul from its languor, and thrilled through every fibre of feeling. It recalled to me at the instant the fables of Pan, and every other rustic serenader; and I thought of the passage in Smith's 'Nympholept,' where Amarynthus, in his enthusiasm, fancies he hears the pipe of that sylvan deity.

I descended the hill towards the village, in a pace lively and free as the measure of the music which impelled me. When I reached the level ground, and came into the straggling street, the warblings ceased. It seemed as though enchantment had lured me to its favourite haunts. The Gothic church, on my right, assorted well with the architecture of the scattered houses around. On every hand a portico, a frieze, ornaments carved in stone, coats of arms and fretwork, stamped the place with an air of antiquity and nobleness, while groups of tall trees formed a decoration of verdant, yet solemn beauty.

A few peasant women were sitting at the doors of their respective habitations, as misplaced, I thought, as beggars in the porch of a palace; while half a dozen children gambolled on the grass-plot in the middle of the open place. I sought in vain among these objects to discover the musician, and not willing to disturb my pleased sensations, by common-place questionings, I wandered about, looking

\* Lord Bacon's Essays.

in a sort of semi-romantic mood at every antiquated casement. Fronting the church, and almost close to its western side, an arched entrance caught my particular attention, from its old, yet perfect workmanship, and I stopped to examine it, throwing occasional glances through the trellis-work, in the middle of the gate, which gave a view of a court-yard and house within. Part of the space in front was arranged in squares of garden; and a venerable old man was busily employed in watering some flowers. A nice young woman stood beside him, with a child in her arms; two others were playing near her; and close at hand was a man, about thirty years of age, who seemed to contemplate the group with a complacent smile. His figure was in part concealed from me; but he observed me, and immediately left the others, and walked down the gravel path to accost me. I read his intention in his looks, and stood still. As he advanced from his concealed position, I saw that his left leg was a wooden one—his right was the perfect model of Apollonian grace. His right arm was confidently waved towards me—his left was wanting. He was bare-headed, and his wavy brown hair showed a forehead that Spurzheim would have almost worshipped. His features were all of manly beauty, his mustachios, military jacket, and tight pantalon, with red edging, told that he was not curtailed of man's fair proportion, by any vulgar accident of life; and the cross of honour suspended to his button-hole, finished the brief abstract of his history.

A short interlocution, consisting of apology on my part, and invitation on his, ended in my accompanying him towards the house; and, as I shifted from his left side to his right, to offer one of my arms to his only one, I

saw a smile on the countenance of his pretty wife, and another on that of his old father; and my good footing within the family was secured. We entered the hall—a large bleak anti-room with three or four old portraits of ladies hanging on the walls, joined to each other by a cobweb tapestry and unaccountably pierced by other ornaments. We then passed to the right, into a spacious chamber, which was once, no doubt, the gorgeously decorated withdrawing room of some proudly titled occupier. The nobility of its present tenant is of a different kind, and its furniture confined to two or three tables, twice as many chairs, a corner cupboard, and a *secrétaire*. A Spanish guitar was suspended to a hook over the Gothic marble mantel-piece; a fiddle lay on one table; and fixed to the edge of the other was a sort of wooden vice, into which was screwed a flute, of concert size, with three finger-holes and eleven brass keys; but of a construction sufficient to puzzle Montani and the very opposite of those early instruments described by Horace, and

—tenus, simplexque foramine passim  
Aspirare et adesse chorus erat uilius, ipse  
Non dum spissa nitidis complere sedilia lignis

It is useless to make a mystery of what the reader has already divined: my one-legged, one-armed host was the owner of this complicated machine, and the performer on it, whose wonderful tone and execution had caused me so much pleasure. But what will be said when I tell the astonished, but perhaps incredulous public, that his 'good right hand' was the only and simple one that bowed and polished the wood, turned the keys and the ivory which united the joints, and accomplished the entire arrangement of an instrument, unrivalled, I must believe, in ingenuity and perfection.

Being but an indifferent musician, and worse mechanic, I shall not



tempt minutely to describe the peculiarities of the music, or the management of the flute, as the maker and performer ran over, with his four miraculous fingers, some of the most difficult solos in Verne's and Berbiguer's compositions, which lay on the table before him. Nothing could be more true, more tasteful, or more surprising, than was his execution—nothing more picturesque or interesting than his figure, as he bent down to the instrument as if in devotion to his art. I listened for more than an hour, as his mellow and silvery tones were echoed from the lofty walls of his chamber, and returned by vibrations from the guitar, which seemed as much delighted as myself, for it 'discovered most eloquent music.'

This extraordinary man is a half-pay colonel in the French service, though a German by birth. His limbs received their summary amputation, by two quick-sent cannon shots at the battle of Dresden, I believe. Since he was disabled, he has lived in his present retirement,

—passing rich on fifty pounds a year;

and happy is it for him that Nature endowed him with a tasteful and mechanical mind. (rare combinations,) which furnished him with that knowledge of music, without which his life would have been a burden. I do not consider myself at liberty to enter into the minutiae of his eventful story, which he told with a naïveté and candour enough to have charmed a second Desdemona. But with regard to his flute-playing, he actually brought the moisture into my eyes by the touching manner in which he recounted his despair on discovering that he had lost his arm—the leg was in desperate a worthless and unregretted member. It needs not to be told, that he was an enthusiast in music; and when he believed himself

thus deprived of the best enjoyment of his life, he was almost distracted. In the feverish sleep, snatched at intervals from suffering, he used constantly to dream, that he was listening to delicious concerts in which he was, as he had been wont, a principal performer. Strains of more than earthly harmony seemed sometimes floating round him, and his own flute was ever the leading instrument. Frequently at moments of the greatest delight some of the inexplicable machinery of dreams went wrong. One of those sylphs, perhaps the lovely imaginings of Baxter's fanciful theory, had snapt the cord that strung the visioned joys. He awoke in ecstasy; the tones so brated for a while upon his brain; but recalled to sensation by a sudden bodily pain and mental agony, his efficient stump gave the lie direct to all his dreamy paradise, and the gallant and mutilated soldier wept like an infant for whole hours together. He might make a fortune, I think, if he would visit England and appear as a public performer; but his pride forbids this, and he remains in seclusion to show to any vulgar multitude of talent, ingenuity, and philosophy.

and his head bowed before him, and his hands clasped in prayer, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

## PYES AND PORTER

and his head bowed before him, and his hands clasped in prayer, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

## ARGUMENT

The poet speaketh of Nine o'clock—speaketh of 'long looked for come at last'—Professeth to love a bell, not La Bell, mind ye, wishes joy to a foundering talketh, like many, other people of 'News'—

The Glasgow youths have a 'scoil'—their characters spoken of—the 'scoil' reiterated—the poet speaketh of his 'wonder-working' and a set of reasons, as you mentioned as well

as him—Nine o'clock, the hour of  
shutting up.

Speakest of being in labour—the  
sup. goes to bed—then, then—  
'Mutton Pyes, of delicate make, all  
hot'—'eating and drinking'—'Por-  
ter from the butt'—the *summum* of  
all happiness.

'Wise, like *whys*—*Quantum*  
*suff*—'out' and 'in'—O Pyes  
and Porter, Pyes and Porter O!

Hail, nine o'clock! the long, long-wish'd-for hour  
Of shutting shop! Hark, how the full-toned bell,  
With lingering solemnness, the long hour tolls!  
O! when thou clapest *nine*, I love thee, bell,  
With all thy solemnness; and joy I wish  
To him who made thee—ever for the sweet news  
Which thou, when striking *nine*, dost tell to me.  
Attend, ye youths of Glasgow—writer's clerks,  
Or *mercurians*, or *whosoever* may be  
Your occupation, calling, character!  
Attend the strain, in which your poet will,  
With art supreme—with wonder-working wit,  
Make known to you a great and glorious set  
Of reasons, emblems of man's wisdom! which  
Make *him*, and you yourselves, perhaps,  
Like *nine o'clock*, the hour of shutting up!  
Labouring all day with packing stick or pen,  
With head, or feet, or tongue, or hand, or naught.  
How tired are we of working, at the time  
When the stars rise, and the sun goes to bed!  
Then, then, also; then, then's the time, ye youths  
When Mutton Pyes, of delicate make, are hot!  
And, O to cut them so, and to drink them,  
From pewter pot, fine Porter from the butt,  
Most surely is the *summum* of all happiness!  
These are the reasons, those the *whys*,  
Which make me love aye the *stap*-striking bell!  
There's *quantum suff*, of them—think ye not so?  
Yes,—And the hour is past, the stars are on;  
Out is the *sun*, and we must go, or else  
In shall be lock'd—

Away! the Pyes are hot,  
The *Beer* is raining in the Porter Pot.  
Away, away! and sing as ye do go,  
O Pyes and Porter, Pyes and Porter O!

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

### THE PLEASURES OF RECOLLECTION.

To the Editor of the Melange.

MR. EDITOR.—The pleasures of  
recollection, though perhaps not so  
varied as those of imagination, are  
yet as exalted in their nature. Next  
to our religious feelings and hopes,

we place the pleasing thought of  
spending the declining years of life  
amidst those scenes that delighted  
our younger days. Far from home,  
in a strange country, the mind glows  
at the sight of a prospect, which bears  
a resemblance to those views that sur-  
rounded the objects of our earliest re-  
collection. You may mingle with  
feelings of peculiar delight, in the so-  
ciety of strangers; but you enter the  
company of your countrymen, whom  
accident or choice has assembled in  
a stranger's country, with spirit and  
enthusiasm. Faces that you never  
saw before are greeted in the kindest  
tone—in the friendliest voice—and in  
the cheering words of welcome. The  
conversation is home. Occurrences  
that formerly had but little intrinsic  
importance, become valuable from the  
places in which they fell out. This  
company is a band of brothers, whom  
distance has endeared to each other  
by the tenderest ties of nature. Here,  
we revise and give utterance to those  
passages of early life which were, ori-  
ginally, either amusing or distressing.  
Our hearts are nourished by the re-  
membrance of the past. And here,  
we enjoy, in recollection, what for-  
merly imparted but a slender pleasure.  
If you should have occasion to over-  
haul your trunk—this pair of Bibles,  
I got from my mother—my sister  
gave me these neckcloths—this is her  
marking on my shirts—and this  
brooch she used to wear—my brother  
bought this case of razors—this  
pocket-book was my father's—and my  
uncle made a present of this watch to  
me. For hours together, you take  
pleasure in reviewing the contents of  
your trunk; and every time you re-  
turn to it, some one object, or an-  
other, recalls forcibly to your mind a  
train of the most pleasureable ideas.  
Should you pass on year after year,  
the mind freshens at the sight of the

same objects—new trains of thought are suggested—new recollections arise. They take fast hold of the soul; and they become the joy and the rejoicing of your heart.

Your return home after a long absence. The aspect of the town and the country is changed. The recollections of past days are, however, the subjects you take most delight in talking of. You ask for this person and that. You are told they are dead. Then you remember some interesting occurrence, in which you and they were concerned. He is dead! you say, when did he? I had a strong liking to him. I met once with a good-hearted fellow, to whom I was very much attached on account of a similarity of character. I am sorry for him.

You avail yourself of the first opportunity of perambulating those scenes which delighted you, in recollection, when far distant. You visit the places that in youth you frequented. Their presence recalls many an interesting occurrence, many an amusing past-time, and many a frolicsome diversion. The eddying pool where you learned to swim—the fields in which you used to chase the butterfly, and the wild-bee—the woods and hedges in which you had discovered the nest of the linnet, and of the black-bird—the streamlets from which you were wont to take the timorous trout, and the lake on which you, in the winter season, had learned to skate. These are the places that delighted you in recollection. You saunter among them with more heart-felt enjoyment, than all the fields of Elysium have ever produced. The beauties of your birth-place never lose their power to charm. Call all this, Mr. Editor, a delusion, if you choose; it is a delusion to which I yield without a grudge—it is a part of my con-

stitution, and it is a part of yours—it is this delusion that animates the breast of the patriot, and that makes every one fond of prolonged existence, and this delusion is a consolation fondly to be indulged.

D. M. J.

Anderston Walk,  
5th November, 1822.

## A SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

Hove out of Portsmouth, on board the Britannia Fly, a swift sailor—an outside birth—rather drowsy first watch or two—like to have slept off the stern—cast anchor at the George—took a fresh quod, and a supply of grog—comforted the upper-works—spoke several homeward-bound frigates on the road—and, after a tolerable smooth voyage, entered the port of London at ten minutes past five, post meridian—steered to Nan's lodgings—unshipt my cargo—Nan admired the shiners—so did landlord—gave them a handful a-piece—emptied a bottle of the right sort with landlord, to the health of Lord Nelson—all three set sail for the play—got a berth in the cabin to the larboard side—wanted to smoke a pipe, but the boatswain would not let me—Nan called the play Pobsaro, with Harilkin Hamlet—but d— me, if I knew stern from stern—remember to rig out Nan, like the fine folks in the cabin right a-head—saw Tom Junk aloft in the corner of the upper deck—hailed him—the signal returned—some of the lubbers in the cock pit began to laugh—Tipt them a little fore-castle lingo till they sheered off—emptied the grog bottle—fell fast asleep—dreamt of the battle of Camperdown—my landlord told me the play was over—glad of it—crowded all sail for a hackney coach—got on board—equally weather

—rather inclined to be sea-sick—arrived at Nan's lodgings—gave the pilot a two-pound note, and told him not to mind the change—supped with Nan, and swang in the same hammock—looked over my rhino in the morning—great deal of it to be sure—but I hope, with the help of a few friends, to spend every shilling of it in a little time, to the honour and glory of old England!

#### CRITIQUE ON CERTAIN PASSAGES OF PARADISE LOST.

Every person of taste, who has read this immortal poem, must have risen from the perusal with sentiments of profound admiration. The grandeur of the subject, the astonishing fertility of invention—the daring flights of fancy, and the heavenly spirit which pervades the whole—have stamped it, not merely as the first of British poems, but as one of the greatest intellectual performances ever achieved by the mind of man. But, in this poem, so honourable to Milton, and to the country which gave him birth, there are a thousand faults intermingled with its beauties, and a thousand omissions and inconsistencies, which a lesser, but more correct genius, would have avoided. These errors, in truth, are attached to every man of great original mind. They are mingled like weeds in a garden of flowers, and stand up as foils or reliefs, to the more beautiful objects which surround them. There is not a page of Shakespeare or Homer without blemishes of this description. Even when the minds of these divine writers are elevated on the pinions of the highest genius, frequent bursts of error and absurdity break forth to spoil the purity of their emanations, and to remind us that,

with all their divine eloquence, they are nothing more than men. The endless compass of Milton's genius—the world of imagery with which his mind was stored, and his acquaintance with every species of literature, have proved, in many instances, more than a match for his judgment, leading him away into digressions which his admirable taste would have enabled him to avoid. This is nowhere more remarkable than in his speeches. The beauty of some of these have obtained universal applause, but the tediousness, pedantry, and prolixity of others, are justly liable to censure: witness that of the angel Raphael to Adam, Book V. line 404 et seq. In that beautiful hymn, from which Thomson, a century after, took the idea of his no less beautiful one to the Seasons, Adam speaks of the fixed stars, the planets, and other circumstances, far too removed from his simple knowledge.

There is a curious conceit in Book V. line 215 et seq.

or they led the vine  
To weed her elm; she spent about her station;  
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
Her dower, th' adopted clusters to adorn  
His barren leaves.

After all, conceits of this kind are not unfrequent, and produce a very incongruous figure in such a dignified poem as *Paradise Lost*. Milton had undoubtedly a wonderful genius for amplification; but the exercise of this faculty, it must be admitted, rather excites admiration at his fertility, than any real feeling of pleasure. In his similes, the main objects are frequently noble; but by amplifying and narrating circumstances connected with the objects assimilated, he is apt to tire the memory, and prevent us from perceiving, at one glance, the true nature of his comparisons. We are told by all critics, that the power of every simile lies in its brevity, aptness, intelligibility

glories, and power—that it should strike us at one glance—and not merely enoble, but as it were, illustrate the subject. The *Ossianic* similes are every where of this description—so are the sublimest comparisons of the sacred writings—so are those of almost every great poet. Milton must be allowed to stand an eminent exception; but his singularity is to be made no rule for imitation nor does it, in any degree, affect the soundness of the remark, that every simile to be strong, should be short and simple. The complexity of Milton's comparisons is not their beauty, but their fault. They are great amidst all their expansion, and would undoubtedly be greater, if they were of a simpler kind.

The following is a very striking illustration, book I. line 301.

\* Thick legions, angel-forms that lay entranced,  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades  
High over-arch'd imbrow'd; or scatter'd sedge  
A float, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd  
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'er-  
threw  
Bustris and his Memphian cavalry.\*

In the first place, we are here apt to forget the objects to which the multitude of his followers are compared. Not contented with comparing them to autumnal leaves, he says, they were 'thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades high over-arch'd imbrow'd.' This last circumstance has little connection with the objects of comparison, *leaves*. It therefore amplifies the scene, and, by an over-gorgeousness of objects, distracts the mind, as to the one body compared to the other. The same remark applies to the introduction of the Red-Sea, and of Bustris, and his Memphian cavalry, with other circumstances which follow after these. Now these are very beautiful, when abstractedly considered; but it is quite obvious, that they clog the compari-

son, weaken its force, and render it difficult to be understood. Unless a simile is comprehended at once, its magic is broken—instead of enlightening the mind, it spreads over it nothing but mystery and confusion. There is hardly an author, against whom so many charges of the same kind may be brought. It is, in many cases, the circumstance alluded to produces an agreeable effect, and, if, in all, it enhances, in our opinion, the authors fertile fancy, yet we must be allowed to say, that it is extremely liable to weaken the main object—to draw off too much the attention, and weary it by searching for the real bearing of the passage. Besides such clipping down is often inconsistent with the fervour, and conveys an idea of the poet rather purposely expanding his subject than composing, as Milton undoubtedly did, under the very inspiration of poetry.

It may be observed, that poems which interest the passions chiefly, are more generally read and relished than those which touch the imagination. Almost every one has a heart capable of understanding appeals directed to it—but every one has not that brilliancy of fancy which can follow after, and relish the ideal flights of imagination. Fancy and passion are different faculties. Often they are found blended powerfully in one mind—but sometimes they are completely separated—each exercising unrivalled empire. Hence the grand division of poetry into that of fancy and passions. The former, with glowing and varied, is the product of a mind glowing with imagery and invention. The latter issues purely from a warm, ardent heart—brings home every thing to our bosom, and makes us witnesses of feelings we ourselves have often felt. The former astonishes—the latter delights. The first is more

nearly allied to the epic, the last to the tragic Muse! We seldom indeed find an author, who has the one in any considerable degree without the other. At the same time we must observe, that the loftiest of the faculties is that of imagination. There is absolutely no part of the first order of genius who has it not in a high degree. The most splendid images of poetry—the intricacy of every situation, and the spell which binds the whole, are all brought about by the play of a vigorous fancy. But this talent, the prerogative of genius, is denied in any potency to more humble minds, whose powers are rather strong than comprehensive, and exercise themselves with vigour, though in a narrow range. Whence we may account for the fact, that the greatest poets please less, universally, than those of a secondary order, and that the pages of Milton can be perused, by many persons of strong minds and acute feelings, only as a task in which the judgment is bewildered and lost, in a maze of incomprehensible grandeur.

### EARTHQUAKES.

M. Biot, in a paper on earthquakes, which he lately made public, concludes with the following passage:—‘In the infancy of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, it was imagined that earthquakes might be easily explained: in proportion as these sciences have become more correct and more profound, this confidence has decreased. But, by a propensity for which the character of the human mind sufficiently accounts, all the new physical agents which have been successively discovered, such as electricity, magnetism, the inflammation of gases, the decomposition and re-composition of water, have been maintained in theories as the causes of the

great phenomena of nature. Now all these conjectures seem to be insufficient to explain convulsions so extensive, produced at the same time over such large portions of the earth; as those which take place during earthquakes. The most probable opinion, the only one which seems to us to reconcile, in a certain degree, the energy, the extent of these phenomena, and often their frightful correspondence in the most distant countries of the globe, would be to suppose, conformable to many other physical indications, that the solid surface on which we live is but of inconsiderable thickness in comparison with the semi-diameter of the terrestrial globe; is in some measure only a recent shell, covering a liquid nucleus, perhaps still in a state of ignition, in which great chemical or physical phenomena, operating at intervals, cause those agitations which are transmitted to us. The countries where the superficial crust is less thick or less strong, or more recently or more imperfectly consolidated, would, agreeably to this hypothesis, be those the most liable to be convulsed and broken by the violence of those internal explosions. Now, if we compare together the experiments on the length of the pendulum, which have been made for some years past with great accuracy, from the north of Scotland to the south of Spain, we readily perceive, that the intensity of gravitation decreases on this space. As we go from the Pole towards the Equator, more rapidly than it ought to do upon an ellipsoid, the concentric and similar strata of which should have equal densities at equal depths; and the deviation is especially sensible about the middle of France, where too there has been observed a striking irregularity in the length of the degrees of the Earth. This local decrease of gravity in these countries should seem

to indicate, with some probability, that the strata near the surface must be less dense there than elsewhere, and perhaps have, in their interior, immense cavities. This would account for the existence of the numerous volcanoes of which these strata show the traces, and explain why they are even now, at intervals, the focus of subterranean convulsions.

## POETRY.

### SONG.

Tune.—*The Garry O.*

I looked long at thy window love,  
Thy sweet lovely glance to see my love,  
The evening sun on thy window shone,  
And I thought for a while it was thee my love;  
But when thou cam'st with a smile my love,  
A smile that is just thine own my love,  
The sun at thy sight withdrew his clear light,  
And left thee shining alone my love;  
Then, O, give a smile to me my love!  
Who often has sighed for thee my love,  
And my days, though o'ercast with misfortune's  
keen blast,  
Will appear bright noonshine to me my love.  
The sun shines bright at his parting love,  
When he kisses the western wave my love,  
But the sun's bright ray at departing of day,  
Was never so lovely as thee my love.

### TO POVERTY.

'Tis not that look of anguish bathed in tears,  
O poverty! thy haggard image wears—  
'Tis not those famished limbs, naked and bare,  
To the bleak tempest's rains, or the keen air,  
Of winter's piercing winds, nor that sad eye  
Exploring the small boon of charity.—  
'Tis not that voice, whose agonizing tale,  
Might turn the purple tear of grandeur pale,  
Nor all that host of woes thou bringest with thee,  
Incessant contempt, disdain and contumely,  
That bid me call the fate of those forlorn,  
Whoneath thy rude oppression sigh and mourn.

But chief, relentless power! thy hard controul,  
Which to the earth bends low the aspiring soul;  
Thine iron grasp—thy fetters drear, which bind  
Each generous effort of the struggling mind.

Alas! that genius, melancholy flower,  
Scarce opening yet, to even's nurturing shower,  
Should, by thy pitiless and cruel dooms  
Written, ere nature smiles upon her blooms;  
That innocence, touched by the deadening wand,  
Should pine, nor know one outstretched hand!

For this, O poverty! for them I sigh,  
The helpless victims of thy tyranny.  
For this, I call the lot of those severe  
Who wander 'mid thy haunts and pine unheeded  
there.

QUIS.

### THE MANIAC.

The vernal flush of spring had fed the woods,  
Summer had shed his fragrance, and was gone,  
Brown autumn had discharg'd his thunder-clouds,  
And winter's winding-sheet o'er all was thrown.

The poor lark had circumscrib'd his flight;  
No more was heard his warbling, epic lay;  
The pastoral minstrel gave his lover the slight,  
And sung no more his amours from the spray.

A dreary winter-day had op'd and clos'd;  
The pale moon-beams were struggling through the  
sky,  
And, by their dismal flitting light, expos'd  
A scene of awful horror to my eye.

'Twas near the margin of a brawling brook,  
Now wax'd a torrent with the melted snows,  
Its murmurs sooth'd me, like a passive look,  
On man's vicissitudes of joy and woe.

On a rude rock, which overhung the stream,  
A human figure stood, and upward gaz'd;  
His face, now lighted by a pale moon-beam,  
Express'd a soul un-ang'd, and senses craz'd.

He seem'd to muse upon the deep-blue sky,  
The silver twinklers, or some passing cloud;  
Then downward would he cast his vacant eye,  
And wildly gaze upon the dashing flood.

When the loud wind sung low, I heard him mutter  
Of cruel fortune, and her wanton ways;  
His heart, with ill-requited love, did burn,  
And poverty had darken'd his few days.

He sum'd up all his catalogue of woe,  
And beat his breast, and bade the world adieu;  
Then couch'd, to spring into the stream below,  
When, from the shade, to save the wretch I flew.

I sprung, and clasp'd him, and he shriek'd aloud,  
And with a maniac laugh, and fearful look,  
He dash'd me with him in the fearful flood:  
Self-safety bade me leave him in the deep.

A drooping willow lent a friendly hand,  
And sav'd me from a cold, untimely grave;  
And when, with one strong bound, I gain'd the land,  
I saw the maniac sink beneath the wave.

W. H.

Paisley, 2d Dec. 1822.

### SONG.

To ———

My first breath of love was holy to thee,  
My young dream of bliss was thine;  
And the wreaths thou hast wove round my heart's  
young tree,  
No blast shall e'er untwine.

For scarce had I seen thy soul-speaking eye,  
When its charms were round me spun;  
And the seal was set by the spirit on high,  
That they ne'er should be undone.

But the fetters of gold which were flung round my  
heart,  
Were the free chains of holiest love;  
And the magical hand that the bright links can  
part,  
Must have power from the spirit above.

The mantle of bliss which envelop'd me round,  
But angel hands could weave;  
And its diamond clasps shall be only unbound,  
When this breast has ceas'd to heave.

## SONG.

## TO ADA.

Fair Ada, I've lov'd thee—fair Ada, my love,  
 Telling aboutest faults as fair,  
 But time thou hast told me will change my first love,  
 It may change;—but it cannot impair.  
 Years have past and disprov'd what was faithfully  
 said,  
 While the young spirit strengthened and grew;  
 And mantling in fervour, exultingly pray'd,  
 That the promise might still prove untrue.

Thou art blooming and gay, my young Ada,—as  
 youth  
 I have gas'd on none fairer than thou;  
 Thy dark eye burns bright, with the lightning of  
 truth;  
 And pure as the snow-drop's thy brow.  
 By that brow which is pure as the snow-drop of  
 spring,  
 By that eye which adds lustre to mine;  
 To the glass of love my life's offering I bring,  
 And vow it shall ever be thine.

M.

## VARIETIES.

**CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS.**—A stranger, passing a Greek church, asked a sailor whom he met, what those figures were, at the west front? to which the sailor answered, 'The twelve Apostles.' How the devil can that be, replied the other, when there is but six of them. 'D—n your eyes,' said the sailor, 'would you have them all upon deck at once.'

**SONIA.**—The people of Sonia, it is said, were obliged to carry burdens of white sea-land from the beach to Banza Congo, 150 miles distant, to form pleasant walks to the royal residence. This at last so exasperated the Sonia men, whose warlike and independent spirit is feared and respected by all the neighbouring nations, that they collected their weapons in the burdens of land, and avenged themselves of the indignity put on them, by plundering the city and killing many of the King's people.—Many wonderful stories are told of the courage and ferocity of the Sonia men.—When one of them is taken prisoner, which, it is admitted, very seldom happens, he en-

deavours to exasperate his perhaps implacable enemy, by requesting that he may be dispatched with his own clean weapon, and not with his captor's dirty one. A plain insinuation that no quarter is given.

**MONKEYS.**—The number and variety of the monkey species, in those countries, is beyond conception. Myriads of a small black kind, with white breasts, about the size of a cat, assemble every morning on the lofty trees overhanging the brink of the Congo, in the neighbourhood of Oyster-haven and Maccatola, to drink. At these times, it is amusing enough to observe with what celerity they make their retreat, causing the woods to resound with their chattering, at the report of a musket. On the highest trees they generally build their nests, which, in form and construction, resemble those of the magpie, but are much larger, and made of dry grass. The entrance is a round hole in the side. The upper part is covered with grass to a considerable height, to keep out the rain.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- The Landress will appear soon.  
 Milton and Thomson have written so well on the subject on which Quis has essayed, that his publication cannot be inserted.  
 We will try to bring a little more bronze into John Basilful's countenance soon.  
 First Cause of Glasgow has been read. The poem, we suppose, will contain 120 Stanzas. As the First Volume finishes on the last Wednesday of the present Month, we cannot meddle with it till we surpass the second. It he gives us security, by that time, for the whole, and the succeeding Cantos are equal to the first, we will be happy in giving it to the world.  
 We cannot insert the Woodland.  
 W. M. S. we would gladly give a place to; but there are some strange inconsistencies, for which we cannot account. If he would call, we would point them out.  
 No. 3. Rambles in Cumberland, are come to hand.  
 We have paid attention to A. B. C. D. we would wish him to postpone his Sketches of British Literature, to our next Volume Second; in the mean time, any of his lighter pieces will be admitted.  
 We need not say we are obliged to him.  
 As to the story of Nanny Crab is unavoidably postponed.  
 Evil destiny in our next.

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# THE LITERARY MELANGE:

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## ORIGIN OF PAPER MONEY.

Translated from the French of Julius Klaproth; as read by him to the Asiatic Society, in their sitting of 1st October, 1822.

The celebrated traveller, Marco Paulo, of Venice, was the first person who announced to Europe the existence of paper money in China, under the Moguls. It was subsequently introduced, by the Moguls, into Persia, where their notes were called *djaou*, or *djaw*, a word evidently derived from the Chinese word *shiao*.

The fact of the Moguls having, in China and Persia, made use of paper money, has induced many authors to suppose that they were the inventors of it. The celebrated Schloetzer, of Göttingen, for instance, has published a dissertation under the following title, 'The Moguls, Inventors of Paper Money in the 13th Century.' This learned man, however, would have avoided such an error, if he had perused the 'History of Tchinghiz-khan, and of the Mogul Dynasty in

China,' composed from the Chinese authorities, by P. Gaubil, and published in the year 1739, about 60 years before M. Schloetzer wrote his work. In this history he speaks of the suppression of the paper money, which was in use under the dynasty of the Soung, who reigned in China previous to the Moguls; and he also mentions a new species of notes, which were substituted for the ancient in the year 1264, by the minister Kiaszu-tao. The original financial speculation of the Chinese ministry, to provide for the extraordinary expenditure of the state, which was exceeding the revenues, was in the year 119 before the Christian era, under the reign of the Emperor Ou-ti, of the great dynasty of Han. At this period were introduced the *phipi*, or value in skins. These were small pieces of the skin of deer, which were kept in a pan, within the precincts of the palace. They were a Chinese square foot in size, and were beautifully ornamented with painting and embroidery. Every prince or grand-

\* The Chinese character is composed of *kin*, metal, and *chao*, little; and is thus intended to signify the want of specie. It is very remarkable, that the Chinese use this word, also, when they wish to convey the idea of taking any thing by force, or robbing another person of his property.

des, and even the members of the imperial family, who wished to pay court to the Emperor, or who were invited to any public ceremony or repast in the palace, were obliged to cover with one of these skins the tablets which they held before their faces in presence of the son of heaven. The minister of the household had fixed the price of these skins at a sum equal in English money to about 12 guineas. They were current at this price in the palace, and amongst the nobles; but it does not appear that they were ever used in trade, or by the people. Matouanlin states, that from the year 617 of the Christian era, to the end of the dynasty of Soth, the distress and disorder in China having reached their height, every possible substitute for money was used. He particularly mentions small pieces of round iron, bits of cloth, and even pasteboard. At the commencement of the reign of the Emperor Hiautsong, of the dynasty of Kung, which was about the year 807 of China, copper money being exceedingly rare, the use of that metal for any domestic purpose was prohibited. The Emperor compelled all traders who arrived in the capital, and generally speaking, all monied persons, to deposit their cash in the public treasury; and, for the facility of trade, they received in exchange a sort of promissory note or bond, which was called *feythasian*, or *flying money*. At the end of three years, however, the use of this paper money was suppressed as to the capital, and it had currency only in the provinces.

Kuitsu, the founder of the dynasty of Soung, who ascended the throne in the year 960, Christian era, allowed traders to deposit their money, and even their goods, in the imperial treasuries, and gave them in exchange a note which was called *piantshian*, or *convenient money*. These notes were eagerly sought after, in consequence of their convenience. In 997, the quantity of paper money in circulation represented 1,700,000 ounces of silver; and in the year 1021, the quantity was increased to 3,000,000 ounces. It was in the country of Chou, which is, in our days, the province of Sutchhouan—where the true paper money, as a substitute for money, without being guaranteed by any sort of mortgage or security, was first introduced. These notes were introduced to supply the place of iron, which was found to be too heavy for commercial and general purposes. They were called *tchi-tsi*. Under the reign of Tchint-soung, from the year 997 to 1022, the example was followed, and new notes were made, which were called *kiao-tsu*, or *change*; they were payable every third year, so that in 65 years there were 22 periods for payment. Each *kiao-tsu* was equivalent to 1,000 deniers, and represented an ounce of pure silver. Sixteen of the principal houses in the empire were at the head of this financial operation; but, in the end, these persons were unable to fulfil their engagements, and became bankrupt. The Emperor, in consequence of the distress which this failure brought on the public, abolished all the notes of

\* The scarcity of copper arose from the vast quantity of this metal used for bronze images, sacred to *fo*, and the saints of his religion. Thus, after every persecution of the sect, copper became more plentiful.

† The first iron money was made in China by the rebel *Yang-tsu-chou*, who died 36 years after Christ. It was not until the year 624, however, that any example was followed by the Chinese Emperor.

this society; and resolving that, in future, no individuals should have the power of creating paper money, established a bank at Y-tchou, for notes. Towards the year 1032, the quantity of paper money in circulation, in China, represented 1,256,340 ounces of pure silver. In 1068, some daring speculators began to counterfeit the notes of the government, and a great number of forgeries were discovered. The authors of the fraud were subjected to the same punishment as that which the law decreed against those who forged the seals of the state. In course of years, banks were established for the issue of notes, in various parts of the empire: the notes of one province, however, were not current in another, and the mode of circulation and liquidation was frequently altered. Under the Emperor Kao-tsong, in 1131, the government were desirous of creating a military establishment at Ou-tcheou; but, as the funds necessary for the undertaking were received very tardily, the mandarins, who were entrusted with the management of the plan, proposed to the Hou-pou, or ministry of the treasury, to issue *quantzu*, or notes, with which they might pay those who supplied provisions to the army. These notes were payable at an office opened for the purpose, but they gave rise to many abuses, and caused the people to murmur; not long afterwards, however, similar notes were put into circulation in other provinces of China. In 1160, under the same monarch, the Hou-pou created a new paper money, which they called Hwei-tsu, or agreements. In the commencement these notes were only current in the province of Tche-kiang, and its immediate neighbourhood; but they soon became general throughout the empire. The paper which was used for them, was at first manufactured

only in the cities of Hwei-tcheou and Tchi-tcheou, of Kiang-nan; but ere long it was made in several other places. The first Hwei-tsu were like the paper money previously in circulation, worth 1,000 deniers, or an ounce of silver; in the following reign, however, they were made for 500, 300, and 200 deniers. In the short space of 5 years there were 28,000,000 ounces of notes in circulation; and, in the space of the following 11 months, the quantity was further increased by an issue of 15,600,000 ounces. During the existence of the same dynasty, the amount was increased annually. Besides these notes, there were the *Kiao-tsu*, and other paper money peculiar to the provinces, to such an extent, that the country was inundated with notes which daily decreased in value, notwithstanding the modifications to which the government had recourse to prevent it. In the reign of Ly-tsong, of the same dynasty, in the year 1264, the minister Kia-szu-tao, seeing the low value of the notes, and the high price of the provisions, called in a great quantity of the former, and supplied their place with new notes, which he styled *yn koun*, or money bonds; but, notwithstanding all the exertions of the minister, he was unable to raise the value of the notes, or to reduce the price of provisions. Whilst the last Emperors of the Soung dynasty were retired in the south of China, the north of the country was under the dominion of the Niu-tchy, a race who had founded a new empire, under the name of Kiu, or the Kingdom of Gold. Their princes are spoken of by the Arabian and Persian authors, under the title of Altoun-khan. The continual wars in China, had impoverished all the provinces of this fine country to such an extent, that copper was become exceedingly scarce in the kingdom of Kiu, and recourse was had to

a bank for the issue of paper money, on a similar plan to those which have already been noticed. The notes for 2, 4, 8, and 10 ounces of silver, were called large notes, and the smaller were for 100, 300, 700, and 900 pieces of copper. The period of their currency was fixed for 7 years; at the expiration of this term the old notes were exchanged for new ones.— There were banks in every province, and the government took 15 pieces of copper on every 1000, to cover the expenses. Towards the latter part of the 13th century, the Moguls became masters of China, where they founded a dynasty which lasted from 1279 to 1367. Before the entire conquest of China, Chi-tson, the first Emperor of this dynasty, had introduced paper money (between the years 1260 and 1263). In 1284 he commanded the mandarin, Lou-chi-jong, to present him a plan for a new paper currency; but the emission of it did not take place until the year 1287: from that period the Moguls continued annually to increase the quantity of their notes, which were called pao-tchiao, or precious paper money. From the year 1264 to 1294, a note was in circulation which replaced that of 1260 to 1263, and which were made of the bark of the tree *tchu* (*morus papyrifera*), and were a Chinese square foot in size. Towards the latter part of the dynasty, paper money had lost much of its credit, and an alteration was made in 1357, with the hope of restoring it; but every effort was vain, and the Moguls were obliged to quit China, which they had totally ruined by their precious paper money. The distress of the country was such, that

the Ming Emperors, who succeeded the Moguls, were not only unable to abolish the paper in circulation, but compelled to issue new notes. In 1375 six different sorts were issued, of the value of 500, 400, 300, 200, and 100 pieces of copper, and of 1000 deniers, which were equal to an ounce of silver. The use of gold, silver, and precious stones, as a medium of payment, was strictly forbidden. The value of the notes soon fell in the proportion of nearly 20 per cent. In the year 1448 the quantity of notes was so considerable, that only 3 deniers of specie were given for a note of 1000. Every attempt was made, by compulsive measures, to restore the paper currency to a better condition. The taxes on the markets of both capitals were even allowed to be paid in paper: but every attempt was fruitless, and the notes went out of circulation.— At least history makes no mention of them later than the year 1455. The The Manchoux who succeeded the Ming Emperors, and who are now masters of China, have never attempted to introduce a paper currency; for these barbarians are happily ignorant of the European policy, which declares that the more a nation is in debt, the more it is rich and flourishing.\*

## RAMBLES IN CUMBERLAND.

### No. 3.

#### TRIP TO CARLISLE.

I have, in No. 21, voluntarily asserted that the Doctor was a moral man, nor upon more mature consideration do I now see any occasion for retracting what I then advanced. A man does not by any means

\* The notes of the Sung Kiu, and Moguls, were made of the bark of the tree printed and sealed by authority. Those of the Ming were of paper, made with different plants, and richly ornamented.

annihilate his claims to moral rectitude, if his pursuits and participations of the pleasures resulting from social intercourse, or the constituted order of society, are, generally speaking, within the barriers which innocence has reared, in order to mark her domains from the back ground of culpable enjoyment. To assert the contrary of this would, in effect, be to assert that spotless purity of character is attainable; but this is a plant actually heterogeneous to the soil of human nature. We would do well to keep this in view at all times, especially when we attempt to form an estimate of any man's moral character. This will prevent us from augmenting the little foibles of peculiarities which may be identified with that character. No man is wholly without these; and they never are so palpable as when exhibited in connection with deeds which, in spite of these peculiarities, have been, by the ingenious and charitable part of mankind, pronounced worthy of esteem and imitation. There are, indeed, some who have with gloomy austerity chalked out a line of conduct for themselves; and to this we would have no reasonable objections, did they not, with egregious effrontery, attempt to stamp the mark of wanderer from the narrow way upon the brow of every one who deviates from the mill-horse round of these everyday performances. Leagued hand in glove, these snug divans will meet, and, with unrelenting acrimony, tear into tatters the characters of these around them; and, with more than nobler triumph, note them down upon the tablets of their hearts as the Amalekites of the present day, and hug themselves at the same time as the pure in heart, although, in point of fact, those whom they condemn, and consequently despise, are superior to them in every thing that is graceful in accomplishment, or lovely in moral exhibition.

The moral character of the Doctor was such as comparative purity would have recognised and owned; but not altogether such as to shield him from the pestiferous breath of such sanctimonious pretenders as those to whom I have just now alluded. He looked upon all things as being originally made for man, and placed in a subordinate station by an all-wise Providence, in order to be rendered subservient to his happiness. Hence the pleasure resulting from the enjoyment of these did not to his gaze contract a sable hue, merely because they

were designated by the name of pleasures. He, therefore, enjoyed these as they came successively within his reach, in the full persuasion that not the use, but the abuse, of them constituted criminality of conduct. This was the topic on which the controversial talents of my friend appeared to most advantage. I have often admired the originality and perspicuity of his language, while attacking a conclave of these Brahmins. But their feelings were of another kind. All their attempts to maintain their favourite theory, namely, that nothing receiving the name of pleasure was worthy of the notice of a rational creature, were foiled, and themselves compelled to skulk in their hiding places, and from thence whisper the slander they dared not openly avow. Indeed, were the principles of morality exclusively couched in the golden maxim, 'Do as you would be done by,' and did a single or even mere violation of this precept, in a minor point of view, nullify the claims of the moralist to morality's reward, the Doctor would, ere this time, have been placed upon the per contra side. But, even in this predicament, he might have reasonably contented himself; at all events, he might have received a temporary gratification from the hope, that some of those who stand high on the list of good deeds would, ere long, by way of courtesy as it were, condescend to sit down, cheek by jowl, with him, and entertain him with a lecture upon the tightness of the times, in order to drive dull care away. The coincidence of feeling and sentiment which was exhibited between the Doctor and me, at our first interview, was, by the progressive hand of time, mellowed into the most reserved friendship. He placed the most unbounded confidence in my fidelity, by whispering in my private ear those secrets,

which he so freely told to one whom I knew My conduct towards him was exactly similar; nor had I ever occasion to repent of that conduct. His soul was cast in Nature's truest mould: He well knew the extent of that moral obligation which enjoined fidelity to the confidential communications of friendship; nor did he ever violate that obligation by successively pacing the round of his acquaintanceship, and, according to them, after a significant hint, with—"I have something extraordinary to tell you of; but as I have received it from such a one, by way of profound secret, I

hope you will store it by in some snug corner of your testament, as I would not for the world be should hear of it again. When the Doctor was requested by any of the communicative ones not to divulge those secrets which Mr. Such-a-one desired him to keep his thumb upon, he generally replied as follows:—How, in the name of wonder, can I expect that any one should be faithful to me, if my conduct is the exact counterpart of all that deserves the name of fidelity, truth, or honour? Supposing that I were to comply with your demand, one of the preliminary steps requisite to that compliance would be to enjoin secrecy upon you; but have I any reason to expect that understanding conformity to my requirement should emanate from your conduct, when the very cause for which this secrecy is required is to cloak a positive violation of that trust reposed in me by the person to whom the secret originally related? Certainly not. The obligation to secrecy remains in exact proportion as the secret itself is extended. Were I to set the example of infidelity by divulging what you request, you might possibly take advantage of that by revealing it to another person, he to a third, and so on until that which was whispered in this ear of supposed friendship would ultimately become the table talk of a neighbourhood.

But to return from this digression. The profession and habits of my friend induced him to make frequent excursions into the towns and villages around him. One of the consequences resulting from our intimacy was my frequent accompaniment of him in these perambulations. It was in the warm time of the year, (but I have in vain ransacked my scraps and patches in order to recognise the date,) probably in the month of August, that I accompanied him to Carlisle. I well remember that the morning was rather unpromising; the density of the atmosphere prevented the smoke from ascending; it crawled along in a horizontal position nearly level with the chimney tops, till Sol ascending dissipated the gloom, and with his bright effulgence scattered smiles around. Your readers will recollect that my impatience to get to Rudeley prevented the Doctor from packing his sables—but in the intervening period betwixt this and that town he had made the then proposed alteration, by putting in the upper style of modern dandyism. His form to the eye of a con-

noisseur was, perhaps, a little too masculine; nor did the fool attempt to curb the operations of Nature by the constraining influence of corsets; nevertheless he was as handsome a fellow as you would have cast your eyes upon in a summer day. I have, in a former Number, described his large eyes and glossy hair; the former of these shone in, and the other curled around, a regular set of features, add to these a well-proportioned person, with all the advantages of dress to give it its proper effect.

‘And then, O! what a beau the Doctor was!’

We soon reached Carlisle, and entered into the Inn of Toby Philpot, sign of the Lamb's Foot, Calder-gate. After we had refreshed ourselves with a dose of mutton chops and discussed the contents of a bottle, the Doctor proceeded to Butcher-gate, in order to transact some business, which did not admit of my immediate presence. The temporary lack of his company was, at my request, supplied by the presence of the landlord. He was withal a jolly good-natured fellow, and had thoroughly studied the common-place politeness of his profession. Good nature is a quality any man will admire, although exemplified in the conduct of an innkeeper of notorious rotundity of form, as was the case at present. I evinced my respect by resigning the elbow-chair to the more adequate corporation of Toby Philpot. But I solemnly aver that this voluntary evolution did not proceed from any innate conviction, that the old adage, viz. ‘the biggest rogue took the muckiest,’ had any greater amplitude in the conduct of Tobias than it had in my own. I could not for a moment entertain an idea so gross, more especially when he was so kind as to inform me that he was ‘the kindest, honestest fellow alive; moreover, that he could back the scratch, or wag a fist with ever a leg in Cumberland.’ Indeed, I thought he formed an arrogant estimate of his own qualifications. He did not appear to possess that agility of frame which is absolutely requisite to a proper discharge of the pugnacious qualities of Yorkshire; but why a thought such as this should produce astonishment in any man who is blessed with eyes and ears, Heaven only knows. If he only look with the former, and listen with the latter, he may see it even portrayed in the conduct of all sexes and conditions. The man who struts under a powdered wig is sometimes as lavish of it

as the clopdpole who moves in the sober habiliments of hudden grey. The antiquarian who rights after arideluvian bauls, and wishes others to measure the moderation of his pretensions by his flaxen wig, and the fourteenth century euf of his coat, with its concomitant haunch buttons, sometimes evinces as much of it as the perfumed beau who occupies the foremost rank among the devotees of frivolity, fashion, and artificial manners. These and such like considerations, quickly reconciled me to the jargon of mine host; while with suppliant fluency of tongue, he stated the per diem rate of livery stablcs, and the schools of grocers and lacqueys, and cooks, and waiters, that was necessary to such an extensive establishment as his own; and then deduced the troubles and inconveniences which generous landlords put themselves to, in order to accommodate gentlemen who are travelling. I could have added, 'Yes, and paying too;' but then he was so mighty civil, that one could not for their life be angry with him; he was not made of such pitiful stuff as your skim surface souls who doze as long over a cup of liquor as a cardinal would cover his beads on a high holiday. No, no; a rough-spun comundrum in the shape of a toast was the signal for fly-jack-and-begone, as the saying is. The exit of the liquor, which was in the cup was usually accompanied with a significant smack of the rosy lips of Tobias, and an asseveration by the copper nose of Bacchus, that it was the best liquor in Christendom. He seemed to have drawn his maxims with regard to his potations from Will Boniface of Ahno Domini notoriety. As these were considered through his tenement, his tongue ran on with increasing volubility. He had just drawn his pencil from his pocket when the Doctor entered, in order to show me a plan of Carlisle Castle, although I had seen it fifty times; but, although repeatedly assured him of this, he persisted in his design by drawing a parcel of chunty strokes, and by them pointing out the inner and outer walls and the chaams made on each part by the ravages of hoary time, &c. I have either dreamed or read somewhere of a castle so weak that a dozen of women armed with distaffs and spinules were a force sufficient to have stormed it, would to peace that such a place could at this moment have been the renovating influence of Toby's jargon and wheedle-working; and I might be able to procure a good Scotch bag - no, a

man could have beheld the fire of his eye, and the animation of his features, without being half convinced that Toby's proposed attackments on the battlements, and walls, and gun-ports of Carlisle Castle, were actually accomplished with the breath that protruded the deficiencies, and then the significant shrug of the shoulders, and the exclamation of 'Oddsbobs, a parcel of fellows think that a landlord can do nothing but broach casks, plant wine-pipes, and order Molly the chamber-maid to warm a bed for Squire Craggs and his associates, that trod upon the heels of his idle speculation, was indicative of as much self-importance as if by these speculations, the time-worn turrets of Carlisle, had reared their heads in as much freestone, and architectural beauty, as distinguished the first year of their existence. The Doctor did not seem to relish these sallies; but, had he considered for a moment, he would have seen that Toby was making the best that he could of the selfish maxim, 'Every man for himself.' Independent of this he was one of his denizens; this was a privilege he put a higher value on, than many a one would do, a gem of Golconda; and then the ramparts, and the castle, and the siege it had stood, gave an additional pathos to the word freeman. He had, like every one else, known the way of exercising this privilege. He pertinaciously maintained, in spite of all opposition; that legislative wisdom was hereditary, and descended like titles to the children of the third and fourth generations; and hence inferred that, nothing was more requisite than to set a candidate for parliamentary honours, if any of his ancestors for the last two centuries had held a seat therein; if he answered in the affirmative, then, says Toby, 'my mode of procedure is plainly this. I vote for this gentleman.' Toby had scarcely got the words, 'my mode of procedure is plainly stated, until the Doctor exclaimed, 'Another instance! When bring the bill? The bill was brought and discharged. We bade adieu to the host of the Lamb's Foot, and left the house while ed.

THE RAID OF CILLICHRIST.  
Bordering clads his neighbouring nations, were never the terms of these dietary concord, and the reduced rivals eyes of most all H. maybas

ry, and rivalry produced war: for this reason, the Macdonells and the Mackenzies were never long without some act of hostility or feud; (bring houses, driving herds, raising tents, and slaughtering each other's clansmen, were feats of recreation which each was equally willing to exercise upon his neighbour; and if either was more deficient than the other, it was more from want of opportunity, than lack of good-will. Among all the exploits which were thus occasioned between the two clans, none was more celebrated, nor more fearful, than the burning of the Cillechrist (Christ's Church); it gave occasion and name to the pibroch of the Glengarrie family, and was provoked and performed in the following manner. In the course of a long succession of fierce and sanguinary conflicts, the Macleans, a race who were followers of the Mackenzies, took occasion to intercept and assassinate the eldest son of Donald Macangus of Glengarrie. Donald died shortly after, and his second son, who succeeded to the chieftaincy of the clan, was too young to undertake the conduct of any enterprise to revenge the death of his brother: his cousin, however, Angus Macraonull of Lundy, acted as his captain, and, gathering the Macdonells, in two separate raids, swept off the rents from the greater part of Lord Seaforth's country. Still, this revenge seemed to him too poor an expiation for the blood of his chief: the warm life of the best of his foemen was the only sacrifice which he thought he could offer as an acceptable oblation to appease the manes of the murdered; and he, therefore, projected a third expedition, resolving in this to fill the measure of vengeance to the brim. In the prosecution of his design he awaited a favourable opportunity, and, gathering a small band of men, penetrated into the country of

the Mackenzies early on a Sunday morning, and surrounded the Cillechrist, while a numerous congregation were assembled within its walls. Inexorable in his purpose, Angus commanded his men to set fire to the building, and slaughter all who endeavoured to break forth. Struck with despair when the flames rushed in upon the aisle of the church, and they beheld the circle of bare claymores glancing beyond the door, the congregation, scarce knowing what they did, endeavoured to force their way through the weapons and the flames; but, pent within the narrow pass of a single arch, they were not capable to make way over each other, far less to break the ring of broadswords which bristled round the porch: men, women, and children, were driven back into the blazing pile, or hewn down, and transixed at the gorge of the entrance; the flames increased on every side, a heavy column of vivid smoke rolled upward in the air, and the roar of infuriated men, the wailing of suffering infants, and the shrieks of despairing women, rung from within the dissolving pile. While the church was burning, the piper of the Macdonells marched round the building, playing, as was customary on extraordinary occasions, an extempore piece of music; the pibroch which he now played was called, from the place where it was composed, Cillechrist, and afterwards became the pibroch of the Glengarrie family. At length the flames poured forth from every quarter of the building, the roof fell in, there was one mingled yell, one crash of ruin; the flame sunk in smouldering vapour, and all was silent. Angus had looked on with stern unrelenting determination, but the deed was done, and recollection now warned him of the danger of delay; he immediately gave orders to retreat, and leading of



men, set off with the utmost expedition for his own country. The men of the church had, however,ighted beacon of alarm which blazed round and wide: the Mackenzies had gathered in numerous bodies, and took the chase with such vigour, that they came in sight of the Macdonells, long before they got to the border of their own country. Angus Macraonduill, seeing the determination of the pursuit, and the superiority of its numbers, ordered his men to separate, and lift each for himself; they dispersed accordingly, and made every man his way to his own home as well as he could. The commander of the Mackenzies did not scatter his people; but, content on securing the leader of his enemies, held them together on the rack of Angus Macraonduill, who, with a few men in his company, fled towards Loch Ness. Angus always wore a scarlet plush jacket, and it now served to mark him out to the knowledge of the pursuers. Perceiving that the whole chase was drawn after himself, he separated his followers one by one, till at length he was left alone; yet the pursuers turned not aside upon the track of any other. When they came to the burn of Alt Shian, the leader of the Mackenzies had gained so much on the object of his pursuit, that he had nearly overtaken him. The river which was before them runs in this place through a rocky chasm, or trough, of immense depth, and considerable breadth. Angus knew that death was behind him; and gathering all his strength, he dashed at the desperate leap, and being a man of singular vigour and activity, succeeded in clearing it. The leader of the Mackenzies, reckless of danger in the ardour of the pursuit, followed also at the leap, but, less athletic than his adversary, he failed of its length, and slipping on the side of the crag, held by the slender branch of a birch

tree which grew above him on the brink. The Macdonell, looking back in his flight to see the success of his pursuer, beheld him hanging to the tree, and struggling to gain the edge of the bank: he turned, and drawing his dirk, at one stroke severed the branch which supported the Mackenzie:—I have left much behind me with you to-day, said he, take that also. The wretched man, rolling from rock to rock, fell headlong into the stream below, where, shattered and mangled by the fall, he expired in the water. Angus Macraonduill continued his flight, and the Mackenzies, though bereft of their leader, held on the pursuit. Checked, however, by the stream which none of them dared to leap, Angus was gaining fast upon them, when a musquet discharged at him by one of the pursuers, wounded him severely, and greatly retarded his speed. After passing the river, the Mackenzies again drew hard after him, and as they came in sight of Loch Ness, Angus perceiving his strength to fail with his wound, and his enemies pressing upon him, determined to attempt swimming the loch: he rushed into the water, and for some time, refreshed by its coolness, swam with much vigour and confidence. His limbs would, however, in all probability have failed him before he had crossed the half of the distance to the opposite bank; but Fraser of Pyars, a particular friend of the Glengarrie family, seeing a single man pursued by a party out of the Mackenzie's country, and knowing that the Macdonells had gone upon an expedition in that direction, got out a boat, and hastening to the aid of Angus, took him on board, and conveyed him in safety to the east side of the loch. The Mackenzies, seeing their foeman had escaped, discontinued the pursuit, and Angus returned at his leisure to Glengarrie.

## CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.

Almost all the writers who have touched on the subject, agree in commending the amiable disposition, disinterested virtues, and personal bravery of this faithful adherent of the Chevalier St. George. When the latter, united at Kinloch Moidart, with only seven attendants, bent upon the romantic enterprise of regaining the throne of his ancestors, Lochiel, foreseeing the utter hopelessness of the undertaking, endeavoured to persuade him from the attempt, and remained for a considerable time in doubt and hesitation. But at last the gentleness of his nature, yielding to the earnest entreaties of Charles, and influenced by the deep and hereditary attachment which he himself bore towards the exiled family, in an evil hour he embarked in an enterprise which proved the ruin of his house, and the source of all his misfortunes in after years. When the standard of the Chevalier was first displayed, it is well known with what eagerness the greater number of the Highland Clans assembled around it. Taught from the nature of their feudal government to hold hereditary right and succession in a sort of sacred reverence, and little acquainted with the views and purposes of political expediency, they were more inclined to favour the claims of their supposed rightful sovereign, and to range them under the banner of the lineal descendant of a race of kings, whom their ancestors were wont to serve and obey. The chiefs too had become jealous of a government which had been wisely endeavouring to controul the undue influence which the ancient feudal rights, vested in individuals—often dangerous to the peace of the community, and subversive of the necessary

authority of the sovereign. The spirit of party likewise handed down from father to son, and rather fostered and increased, than chilled from the necessity of concealment—the long delayed hopes of disappointed individuals—the romantic nature of the cause, and that contagious enthusiasm, which, when it once burst forth among the multitude, inflames the passions of men, and subdues their judgment. All these combined circumstances impelled numbers to join an attempt, which, in their more dispassionate moments, they must have seen to be impracticable. Lochiel accompanied the Prince in all his progress—was admitted to a share in his councils—always held a particular station in the field—and is said to have possessed the affection and confidence of his master to a greater degree than any of the others. He was wounded in both legs while leading on his clan at the battle of Culloden: after that unfortunate day he lurked for a considerable time among his native mountains attended by his two brothers, and a few of his remaining followers, undergoing great hardships, and often in imminent danger of being discovered, until at last he made his escape in a vessel to France. There, having obtained a commission in the French army, he lived a perpetual exile from his native country. It is mentioned in a late interesting work on the Highlands, in order to illustrate the attachment of the clans to their chief, that, in the year 1776, the son of Lochiel, after his father's death, having returned from France, the followers of his father's family, though under another master, raised 120 men for a company to him, in the 71st Regiment.

Colonel Stewart's Sketches of Highland Regiments.

## FINGALIAN SONG of TRIUMPH.

FROM THE GALLIC.

To the Editor of the Melange.

MR. EDITOR,—Two of Fingal's warriors, Aille, and another whose name the folk of this long-coated country could not pronounce, though I should write it,—had been neglected by the chief's 'vocator,' when 'a feast to the heroes' was appointed. This, it seems, was considered in those days as a mark of very great disrespect; and the story says, that the neglected heroes accordingly took it in high dudgeon, and 'vowed that, for the space of a year, they would not draw a spear in the service of Fingal.' They betook themselves, therefore, over to the king of Lochlinn, and engaged with him for the space of time that they vowed to be the king of Morven's enemies.

Aille, as his name, 'primitiva in lingua,' implies, was a personage of 'fair proportions,' and 'beseeching in a lady's eye,' and the queen of Lochlinn, 'of brown shields,' (nanggiath down) conceived a passion for him; and it appears from the poetical account that I am abridging, that the gallant Aille indulged her, till, as the poet words it, 'his treachery was successful.' Things were now approaching to such a crisis, that the guilty queen, her paramour, and his companion, thought it safer all to leave Errgon, the king of Lochlinn's dominions; and, in consequence, they embarked in a galley for Scotland. They had scarcely landed, when Errgon, and the whole of his Scandinavian sea-borne hosts, appeared on the main, in foaming pursuit. Now was there the

'usual mature fact,' and here could I interestingly expatiate upon my bard's narrative, but I have occasion to mature myself. Therefore—Errgon sent notice to Fingal that he must either deliver the seducer of his wife and his companion to him *bodily*, or the *heads* of both,—else he (Errgon) would 'burn and ravage the whole of Morven, and bring the rest of it all in his ships to Lochlinn.' Fingal refused; but would give him battle. They fought. Fingal was victorious; and Errgon, instead of carrying such a load with him as he threatened, was obliged to sail off with a vast seduction of ballast.

Yours, &amp;c.

S. M. R.

## FINGAL.

'Raise, O Ullin,\* raise the song,  
Sweep the chords to victory!  
Bards! the joyous strain prolong!  
Resound the warriors' bravery!

Let them hear the feats of old,  
How our fathers' gleaming brand  
Chastis'd all those heroes bold,  
Daring to invade our land!

Sing of Errgon the renown!  
Sing his deathless bravery,  
Who row'd to capture Fingal's crown,  
And drag his sons to slavery!

Sing how all his sea-borne host,  
On the shores of Morven fell,  
And tell of every shrieking ghost,  
That hover'd o'er the ocean-swell!

How rush'd the warriors of the hills  
Upon their foes, like Cona's streams,  
When Donishont row'd in flooded rills,  
And heaven's quick, vivid lightning  
gleams!—

Softly sweep the chords, anon,  
Lull their sorrowing ghosts to rest—  
Brave the heroes that are gone—  
No more shall Luran grace my rest!

\* Ullin was Fingal's Laurent at this period.

† The Highland Genius of the Storm.  
boisterous and tempestuous weather.

In general use, the word signifies the most

Al! why in the battles' strife,  
Dlest thou risk thy blooming life!  
Softly, softly sooth his ghost!  
Rising sunbeam, thou art ever lost!  
Maids of Cona!

Pour your soft melody now on my soul.  
Sound to me, O Cona!

# MAIDS,

Now, in the green western Isles,  
Sweetly Lúran smiles,  
And he wofly embraces his Mona;  
Nupt words of our father's the scowl,  
Raise three stones to the brave,  
Beside the green wave,  
That the hunters may see, when they  
roam,  
Where we've plac'd the early tomb  
Of Lúran, his king that did save!

To the Editor of the Literary Melange.

SIR—I observed, with sorrow, in a late Number of your Publication, an epistle, addressed by a person subscribing himself John Ogle, to a young woman whom he designates Miss A—, narrating with surprising minuteness the various underhand and sinful methods which he, the said John Ogle adopts, while in church, in order to obtain a sight of the afore-said damsel. I shall not at present tarry to dwell upon the criminality of exchanging wanton glances on such a day and in such a place, although it might well become my sacred character and prospects so to do; but shall proceed to resent an indignity which Mr. Ogle has put upon me and my reverend brethren. He is not ashamed to own that, among his other hypocritical pretences, in order to accomplish his ends, he 'sometimes makes a long, lean gentleman his starting post, who never suspects his ultimate design as being a dexterity student of some vanity, he conceives that he is looked at in compliment to his genius.' Now, Mr. Editor, whoever reads the above sentence must of necessity conclude that

I am the person who is here described as having been made 'a stepping-stone,' as our worthy pastor would term it, whereby this profane man might arrive at the gratification of his carnal inclinations; and I am constrained to this inference, because he has not failed to give the exact character that belongs to my countenance. I will not pretend to deny that my visage is somewhat thin, and my features lank and long, such as well accord with the gravity and severity of my professional studies, and there is visibly impressed upon my physiognomy an air of sedateness and learning which is well fitted to attract the notice and reverence of all discerning people. Accordingly I could not fail of being gratified, and moreover of thinking well of that individual, who, it appears, is called John Ogle, when I observed him contemplating with becoming deference, as I imagined, my features and carriage—inasmuch that I sometimes felt strongly disposed upon retiring from church to honour him with a salutation, not doubting but that he would return it, at the same time respectfully uncovering his head. But, judge of my disappointment and mortification, when I discovered by the unadvised correspondence which you have imprudently published, that this irreverent person was all the while using me as a convenient medium of communication betwixt himself and a damsel who sitteth nigh unto me, and who is pleasant and fair to look upon, inasmuch that even I am sometimes pricked to lift mine eyes upon her as opportunity offers. As the virgin appears to be worthy of my patronage and support, and as I do not doubt that she is highly displeased with the profane scooner's addresses, I will take this opportunity of informing her, that if she is desirous of having an answer

written to Mr. Ogil's forward, epistle with becoming spirit and saltiness, I will be very prompt to use my pen in her behalf—and that I am to be found every lawful day in a house in Havannah Street, up four pair of stairs, (whither I have ascended for the benefit of pure air,) occupied by a worthy widow called Mrs. M. Indoe. Having thus, with considerable address and ingenuity, comprised within this short but pithy communication, the three capital points of vindicating mine own dignity, chastising your scoffing contributor, and affording consolation and encouragement to the damsel, I take my leave, hoping that you shall appreciate sufficiently the honour I have done you in condescending to become a contributor to your idle and unprofitable pages.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your soul's well-wisher,

JONAS JAMIESON.

## WAREHOUSE OF HITS,

OR, INTELLECT READY MADE.

'All human race would fain be wits,  
And millions miss for one that hits.'

To shine in conversation is a very natural ambition. None ever affected to despise it but such as were inadequate to its attainment. I shall take no trouble to prove this, thinking myself better employed in informing the reader how he may attain this accomplishment at a moderate expense, without loss of time, or hinderance of business.

I was born a philanthropist. (Your philanthropists are always horn, never made.) My whole life has been engaged for the benefit of mankind, with a collateral view to my own interest. I am the author of many admirable inventions for diminishing intellectual and physical labour. I projected a mode, once, of teaching all arts and sciences by steam, which I submitted

to the ministry, who rejected it on a principle of economy. The truth was that they were afraid it would blow up all existing institutions. I proposed, next, to teach the languages to entire districts, through the medium of huge speaking trumpets, on a quite new construction. This instrument would have admirably served many purposes besides its proposed object. It might have been to the ear, what the telegraph is to the eye; as the one conveys intelligence with the rapidity of lightning, so the other would have delivered it with the solemnity of thunder:—what an admirable vehicle for the announcement of penal proclamations, and rewards for the apprehension of vagabonds! Magistrates might have read the riot act through it, without the least danger of being unheard, and it would have afforded the most manifest facilities to popular orators and field-preachers. But I grieve to say that this noble speculation was frustrated by the paltry excuse, that the government could not muster brass enough for its execution.

Many other capital inventions have I struck out for shortening labour, but with small effect. The following are the titles of some of my works: 'Paradise nassu levelled, or every man his own poet.' 'Wit at will, or Priming for the brain-pan.' 'Short cut to Philosophy,' being an abridgement from the French, &c. &c. But the work on which I most pique myself was of quite a different nature: it was intitled 'Simultaneous Shaving,' and contained a description of a machine by which the pensioners of Chelsea and Greenwich hospitals might have their heads shaved all at once, to the manifest economy of time and labour. This plan was rejected, with unscientific timidity, from the unfounded apprehension that its adoption would put in jeopardy the throats of the aforemen-

said respectable veterans. This supposition was an egregious error.

Mankind have treated me with ingratitude. None of my inventions have been recompensed, many have been ridiculed, and not a few of my thoughts have been appropriated by others without acknowledgment. A certain method of teaching music, for instance, that became very popular, owes its origin to me; and a German professor who shall be nameless, might, if he were candid, own himself indebted to my hints for his system of mnemonics. But let all that pass. I was born a philanthropist, and shall die one. The benevolent bump juts amiably from my pericranium. I can never be weary of benefiting mankind, and I now step forward with a new proposal for their advantage.

Without further preface, then, I propose to open, in a few days, a large intellectual warehouse, or grand repository of materials for thinking, writing, public-speaking, and principally for conversation. The philosopher I shall provide with wise saws, the wit with bon-mots for all occasions, the orator with tropes and figures, and the general talker with hits of all kinds. There shall be a plentiful assortment of *naïvetés* for young widows, and *double entendres* for elderly gentlemen. I manufacture intellectual snaps for young lawyers, talk-stiffeners for young doctors, delicate insinuations for longing ladies, knockdowns for big-wigs, marvellous tales for old women of both sexes, high-coloured confab for toppers, genteel slang for the army and navy, and scraps of everything for miscellaneous writers. For conversational critics I have a variety of commendious formulae, to which I give the expressive denomination of 'Hash-settlers.' Old jokers can be supplied with new-jokes at a very moderate rate, or have the old

ones recast for half-price. I supply plots for incipient dramatists; and when their pieces are damned, I manufacture indignant appeals to a candid public. I deal in birth-day odes, epithalamia, funeral elegies, and last speeches and dying words of convicted felons. I have maiden-speeches for modest members, forms of returning thanks for health-drinks, pecuniary applications to senescent relatives, soothing epistles to rigid aunts, amatory effusions for barren-witted lovers, and an astounding variety of highly-finished compliments. In sarcasm and abuse I am quite inimitable, whether you consider the wonderful fertility of my invention, or the ingenious dexterity of my evasive power. I have upwards of 1500 modes of giving the lie, without using the offensive term, and 2000 circumlocutions for a rascal. I know precisely every degree of approximation to a libel, can sport on the almost invisible line that separates it from legitimate satire, with the adroitness of a rope-dancer, and smelt-out an *ex-officio* at any given distance. I have keen hits, sharp retorts, *sky inuendoes*, and home-thrusts without number. I am a finished master of the whole art of talking at people, and can teach it completely in six lessons. Moreover, I have several chests of satirical anecdotes of all persons of note and figure in these islands, and of most of the nobility and crowned heads of Europe, to say nothing of an immense store-room of private scandal.

My warehouse is divided into regular compartments. There are, first, for general use, the compartments of judgment, imagination, wit, and humour. In the first I keep my profound truisms, my solemn common-places, and my dull paradoxes. In the next I keep my metaphors and similes, my high-headed sentiments,

my shocking sensibilities, my physical horrors, my political and philosophical theories, my ultra-miraculous fictions, and my German monsters. Attached to this compartment is a small closet, containing rhymes, epithets, exordia, perorations, descriptions of green fields, sonnets to the moon, &c. In the third compartment are contained all the different species of witicism and dry humour; in short every thing needful for the complete equipment of a droll-fish. I have, besides, separate rooms for all the arts and sciences, and every branch of the belles lettres. So that when a person is going into company, and is desirous to seem master of any particular topic, I can immediately furnish him with the appropriate materials without delay or difficulty. I can supply arguments on all sides, in every grand question of religion and politics. In the right wing of my repository, on the ground floor, is a room full of theology. Whiggism and Toryism are lodged in opposite apartments on the first floor, aristocracy is on the second floor, ultra-racism in the garret, and radical reform in the cellar. Behind the ware-

house there is a large machine, on a nearly the same plan with that mentioned by Gulliver, in his voyage to Laputa. Into this I put, not the letters of the alphabet, but all the words of the English language, and a multiplicity of common-place sentences on every subject. The machine being set a working, throws all these into all possible positions. From this process I derive many original thoughts and novel associations of ideas. I use this machine with great effect in the composition of sermons, public speeches, moral essays, periodical critiques, and light articles for magazines.

Thus, Sir, I have given you a brief outline of my plan, all the advantages of which it would be impossible to comprehend within the compass of a letter. Should you think proper, however, to insert this letter, I shall be most happy to conduct you over my warehouse, and give you a few hints, gratis, for the management of your paper.

P.S. I teach the true Burlesque shake of the empty noodle, and the wise stare of the unmeaning eye.

## POETRY.

### SONG.

See those who sing with a smile in her e'e,  
Her accents war sweet as the flowers on the lee,  
Her words were saffron'd to steal through the soul,  
While touching lark string I was wont to control;  
But sympathy danc'd to the choir, when she sang,  
Sung, and ringing and trembling, the word *Somebody*  
So bliss had the word, 'twas a crime to impart  
Scarce half o' its soun to an unfeeling heart,—  
She pass'd on the word, lost, all breathless w' fear,  
Unconscious emotions nought turn a deaf ear;  
But sympathy caught the soft glance o' her e'e,  
And join'd the low tone, in the word *Somebody*.

D. M. J.

Andover Mass. 14th Dec. 1822.

### ON SOLITUDE.

In depths of dark rainbow ring woods,  
In lonely caves, and pathless wild,  
Grim solitude forlorn.

And often in some ruin'd tower,  
She spends the dreary midnight hour,  
And oft, at distance, hears the sweep  
Of storms athwart the ruffling deep.

I love to trace her calm reticence,  
Her cooling groves and grassy seats,  
Her flowery meads and winding glades;  
Beneath her hoary, ivy shadow'd eaves

And when, around the moss-clad boughs,  
The twilight grey her mantle throws  
The owlets, as they sail along,  
And sing their melancholy strain.

In thy lone haunts, O solitude,  
Beside a gently murm'ring flood,  
Where plant hazel-twigs combine  
An arching canopy to twine

Let me inglorious lie,  
When light first streaks the opening east,  
On sparkling dews a glowing breast  
Let me to solitudes retire,  
And walk serene my humble life,  
Or to the breezes sigh.

"Tis sweet to stray at early dawn,  
Upon the dew-besprinkled lawn,  
When all around is sad and still,  
Save where the streamlet, from the hill,  
Steals softly o'er the ice."

When morning bursts upon the sky,  
And in her van the shadows fly,  
When yet the moon is dimly seen,  
Slow fading in the blue serene,  
Slow sinking to the sea.

SILVICOLA.

## EVIL DESTINY.

Full bright rose the sun when life's march I began;  
And warm o'er the bright fields of promise he shone;  
But sudden, as up the bright desert I ran,  
His smiles were o'ercast, and his radiance was gone.  
Thus fleeting and fast, sped my sunshine of youth,  
With its halm-breathing sweets, and its flow'rs pas-  
sing fair:

And the fabric which fancy deem'd stable as truth,  
Like the sky's cloudy castles, evanish'd in air.

Every blast of misfortune unshrinking I've borne,  
Though ceaseless they've howl'd o'er my shadowy  
day :

While the young ray of hope which awoke on my

In the clouds of despair melted darkly away.

In vain have I sought every haven of rest,  
From the cold hand of fate straining hard to be free;  
Still the waters of woe gather'd round this dark  
breast.

And no how arch'd its bright hues in heav'n for me  
Yet the flow'rs bloom as sweet, and the fields look  
as fair.

As when first o'er their soft charms enchanted I  
hung.

But my soul—ah! each dark weed grows rankling  
there.

And the harp of this heart lies for ever unstrung.

Farewell promis'd pleasures; vain visions adieu;  
Too oft on your smiles have I thoughtlessly stood;  
Now fearful I fly you, deceitful, untrue;  
Panting, weary and wan for the home of the dead.

## THE LAUNDRESSES

Dark with clouds, the early day,  
On the eastern hills arose;  
Females six, in strange array,  
Left their couch's soft repose.

Two by two they march along,  
Scarce the unwieldy load they move,  
Sheets of texture wide and strong,  
Which Hibernia's shuttles wove.

Dread ablutions they prepare:  
Lo! the purple furnace gleams,  
And the cauldron, high in air,  
Flings around mephitic steams.

In the billows foaming white,  
Now their brawny arms they steep;  
Shirts with kindred shifts unite,  
Buried in the boiling deep.

Various songs they now begin;  
Each gaunt figure chaunts in turn,  
Words that breathe of Holland gin,  
Thoughts that like that spirit burn.

Jugs may ring, and glasses crash,  
Nought their fiend-like thirst can quench;  
Cheeks shall glow, and eye-balls flash,  
Glimmering tapers die in stench:

Nor the burly-burly slack,  
Till, with mirth and toil oppress,  
Prostrate on her brawny back,  
Each stout matron slinks to rest.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

When Wiseacres, like Quils, grow impertinent and overbearing, they should be treated as Ajax treated Ulysses, in the Elysian fields, with contempt.

The communication, *viz.* Bailie Nicol Jarvie's Laun, in our next

Viator's remittance will soon be attended to, as also will Alexander, the anagrammatist.

Juvenis is under inspection.

Marion's letter cannot find a place. We have a dozen on the same subject. We, at the same time, must pay her the compliment of saying that she writes prettily.

John Bashful must be out of countenance at least for another week.

As Glasgow now stands, if the author would make it a review instead of a poem, it would ~~add~~ <sup>be</sup> to its interest. Will he let us know his opinion?

**We will perhaps sing R. L—n's funeral knell ere he is dead.**

The labour of Tohus has been in vain. We bid him try again.

Extract from my Journal is not admissible.

We assure T. B. we never mean to offend not Job, we have many *such* friends as he had. We have to endure as well as inflict. Though we are

The History of King James' commonly so called,' will be read by next day of publication.

N. will appear next week. We will always be happy to hear from Jim

Montana, and a number of other pieces, are under consideration.

G. we do not remember of having received:

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**A ONE DAY'S RAMBLE**

In the walks of my boyhood, with reflections on the close of the year.

Having occasion a few weeks ago to visit the scenes of my earliest wanderings, which, although easily accessible, and devoid of any thing like strong intrinsic interest, are nevertheless linked to my heart by a thousand soft and endearing associations: I resolved to take a stroll to a short distance over some of my old haunts, and commune for an hour with solitude. The day was cold and gusty, the clouds had lowered, portentously during the greater part of the forenoon, and although there was no indication of a present out-pouring of their treasures, the brow of heaven was still gloomy, and its fair face diversified by an irregular succession of floating drapery, which sailed sullenly along the sky, and alternately veiled and exposed the deep blue bosom of the cerulean concave. There was a withering coldness in the atmosphere, which well accorded with the sallow nakedness of the now unsequented lawn. The wind moaned with a solemn cadence through the deserted grove, and at every blast shook from the baring branches some shrivelled memento of their late exuberance. All was sad and lonely. The

music of the grove had fled, and the hollow blast alone relieved the sepulchral silence which reigned around. Such a scene could not fail to conjure up a corresponding train of gloomy feelings and melancholic associations. I already felt their effervescence, and resolved to give vent to the moody offspring of my troubled brain. For this purpose, I entered the wood within whose umbrageous bosom I so often have nestled with delight. I followed the footpath which I was wont to trace, when sallying forth in boyhood's pride, to cull the first offsprings of the primrose bed. I reached that spot so hallowed in my remembrance, but alas! all its pride and its glory had flown; no vestige of its flowery sweets remained, and even its fibrous leaves had shrunk like the sensitive plant, beneath the cold touch of 'winter's icy hand.'

I retired to a small knoll where I had last reclined, when the luxuriant foliage of the trees spread all around a sombre covering. Now, alas! a frowning sky was all the canopy; while the blasted branches only reminded one of the dry-bone remains of decayed mortality. The illusions of hope, and the play-things of fancy, fled me like a morning dream; while I sat down desponding and dreary, amid the desolate

tion of the scene, to brood over nature's destiny. The winter of the year is indeed like the winter of human life. The buds of spring and the blossoms of summer have perished. The freshness of the one, and the fragrance of the other, they too have passed away: and the prophetic sigh of the hollow wind speaks only of the tomb. Nature too seems locked in the same chilling embrace, without promise of liberation. The very stamina of vegetation seem destroyed, and the autumn blast shakes from the bending tree its deciduous glories, as if to say, They fall to flower no more. With man also, the fairy images which spring had cherished, and summer had smiled upon, drop off like leaves in autumn, leaving the heart 'scared and blighted,' to winter's 'unavailing woe.' The music of youth departs like the singing birds of spring, and the vernal fancies which imagination had sunned and sweetened, fall like flowers before the blast. Every green thing vanishes, and that smile of gaiety which formerly shed its light around the young heart, is lost in the wintry and moonless night of age. The hoar-frost of winter which shows on the head, settles on the heart, quenches the flame of youthful feeling, and gradually superinduces that indescribable frigidity, which the first of passion's poets, in the following lines, so feelingly deplores:

'O! could I feel what I have felt, or be what I have been,  
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished scene:  
As strains in desert's sound, seem sweet, all brash though they be;  
So 'midst the wither'd waste of life, these tears would flow to me.'

It has often occurred to me, however fantastical the idea may be, that the changes of the seasons have an influence upon the musing and sensitive mind, somewhat analogous to that which the changes of the moon are supposed to have upon the wayward and fitful fancies of the lunatic. Nor

is it at all wonderful, when we trace it to the workings of mere physical instinct. When even in rude nature the 'little hills,' are, as it were, 'rejoicing on every side,' it is wisely ordered, that our animal sympathies should join in the same jubilee, and produce a general ferment in the more subtle element which works within. Who would not be exhilarated and delighted upon seeing sweetest spring laughingly advance, with snow-drops in her hand, and snow-balls at her feet?—who would not be wanton and buoyant to see rosy summer trip it up, led on by love's own mouth, 'with breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom?' Who would not be inspired and happy to see autumn's ruddy son's arrayed under his yellow banner, to reap the golden fields of plenty?—and who, alas! would not be melancholy and sad, to see 'dread winter close the latest scene,' with all his sable train of 'vapours, and clouds, and storms,' and nature hastening to decay?

Such is a feeble transcript of the revolutions which my own feelings undergo as the 'rolling year' moves onward; and such, I doubt not, are more or less the revolving sensations of every contemplative mind, according to the difference of temperament and circumstances. The heart could not be human that has not felt a vernal joy and a summer's pride, as well as an autumn's glee, and a winter's woe. Their mutative influences are entwined with our very existence, and our souls bend in sympathetic obedience to their ruling sway. Even now how powerfully and how painfully is this demonstrated. Nature presents to the view one wide scene of utter desolation; and to the disconsolate mind, every hanging cloud seems surcharged with the dark and dreary forebodings of cheerless despair. 'Desolation and woe' are echoed to the heart in every passing

gale, and the stern finger of decay hath set its funeral impress upon every leaf and flower. Reasoning from the analogy of nature, with regard to our own state, what food for doubting here? What cloudy pillars to support the baseless fabric, which scepticism has impiously reared!—what a gnawing worm to nip the gourd, under which the believer so securely fondles over his future hopes. What a dense and despairing gloom, to hide from his eager gaze that ‘better country,’ on which his heart is unchangeably fixed. But even here the sceptic is best met upon his own grounds, and best answered by his own arguments. The very reflection that we can feel thus, amid the general marks of decay which surround us, is, in my opinion, sufficient to satisfy the cold and chilling doubts of materialism, and convince us, that what we have within us is but an emanation from that all-pervading and self-existing power, which ‘rules the storm, and rides the tempest’s wing.’

This moralizing propensity is peculiar to no class of men—to no particular order of intellects. It is common to all. The poet may weave a richer and more gaudy wreath to twine around the tresses of his own favourite season, or may hymn a deeper tone of inspiration to the ‘varied God’ who rules them all; but the simple, though not the less fervent, breathings of the pious rustic, belong to the same class of sentiments, and are resolvable into the same native feelings. To all, however, the poet, as well as the peasant, the spring-tide of the year is the spring-tide of hope. The period when the first vernal roses give sentiment to the one, when the first vernal showers give promises to the other. Hope rises upon dewy wings, and the spirit of youth evolves with the opening blossom. Every breath of the season carries incense to the heart, and the young mind

rising in its aspirations, like the sun, reaches every successive day nearer its meridian altitude. It is in this season of life, when the heart leaps highest in its ardent boundings, and when pleasure is refined and sublimated, till it is almost reduced to pain. It is to this season of spirit and enterprise, that the chronicles of age return, to seek their proudest feats, and compile their most pleasing histories; and it is to this, that the aged soul longingly reverts, praying for one cup from its limpid streams, that it may once again taste of the waters of life freely. Memory goes as ambassador to the far-off courts of youth (or ‘memory journeys to the far distant shrine of youth’) and brings to the morbid mind, the gladdening intelligence, that there all is peaceful and happy, presents to the soul the circcean cup of young remembrances, but just as it is about to quaff the hallowed draught, the cold hand of reality interferes and dashes it down for ever.

It was thus for a while my thoughts were steeped in delight, and bathed in a blissful delirium! I was intoxicated with visionary imaginings! My soul had drunk to madness of the fancied cup! My own identity was forgotten, and for a while became a part of the surrounding scene! But the gloom of evening was gathering around me, and the humid coldness of the thickening blast, chilled me again into the reality of life. I withdrew from the scene with feelings of regret, though not unmingled with pleasure. That we had known each other, ‘when hope was warm and life was young,’ sanctioned the regret. That we could thus again meet and mix, although the damp of years was gathering on my soul, sanctified the pleasure. A deep-felt adieu burst from my inmost soul, while the heart breathed forth spontaneously the closing farewell.

Sweet scenes, adieu! in you I oft have met  
 With solitude, and on the busy heights  
 Of human pride, have not forgot, ingrate,  
 Our first acquaintanceship,—far other feet  
 May press you, and another voice converse  
 With your lone majesty: yet spite of that,  
 And spite of mortal ills, in you the mind  
 Shall find a blessed opiate, and a spot  
 Of never-dying verdure; which the soul,  
 Unfettered by the iron hand of care,  
 Shall long revert to; and fond memory,  
 Reviewing far the chequer'd retrospect,  
 Shall roll upon in intellectual luxury.

N.

### HINTS TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

It may do, said a publisher at the west end to a young Scriblerus, who had submitted to him his MS. for perusal, 'provided the beginning were a little more *sparkling*; but many ladies calling at the shop, take up a publication, and if, after turning over a page or two, they do not meet any striking passage, throw it down, and the work is for ever gone.' After hearing this monition from Mr. ——— I have been always careful to give a sparkling commencement to my productions, generally introducing them with a flourish of trumpets. In these emulous times, when the press is teeming with novelties almost every hour, a writer's greatest difficulty is in finding persons with leisure to read his productions; when this point is gained, like an audience from men in office, the chief obstacle in literature is surmounted; and it is with a view of assisting beginners in this important branch of the profession, that I propose submitting to them a few hints on the most successful mode of commencing their works, so as to attract public attention. I am well aware what an ungrateful task I undertake, for no class is more averse from receiving instruction; but when I inform them, that I have become rich and prosperous, chiefly from a dextrous management of the

first six or seven lines of my performances, they will, I suspect, listen with more lively interest to the results of my experience.

Between men and books there is this in common, that an affection for them may grow out of mere length of intercourse: thus one often feels a reluctance in parting with a voluminous author, and probably from no other cause than the length of his work; and the time we had been yoked together. On this principle, I apprehend is partly founded our admiration of the old writers; whom we love, not so much for the beauties of their style, the scope of tenderness, and passion, and nature, they exhibit, as their prolixity. This may appear a little paradoxical, but it is certain that many of our attachments, both personal and literary, have no better foundation, and derive all their interest from the circumstances under which they are formed. A man shut in a dungeon, with no other resource than the reveries of Jacob Behmen or Baker's Chronicle, for example, might be brought to entertain very extravagant opinions of their merits, and ascribe to them excellencies which were solely due to the peculiarities of his situation. He would naturally value them in proportion as they had relieved the tedium of confinement: the numberless associations with which the repeated perusal of them had been accompanied, would convert every page into a volume, to which he could never revert without reviving all the recollections of his solitude. To him they would be a library of thought and feeling, with which his intellectual existence would be associated; and it is obvious that the charm would not be in the works, but in his mind. He might, however, easily mistake the cause of his admiration, and ascribe the interest he felt to the fancied beauties in the style and thought.

of the writers, while the real source of the enchantment would be in his situation, and the feelings and ideas with which they had accidentally become connected.

A good deal of philosophical criticism depends on this principle, but I only advert to it to show how even dull books may become interesting merely from reading;—and hence arises the importance of our subject, and the deep interest authors have in commencing their works, so as to procure them a *passage*. To this end, nothing will so effectively contribute than a dashing, spirited; or what Mr. — calls a *sparkling* commencement. If you begin with a preamble, patience is exhausted, suspicion excited—it does not answer the question,—who or what are you? But if you start with an anecdote, or exclamation, or quotation, the ice is broken, attention arrested, the peculiarities of your style and character manifested, and you are at once bodied forth to the imagination as an individual with whom we are sufficiently familiar to begin conversation.

Though you cannot, in writing as in speaking, hold the reader by the button-hole, you may assault his understanding by a literary *coup de main*. That your enterprise may succeed, be careful that the first sentences are of such a rare and uncommon kind that they cannot by any possibility have entered any one's mind but your own. If you are anticipated, you will assuredly be thrown aside at the first glance as a common-place; but if you astonish with some novelty, though foreign to the subject, you will be considered a man of genius, and your performance excused though it be ever so dull. To illustrate this precept more particularly, suppose you wish to put forth a sermon on ethical discourse. It is evident that many persons will venture on such topics with the same feelings of skill and honor with which they would

traverse a Gothic ruin at midnight; but suppose you lead them on with a line from Butler, or observation from Montaigne, or an humorous sally from Falstaff, they will follow you to the end, were it from mere curiosity, to see how subjects, so oddly begun, will terminate. If you wish to introduce a metaphysical or astronomical disquisition, let your beginning be, 'As the clown said to the philosopher viewing the heavens through a telescope.' If an essay on the belles lettres; 'Pope beautifully expresses it, or 'There is an observation in that voluminous writer Lope de Vega,' is very appropriate. Should your theme be a piece of humour: 'Newton when walking in his garden,' or 'Beacon profoundly remarks,' or 'the sagacious Hume observes,' or 'There is an eloquent passage in Jeremy Taylor,' or 'An ingenious remark in Barrow—are all excellent, and sanctioned by high authority. I have already remarked on the beauty of an exclamation; there is no better facing to an article, especially a review of twenty volumes of divinity: thus, 'Twenty volumes! says the reader.' Such a flip I have known carry one briskly through fifty or sixty pages of very elaborate criticism. Indeed the whole secret consists in exciting surprise, so as to arrest the attention: conceal, therefore, your beginning as carefully as a dramatist conceals the *dénouement* of his plot. Mind, however, it is not surprise alone, but an agreeable surprise, which is essential: if you drop on your reader with something extremely *mal à propos*, of course the effect will be the reverse. In all respects, consider the commencement in the nature of a first impression, and consequently prepare it with the same care and circumspection that you prepare to meet your mistress for the first time. In this case the public is the object of your suit; and, in the opinion of an old admirer,

she is far more capricious in her attachments than any idol to whom you can pay your addresses.

As this branch of authorship is the most perilous, so it is the most difficult. When a writer sits down to his task, after revolving his ideas, he generally discovers several ways by which he may enter on his subject. He is like a person at the crossing of different roads leading to the same place, each route possessing peculiar advantages for the development of his thoughts. The more he meditates, the greater is the number of outlets he discovers, till at length, he is bewildered by the diversity. Thus he is exposed to two evils, one of meditating too much, and the other of meditating too little; and it is not easy to determine the greater. In the former case, his ideas multiply to such an extent, he sees his undertaking in so many different lights, that he is perplexed in what point of view it will appear to most advantage; in the latter, he is in danger of commencing at the wrong end, of pursuing his subject a considerable way, and then discovering that the path he has taken excludes many beauties which another route will embrace. No useful advice can be given to him on this part of his functions. He must be left to his own judgment and discretion, qualities as easily attained by faith and prayer as written instructions. Lest, however, I be deemed quite impotent on this part of the subject, I shall say, as a general rule, that he ought not to think too much, nor too little, but just enough!

Readers are not aware of the toil we undergo in their service; of the masses of thought and feeling wasted in providing a few pages for their amusement: how many bright ideas, touching sentiments, and brilliant images, are rejected by the fastidiousness of the author! When I see a neat essay, the quintes-

sence probably of volumes of thought, I cannot help comparing the writer to the sculptor, who cuts a small statue from a huge block of marble: or his labours may be likened to those of the assayer, when the pure metal bears only a small proportion to the ore from which it is extracted. He is the intellectual machine, the mental laboratory of society, whose office saves the mass of mankind the trouble of thinking. He takes up the different questions which agitate the world in the gross state, clears them of impurities, disperses the shadows by which they are obscured, and conducts the reader in a clear and direct path, to the few ultimate truths into which all disputes are resolvable.

There are those, no doubt, who act differently,—writers who darken instead of enlightening the path of knowledge,—who, instead of clearing the avenues of truth, choke them up with the rubbish of their own thoughts; but these are the bunglers in the profession, made by 'Nature's journeymen.' There are others too, a species of literary gossops, full of conceit and affectation, who use their pens with as little ceremony as their tongues,—scribes who no sooner sit down than they begin to blot the paper—their first thought occurring is recorded—no previous reconnaissance of their subject—they are never a step in advance, and the unfortunate reader, after being dragged a long and weary way through every turning and winding of their thoughts, finds at length he is pursuing an *infructuosus*, or perhaps in the end obtains some faint glimpse of what he ought to have seen clearly at the beginning. Such talking writers serve up the food with the liquor; when we want only the prime meat, they give us the whole carcase. Were I their employer, I should deduct them for waste and idleness. The process by which the mind is

rives at truth, in morals and criticism, is the same as in the exact sciences. In both, the investigation proceeds from truths that are obvious and admitted, to others more remote, till, by a kind of mental ladder, we reach the ultimate proposition to be demonstrated. Neither is there any difference in the certainty of the results; a question of taste or feeling being as susceptible of demonstration as a mathematical theorem. The former, indeed, appears less certain, because the elements on which it depends are less palpable to the understanding. In the demonstration of a problem in geometry, for example, our footing is sure, and we see the ground on which we rest; the language employed is precise, and has always some prototype. But in questions in the abstract sciences, so many qualities enter into the solution, some evanescent, others which language only vaguely expresses, that the writer is not always sure he understands himself, much less is he capable of communicating his ideas to others; the subtlety of his subject escapes through the imperfection of his instruments. But though they thus differ, it is not in their certainty, but our means of investigation. There can be no doubt that the foundation of moral distinctions and of our judgment, in matters of taste, depends as much in the immutable relations of nature as the properties of a triangle: and the only reason why mankind are not so unanimous, in the one case as the other, arises from the imperfection of language, and our consequent inability to communicate our ideas with equal precision.

But these are too grave matters for us; and, besides, it is the time to conclude. Some, indeed, may think we are here giving a practical illustration of our own precepts, and showing how, by commencing with a sparkling anecdote, the reader may be drawn into a

dull metaphysical disquisition. Others may think, under the pretext of giving hints to young authors, we have really been exposing the tricks of old ones. The latter opinion, however, we disclaim: for though we know that every calling has its artifices for catching the unwary, we have too much of the *esprit de corps* to expose those of our own.

#### SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH.

Rawleigh's cheerfulness was so remarkable, and his fearlessness of death, so marked, that the Dean of Westminster, who attended him, at first wondering at the hero, reprehended the lightness of his manner; but Rawleigh gave God thanks that he had never feared death, for it was but an opinion, and an imagination; and as for the manner of death, he had rather die so than of a burning fever; and that some might have made shows outwardly, but he felt the joy within. The Dean says, that he made no more of his death than if he had been to take a journey; 'Not,' said he, 'but that I am a great sinner, for I have been a soldier, a seaman, and a courtier.' The writer of a manuscript letter tells us, that the dean declared he died not only religiously, but he found him to be a man as ready and as able to give, as to take instruction.

On the morning of his death he smoked, as usual, his favourite tobacco; and, when they brought him a cup of excellent sack, being asked how he liked it, Rawleigh answered, 'As the fellow, that, drinking of St. Giles's bowl, as he went to Tyburn, said, "that it was good drink if a man might tarry by it." The day before, in passing from Westminster-hall to the Gate-house, his eye caught Sir Hugh Beeston in the throng, and calling on him, requested that he would see him die to-morrow Sir Hugh;

to secure himself a seat on the scaffold, had provided himself with a letter to the sheriff, which was not read at the time, and Sir Walter found his friend thrust by, lamenting that he could not get there. 'Farewell!' exclaimed Rawleigh, 'I know not what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place.' In going from the prison to the scaffold, among others who were pressing hard to see him, one old man, whose head was bald, came very forward, inasmuch that Rawleigh noticed him, and asked, 'Whether he would have ought of him?' The old man answered, 'Nothing but to see him, and to pray to God for him. Rawleigh replied, 'I thank thee, good friend, and I am sorry that I have no better thing to return thee for thy good will.' Observing his head bald, he continued, 'but take this night-cap (which was a very rich wrought one that he wore) for thou hast more need of it now than I.' His dress, as was usual with him, was elegant, if not rich. Oldys describes it, but mentions, that 'he had a wrought night-cap under his hat,' which we have otherwise disposed of; his ruff-band, a black wrought velvet night-gown over a hair-coloured satin doublet, and a black wrought waistcoat; black cut taffety breeches, and ash-coloured silk stockings. He ascended the scaffold with the same cheerfulness as he had passed to it; and observing the lords seated at a distance, some at windows, he requested they would approach him, as he wished what he had to say they should all witness. This request was complied with by several. His speech is well known; but some copies contain matters not in others. When he finished, he requested Lord Arundel that the king would not suffer any libels to defame him after death. 'And now I have a long journey to go, and must

take my leave.' He embraced all the lords and other friends with such courtly compliments, as if he had met them at some feast; says a letter-writer. Having taken off his gown, he called to the headsman to show him the axe, which not being instantly done; he repeated, 'I prithee let me see it. I Doubt thou think that I am afraid of it?' He passed the edge slightly over his finger, and smiling, observed to the sheriff, 'This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases,' and, kissing it, laid it down. Another writer has, 'This is that, that will cure all sorrows.' After this he went to three several corners of the scaffold, and kneeling down, desired all the people to pray for him, and recited a long prayer to himself. When he began to fit himself for the block, he first laid himself down to try how the block fitted him; after rising up, the executioner kneeled down to ask his forgiveness, which Rawleigh with an embrace did, but entreated him not to strike till he gave a token by lifting up his hand, and then, fear not, but strike home! When he laid his head down to receive the stroke, the executioner desired him to lay his face towards the east. 'It was no great matter, which way a man's head stood, so the heart lay right,' said Rawleigh; but these were not his last words. He was once more to speak in this world with the same intrepidity he had lived in it—for, having lain some moments on the block in prayer, he gave the signal: but the executioner, either unmindful, or in fear, failed to strike, and Rawleigh, after once or twice putting forth his hands, was compelled to ask him, 'Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!' In two blows he was beheaded: but from the first, his body never shrunk from the spot, by any discomposure of his posture, which, like his mind, was immovable.



There is a large work, which is still celebrated, of which the composition has excited the astonishment even of the philosophic Hume, but whose exact history remains yet to be disclosed. This extraordinary volume is *The History of the World*, by Rawleigh. I shall transcribe Hume's observation, that the reader may observe the literary phenomenon. They were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who, being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute, so great a work as his *History of the World*. Now, when the truth is known, the wonderful in this literary mystery will disappear, except in the eloquent, the grand, and the pathetic passages interspersed in that venerable volume. We may, indeed, pardon the astonishment of our calm philosopher, when we consider the recondite matter contained in this work, and recollect the little time in which this adventurous spirit, whose life was passed in fabricating his own fortunes, and in perpetual enterprise, could allow to such erudite pursuits. Where could Rawleigh obtain that familiar acquaintance with the rabbins, of whose language he was probably entirely ignorant? His numerous publications, the effusions of a most active mind, though excellent in their kind, were evidently composed by one who was not abstracted in curious and remote inquiries, but full of the daily business and the wisdom of human life. His confinement in the Tower, which lasted several years, was indeed sufficient to the composition of this folio volume, and of a second which appears to have occupied him. But in this imprisonment a singularly happened

that he lived among literary characters, with the most intimate friendship. There he joined the Earl of Northumberland, the patron of the philosophers of this age; and with whom Rawleigh pursued his chemical studies; and Sergeant Hoskins, a poet and a wit, and the poetical father of Ben Jonson, who acknowledged, that *Thomas Hoskins* who had polished him; and that Rawleigh often consulted Hoskins on his literary works, I learn from a manuscript. But however literary the atmosphere of the Tower proved to Rawleigh, no particle of Hebrew, and perhaps little of Grecian lore, floated from a chemist and a poet. The truth is, that the collection of the materials of this history was the labour of several persons, who have not all been discovered. It has been asserted that Ben Jonson was a considerable contributor; and there was an English philosopher from whom Descartes, it is said, even by his Jaw countrymen, borrowed largely—*Thomas Hariot*, whom Anthony Wood charges with infusing into Rawleigh's volume philosophical notions, while Rawleigh was composing his *History of the World*. But if Rawleigh's pursuits surpassed even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives, as Hume observed, we must attribute this to a *Dr Robert Burrell*, Rector of Northwold, in the county of Norfolk, who was a great favourite of Sir Walter Rawleigh, and had been his chaplain. All, or the greater part of the draughts of Sir Walter's history for Criticism, Chronology, and reading Greek and Hebrew authors, were performed by him for Sir Walter. Thus, a simple fact, when discovered, clears up the whole mystery; and we learn how that knowledge was acquired, which, as Hume sagaciously detected, required a reclusive and sedentary life, such as the studies and the books would be

of a country clergyman in a learned age.

### HIGHLAND SUPERSTITION.

About fifty years ago, a farmer lived in Glen Speann, whose name was Macdonald. It is shameful I should forget, not only his Christian name, but likewise the name of the farm, for every particular was delivered to me with scrupulous accuracy. He had a wife, three daughters, and three sons. This I perfectly recollect; for there was a dispute between the old lady and her son, while relating it to me, whether there were not four sons and three daughters, or four daughters and three sons, or three of each, and (I am happy to say) the last was finally agreed on by both parties. I love correctness. What signifies telling a story in the rough? It is like giving the the index of a book instead of the text. The youngest of the family was a boy; he was the only one who had not been suckled at home, and, perhaps on that account, was not so great a favourite as the rest. Such dainties as farmers can, now and then, give to their children, were never bestowed on this poor boy. He was just turned of ten years when the supernatural events took place in the cottage; for, as the old lady observed, he was born at Lammas, and they began at the end of August. I am not sure but she said the *after-half* of August, and not the *end*, which makes a little difference. This boy, then—for it is chiefly of and concerning him—was all at once favoured beyond his brothers and sisters, not by his parents, but by some invisible agent. When his porridge was set before him, a lump of butter vanished from the family dish, and popped into his basin. If oat cake was given him, a piece of cheese jumped out of the cupboard to keep it company. The worst offices

of the meat were distributed to him in vain; they were instantly exchanged, and nobody knew how, for the tid-bits of the joint. Had he barley-scones, they were instantly powdered with sugar. When they gave him water, it was turned into milk before it reached his lips. Did father or mother attempt to chastise him, they suffered for their temerity: the pot would fly off, and the meat ran away up the lum—(Anglice the chimney); the churn failed in its office; the sheep fell into fits; the cows kicked over the milk-pails; and the roof of the cottage was sure to want repair on the following day. The farmer, wearied and tormented, resolved on quitting this haunted habitation, and went to another at a short distance; but his removal was ineffectual, for the same pranks constantly attended him. A schoolmaster of Baidnach, hearing of these strange matters, came to assure himself whether they were true or false. However, he was soon glad to run out of the cottage. Everything he presumed to touch aimed a blow at his head. He was twice knocked down before he made three inquiries. 'This is very odd, very odd, indeed—was it not, Sir?' said my informant. The farmer again removed to the upper part of the Glen, above Keppoch; the very spot was pointed out to me. Still he could get no rest. The worst was, that owing to so many persons coming to witness these incomprehensible doings, he was well nigh eaten out of house and home. This state of things continued, from first to last, for seven long years. The boy, being then seventeen, got up one morning with a dream in his head about America. This dream was repeated till, morning after morning, there was nothing to be heard but his confounded talk about America. In a short while, he expressed a desire to go to America; and at last, in spite

of his father's intreaties to the contrary, to America he went. The night he quitted his home—it was in the month of November—as the farmer and his wife were seated together by the fire, they heard a voice; as by some person between them, say, 'What will you give me?' They looked, but saw nothing but themselves. 'What is it you would have?' exclaimed the farmer. And then the voice eagerly answered, 'One of your children!' 'Ah!' cried the father, 'whoever thou art, I will not give thee one of them.' 'There! there!' the mother screamed out, 'there is a hen—we will give that hen—take it, and go away.' The voice then laughed—laughed prodigiously—and told them that he was perfectly indifferent to their consent, as, in fact, he could take what he chose. 'But come thou, Macdonald,' it continued, 'come to the outside of the door, and there thou shalt see as well as hear me!' The man was for some time afraid to accept the invitation; but his wife besought him to go, as obedience might put an end to their troubles, and he managed to pluck up courage. 'Away with your dirk!' cried the voice—and he threw it down immediately. 'Throw the gullie' (alias knife) 'from your pocket!' cried the voice—and he did so. 'There is a pin in your kilt,' cried the voice: 'I cannot be seen by any one with a pointed weapon!' and he obeyed in this particular as well as the rest. Macdonald went forth. There was a high wind, and the sky was heavily clouded; but light enough to distinguish objects, for it was at the time of a full moon. He first looked straight forward, and then turning sharp round to the right, beheld two figures, not quite resting their feet upon the ground, as if in contempt of the laws of gravitation. They were hand in hand. One was the ghost of a man

whose name was Campbell; and the other the ghost of his daughter, a little girl, who died on the very day the supernatural events began in the cottage;—as for Campbell, he died, as I am assured, some three months before her. The male apparition asked the farmer why he had not sent his boy away before, seeing that all his troubles were occasioned by him. 'It was this, my daughter,' pursued he, 'who constantly waited on him, served him with the best, chastised you for your cruelty; and, at last, whispered to him those dreams of America, while her spirit embraced him as he slept. For know—her soul was originally formed to be wedded to his; and we learnt that he might chance to marry here, and be wretched, not meeting with his fellow soul. To come to my daughter, he must die young and innocent, and, for that purpose, it was necessary he should go to a foreign land. Expect ere long, to hear he has quitted the living!' And such, indeed, happened. News came from America that, on the first night of the boy's landing there, he died in his sleep.

### CRITIQUE.

#### THE BEARS, SILVER MINE, &c.

To the Editor of the *Literary Messenger*.

SIR,—We paid another visit to the Circus on Friday evening, and have taken the liberty to trouble you with our remarks on the performances, as we are of opinion, that it is of some importance to the public, to know the quality of the feast which public entertainers provide for their guests. We had scarcely seated ourselves in a proper attitude for observation, when the curtain drew up, and the representation of a laughable piece, called the Bears began. Of the plot of this piece, we will say nothing, as the author evidently paid no attention to that circumstance, when writing it. His object has been to excite mirth,

and he has succeeded admirably. The fable of the piece has been already taken notice of in one of the newspapers, for which reason, we consider recapitulation unnecessary. The audience gave ample testimony of approbation, and the old seat of the muses shook with the plaudits to the very base.

The performances of the Ferzis require no eulogium from us. The world is nearly wearied in giving them praise. They danced with so much ease and confidence, that we feel none of those fears that are so frequently raised in the mind, when looking at the performances of other rope dancers.

The Silver Mine attracted our attention particularly. We do not approve of the name, as we know there are no silver mines in England. We are of opinion that this name was adopted by the manager, that he might have an opportunity of displaying his scenic talent; so we do not grumble at the *petit* imposition, as the inside view of the mine nearly beggars description. Strata, crystals, plasmas, are all to be seen in this *inframundane* abode; and when we see the basket descending, we are almost tempted to believe the reality of the scene.

The piece commences with a dialogue between Haworth (Darnley) and Blore (Collingbourn). Blore is a suitor for Ella, Haworth's daughter, (Mrs. Makeen), but is rejected, in consequence of the seeming dislike of Ella, who is attached to Lieutenant Alford (Makeen). Blore disappointed goes off, muttering revenge, and lays his plans for its accomplishment, with all the malignity of a fiend. Jacob Dawdle, a cockney, (Kinloch) cousin to Ella, is introduced in the first scene, and with her he goes to pay a visit to a relation. By Blore's machinations, Ella falls into his hands; and dame Haworth (Mrs. Darnley) and her husband, are at night mourning over the loss of their daughter whom they supposed has been seduced and has eloped. A storm comes on, and Alford is ushered into the old people's cottage, and is most hospitably entertained, and conducted to bed. Blore is seen peeping through the casement, watching the movements of those within. As the old people are going to repose, the name of their guest is discovered, by looking at his portmanteau. Haworth finding the despoiler of his daughter's honour in his

power, vows revenge, and prepares to murder him, but is prevented by his wife; and they go to rest. Blore, with Morley and Shark, (Cardoza and Hart) enter the apartment of Alford, and stab him in his sleep. His cries awaken his entertainers. The ruffians carry off the body in sight of the old people, who are stupified with horror—and the first act closes.

The second act shows us the inside of the Mine—Ella a prisoner—and the bloody body in the gloomy abode. Blore enters—tries to woo her—he is again rejected—in revenge, he tells her what has been done—her parents, he says, are apprehended as the murderers of an officer, and on him depend their fate. Your limits will not allow a full detail of the business of the piece. Ella is left alone with the body of Alford. She uncovers the face and recognises her lover, who is not, as supposed, dead, but in a faint from loss of blood. Dawdle is here made a prisoner, and the contrast between his silly grief, and Ella's distress is very striking. To sum up all, the three effect their escape, and arrive in time to save the parents of Ella from an ignominious death, and discover the villainy of Blore.

Blore is the principal character; we did not think Collingbourn capable of acting so effectively; would he rant a little less when assailed by his passions, he would add much to the general effect of the character. Cardoza walks the stage well, and bustled decently through the character. Hart acted and looked like any thing but a cornish miner. We understand he is a townsman of our own; if so, he will get little honour among his people. We liked Makeen throughout the piece, except in the cottage scene, he displays there too much unnecessary emotion; perhaps in melo-dramatic performances this may occasionally be unavoidable, as a great deal of stage business is required.

Mr. Kinloch's Dawdle was perhaps a little too extravagant, but so highly ludicrous, that he kept the house in an incessant roar. He is the most indefatigable manager we ever knew, and the encouragement he receives from the public proves that his services are highly appreciated. Mr. Darnley spoke the part of Haworth with much feeling. Of Mrs. Makeen we need say nothing; her acting at all times will speak for itself; she is still advancing in the public favour, and we

would wish much to see her in a character in which she could fully display her histrionic power.

I am, &c.

THEATRICAL

# REVIEW.

*An Abridgment of Paradise Lost.*

By Mrs. SIDDONS. Murray, 1822, 5s., 6d.

Milton's *Paradise Lost* has, at various times, undergone some very strange transformations. Dryden metamorphosed it into an heroic play. One learned gentleman, observing that the delight and edification which many worthy persons received from 'Mr. Milton's excellent poem,' was greatly diminished by the *outré* and perplexing nature of the verse, kindly undertook to tag the lines with rhyme; in imitation, we suppose, of a brother wiseacre of old, who rendered a somewhat similar service to the *Iliad*: and another, with different, but equally laudable intentions, converted it into 'honest brown brick prose.' The idea of *abridging* *Paradise Lost* may, at first sight, appear to savour of a similar absurdity. Mrs. S., however, shall speak for herself:—

The following *Abridgment* of the *Paradise Lost* was made several years ago for the purpose of being read by my children. A taste for the sublime and beautiful is an approach to virtue; and I was naturally desirous that their minds should be inspired with an early admiration of Milton. The perfection of his immortal poem is seldom appreciated by the young; and its perusal is, perhaps, very generally regarded rather as a duty than a pleasure. This has been attributed by Dr. Johnson to the want of human interest. In those passages, therefore, which I selected for our evening readings, my purpose was to obviate this objection, by bringing before my family, in uninterrupted connexion, those parts which relate to the fate of our first parents; and by omitting every thing, however exquisite in its kind, which did not immediately bear on their affecting and important story. Some friends lately suggested to me, that the *Abstract*, which had been

found interesting and instructive to my own children, might not be wholly unprofitable to those of others; and, in that hope, I have been persuaded to the present publication.

Such an explanation removes all appearance of absurdity or presumption in the design; and if our children are to be familiarised with Milton, we consider the present method far better than the common one of short and disconcerted extracts, such as are found in our common school anthologies. We confess, however, that we have doubts as to the propriety of the proceeding altogether. Even by the mass of adult readers, from causes which we have not time to enumerate, *Paradise Lost* is almost as little understood as Newton's *Principia*. To appreciate Milton's real beauties, and even to comprehend his meaning, in any considerable degree, demands a variety of requisites, such as few possess; nor would it be any great loss, in this respect at least, if *Paradise Lost* were, like the Bible, in the middle ages, a sealed book to the multitude. But if this is the case with mature readers, how much more with children. The vein of reflection, too, which pervades it, and distinguishes it from the great epic poems of antiquity, and the comparative want of story and character, conspire to render it far less attractive in the eyes of youth than its rivals, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. We do not mean, of course, that young persons find no meaning, or feel no interest, in *Paradise Lost*; we only think, that the gratification and instruction they are likely to derive from thence, are not such as to compensate for the injury which, we think, may result in various ways. We shall only mention one instance—that palling of the mental appetite, of which Lord Byron so feelingly complains in the case of Horace, and which we have ourselves experienced with regard to

the speeches of Moloch and Belial, the Morning Hymn, and other stock extracts; the last mentioned passage, after all, appeared to us flat and meagre at the time, in comparison with the parallel one of Thomson. We are a good deal of the mind of those Italian teachers mentioned by Lord Byron, in his note on the passage of Childe Harold above alluded to, who consider it a sort of profanation to make use of the old and approved writers as schools books. If, however, Milton is to be abridged for the purpose in question, we think our author's plan, as stated in the preface, the best which can be followed. Probably the judgment of her audience coincided with that of a lady of our acquaintance, of ordinary but unsophisticated taste, to whom the domestic scenes afforded unmixed delight, while the *sublimities* wearied and confused. We have only room, however, to add to this general expression of approbation, a few remarks on the detail of the performance.

In the first book, the speeches of Satan are, properly, shortened. We are less satisfied with the omission of all from 1. 643 to 1034, of the 2d book; with the exception of the episode of Sin and Death, which, of course, could not be retained. The wanderings of Satan used to appear

to us one of the most entertaining parts of the poem. On the other hand, the celestial dialogue in book 3, is judiciously expunged; the opening address to Light, however, appears, in consequence, somewhat irrelevant. The Paradise of Fools, and other marvels of this book, are likewise omitted. The description of Paradise, in book 4th, is given almost entire; we wonder, however, that the lines, 'About them frisking play'd,' &c. 1. 340, were not retained. The domestic scenes, in this and the other books, are printed almost without abridgment. The 6th book, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's observation, that it is the favourite of children, is wholly omitted; as is likewise the 7th, probably the most unattractive of the whole. In the 8th, on the contrary, the most delightful of all, the philosophical discussion at the beginning is almost the only passage retrenched. The remainder of the abridgment requires no particular remark; except, that we are rather sorry to see that the whole of the vision in book 11th is wanting. The 12th book, though a favourite of ours, may very safely be spared; as has indeed been done by Mrs. S. with the exception of the concluding paragraphs.

## POETRY.

### SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

Blythe, blythe and merry season!  
Blythe, welcome round again!  
Blythe, bring the 'feast of reason!'  
Joy, kindness, balm for pain!

How gloomy, dreary, were our life,  
Without the beams of social joy!  
Our hearts to join—to banish strife,  
Ready the tears that bliss annoy!  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

On life's dark way we'd weary sink,  
Without a resting place from care,  
How happy when a cheering tink,  
Of kinship lands where travellers fare!  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

'Cold, cold's the shant!—while here good cheer  
Relieve the child of want and care!  
Some cordial cheer give him to cheer,  
And blessings on your head shall pour!'  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Come now, be merry, frank and free!  
Content and peace be us among!  
And ere the genial moments flow,  
All swell the rapturous social song!  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Glasford Street.

To the Editor of the Melange.

DEAR MISTER EDITOR,

I've ta'en  
The pen, to let you ken, how fain  
I'm to express my approbation,  
In this auld style o' plain narration,  
O' the new beuk that ye ha'e prentet;  
Indeed, its like was sairly wantet,  
In this great city, whar there's plenty  
O' science, arts, ilk sibilg that's dainty—  
But I'll mak just ae short remark  
Upon your worthy, weekly wark.

I think it was a whim most strange,  
To title your beuk the Melange;  
The readers dinna a' ken French,  
Though they may sport some ither branch.  
You'd laugh to hear how it's misca't,  
Though maybe this is no your faut:  
My Grand-papa began to read it,  
But faith he couldna weel unthread it—

Melange—a queer name for a beuk—  
Took out his specks—a second leuk—  
Melange—then gied anither glowr,  
I never saw't unto this hour.  
He plied the dictionar richt sair,  
But cudna fin sic a word there,  
Then hastily proceeded farer,  
Convinc'd 'twas typographic error;  
Till Tam, his gran-son happit past,  
Wha solv'd the mystery at last.

Says he, this word has come frae France,  
And gies the title consequence.  
It here means medley o' a' matter,  
That feeds men's pens, keeps tongues in clatter.  
The auld man, dumfounder'd, scratch'd his head;  
This name behoves folks learn'd an' read;  
The Editor might gien't in Scotch,  
It's naething mair than a *hotch potch*.

Though it is modish in our days,  
To name in Greek and Latin phrase,  
Ye needna ap'd these great high-fliers  
Till ance we've a' turn'd *Frenchifiers*.

But, I'll pardon thae abuses,  
An' frankly tak your best excuses,  
Provided you redeem the title,  
An' show your learnin' an' your mottle—  
Mix up the witty—the historic—  
The grave—the deep laid allegoric—  
Rare scraps frae literature and art—  
Poetic-dances, sweet and smart—  
Let muck ever ha'e its due—  
An' gude sense turn the scale wi you;  
In time, let talent be the leader,  
An' I'll remain

Your Constant Reader.

N. R.—Print this, 'twill be an explanation,  
An' cause your friends nae mair vexation.

SAUTMARKUT,  
Battle Nicol Jarvis's Lawn,  
Minstere-days afore New'rday.

TO —————

Farewell—farewell, since it must be,  
Farewell—perhaps for ever;  
But roam I, or by land or sea,  
Shall I forget thee?—never.

I ne'er can banish from my mind,  
The beauty of thy form;  
I'll hear thee in the gentle wind,  
And see thee in the storm.

Should our proud ship be toss'd at sea,  
And hope flee from the helm;  
My last ad thought shall be of thee,  
Though wreck and waves o'erwhelm.

But should we reach our port 'all well,'  
My heart shall never waver;  
I'll think on thee, and this farewell—  
I'll love thee—yes, for ever.

Y.

—><<<—

SONG.

I saw the moonbeams purely bright,  
Smile o'er the waters dark and deep,  
And show the lake, by heavenly light,  
Swath'd beautiful in a golden sleep.

I saw again that golden light,  
Play sweetly o'er its chequer'd breast,  
And gild the small wave, sparkling bright,  
As soft I sunk to glassy rest.

I thought of that bright angel smile,  
Which broke the bosom's cheerless gloom,  
And shed a light, devoid of guile,  
Its moonless midnight to illum.

I thought of that soft sainted glow,  
Which steeped in bliss my troubled breast,  
And hop'd, that where the blessed go,  
Beneath that smile I might be bless'd.

N.

ON A PORTRAIT

*Intended to represent a Lady.*

Painters, despair! in vain your efforts rise,  
The lovely ——— your art defies.  
Dim are your colours, and your touches faint:  
An Angel only can an Angel paint.

## VARIETIES.

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 28.—Professor Onsted, the discoverer of the affinity between electricity and magnetism, or galvanism, is engaged on a considerable work on the subject. He is at present on a tour to Germany, France, and England, in which he will see the distinguished Natural Philosophers whose attention has been excited by his discovery, and collect valuable materials for his intended work.

Fontenelle, being praised for the clearness of his style on the deepest subjects, said:—‘If I have any merit, it is that I have always endeavoured to understand myself.’

It is said that Lord Byron has indulged his imagination to the utmost, in the three Cantos of Don Juan that are about to appear.

STEAM CARRIAGE.—The steam carriage of Mr. Griffith is very ingeniously constructed. The inventor has been assisted by the eminent mechanicians, Bramah and Artsberger. The structure is altogether in length 27 feet, of which 7 are occupied by the boiler and apparatus for motion.—The steam is formed by heated tubes, 1 inch and a half, to 3 inches in diameter, and no more water is introduced to them at a time than what is immediately wanted. These tubes supersede the common large boiler. The reservoir of water will serve for at least 8 hours. The safety valves are calculated

for 50 pounds the square inch; the whole apparatus has been proved at 200 pounds. The steam from the safety valves, and the cylinders is condensed in flat copper tubes, and reconducted to the reservoir. The apparatus is ingeniously suspended, so as to be unhurt by the motion of the wheels.—The whole is so constructed that the horizontal position will be preserved, severe shocks avoided, and the outer wheels enabled to make, in turning the carriage, a larger segment than the inner. The carriage may be made to stop or retrograde at the wish of the conductor, who sits in front, and, by means of a bevel pinion, directs the carriage. There are two rates of velocity by means of pinions of different diameters. On ground tolerably level, the velocity will be 5 miles and an 8th an hour. When the acclivity is considerable, it will be reduced to something above 2 miles an hour: and on going down hill it will be controlled by a mechanical pressure on the wheels. The weight of the carriage, including apparatus, water, and fuel, will be only a ton and a half. It will carry 3 tons of merchandise and passengers. With this load it is expected to go at the rate of 5 miles an hour, or 100 miles in 20 hours on ordinary roads. Should it succeed, it will be the greatest triumph ever gained in mechanics, and invaluable to commerce and agriculture.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Effects of Society and Dissipation will shortly appear.

Christmas came too late for insertion.

The Covenanters will soon be attended to.

We could not read the Procureur. We would like to see it more plainly written.

King James may call for his papers. We cannot insert them.

Verres on Margaret cannot be inserted. We have little hope of the author's improvement.

Count Zemois anon.

The Ungrateful Cat is much too flat.

F. M. J., Montanus, Montana, R. L., Alexander, Bowler, Dhuck, &c. are under consideration.

We received A. B. C. D.'s letter: expect to hear from him this week. We will attend to his paper as far as consistent with propriety.

The subject on which B. O. treats, is of such a lengthy nature, that a whole year would not be a quantum suff. of time to make a finish. It would require a whole volume of the Encyclopedia.

The translator of Ovid's story of Europa is indeed a bull. We hope he is without horns.

A. D., Mary, The Auld Man's Lament, and Aliqua, will soon be attended to.

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*This Page and Contents will be Published the first week in January.*



# THE LITERARY MELANGE;

OR,

**Weekly Register of Literature and the Arts.**

No. I.

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WEDNESDAY, 1st January, 1823.

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"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

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## INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS.

AT the commencement of a New Volume, most of our readers will expect us to say something on the occasion, especially as the first volume was introduced to them by another hand and another pen: in order to gratify their expectations we address them, and not from any wish to excite new hopes, which ultimately may end in disappointment. That periodical works are of much use in diffusing knowledge, few will deny; that they are considered useful, the great number in circulation will sufficiently prove. In the humble hope that the Melange may be of some benefit to society, do we intend to prosecute its further promulgation, depending on the taste of the Glasgow public, which has so often been called in question. We have often wondered that the Literati of Glasgow have remained so long quiescent under the innumerable charges of this kind, that have been brought against them; the more so, when we know that foreign periodicals, of all kinds, are read here with such avidity. Some may reply to this, by saying, that men in business require amusement, that this is more easily found in reading than in writing, as the one requires no previous study, and the other does. Whether this be the case or not, we will not venture upon inquiring; but this, we would imagine, that Glasgow minds are constituted just as other minds are, besides, we know, that many of the most valuable papers in London and Edinburgh Magazines, emanate from this Emporium of Commerce, which go a good way to prove, that there are some individuals in Glasgow, who can find amusement in writing as well as reading: whether such individuals will ever deign to honour our pages with any of their lucubrations, we cannot affirm, but that we are justified in hoping they will, we unconditionally assert. The want of respectability, some may urge as a reason, why men of ability will not contribute to a work of this kind; but we are far from thinking that the merit or respectability of a publication should be calculated by the price of its numbers. That Editors are responsible for the ability they profess, we readily admit; but we think few ever undertook a work of this nature without expecting assistance from uninterested individuals; this being understood, we are surely warranted in saying, that part of the respectability of a periodical work must depend on the interest which others take in it; the most prolific brain must sometimes turn barren; the most exalted imagination will sometimes grovel, just as the most vigorous, by too much exercise, grow weary; or, as the most enthusiastic

traveller must sometimes halt. Whether the merit of this volume will exceed the first, the public must determine; this we premise, if it retrogrades, the fault will be with us. ~~That we labour under many disadvantages we admit;~~ but the greatest obstacles may be overcome by perseverance, and we are ever taught to hope for better days. Our late efforts, we are told, have given us some claim to public favour. We would surely not in prosecuting the cultivation. We have stood clear of offence hitherto, having neither advocated party, nor gratified the malignity of any one of our correspondents. That many periodicals are made the vehicles of slander and abuse, every one who reads them must know; neither our inclinations, nor our interest, lead us to indulge in such propensities. Our conduct, on all occasions, will submit to scrutiny. Though some may labour to insult and provoke, our only study will be to instruct and amuse. We are aware such sentiments are to be found in almost every introductory article; and the mere wish not to affect indifference to circumstances that almost all consider of importance, was the sole reason which induced us to give to them any attention. We perhaps would not have been justifiable in passing them over unnoticed, as the declaration of opinion is now considered more necessary than ever, by the thinking part of the community.

Commencing at such an interesting period as we do, viz. the first day of a new year, when hope and fear are in such busy expectation, we, in common we believe, with all, look forward, with apprehensions of a varied sort, to what is buried in the womb of time, forebodings of a pleasant or a painful nature, at a time like this, assail the human mind, according with its present situation; thus we are frequently lost in conjecturing what futurity may bring forth. Our best endeavours will be made to merit public favour, and as we merit it we hope to be rewarded. We conclude with giving the compliments of the season to all our readers, and wishing a new year may return often, and with an increased degree of happiness to each, until all, having played their fitful part in the drama of life, are gathered to the place of their fathers.

STILL

TO THE

SQUARE

## SKETCHES OF BRITISH LITERATURE.

### No. 1.—INTRODUCTION.

BRITISH Literature may be comprehended under five eras: 1st, The era of Queen Elizabeth, in which lived Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Marlow, &c.—2d, The era of Charles II. in which lived Milton, Dryden, Otway, Lee, Cowley, Waller, Farquhar, Vanburgh, Rochester, &c.—3d, The era of Queen Anne, sometimes, though improperly called the Augustan age of England, in which flourished Pope, Swift, Addison, Steele, Frier, and a host of others.—4th, The era including the reign of George II. and part of that of George III. in which lived Goldsmith, Johnson, Smollet, Fielding, Richardson, Gray, Collins, Akenside, Sheridan, Beattie, Cooper, &c.—5th, The era comprehending the last sixteen years of George III. down to the present time. In this era flourish Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Crabbe, Scott, Campbell, Byron, Millman, Sir Aubrey de Vere, Hunt, Hogg, Baillie, Wilson, and a multitude of others. It is our intention, in the present Volume of the *Melange*, to give a general view of the spirit of these different eras—devoting an article to each era. Before

*and, as it is intended in the fourth and fifth volumes, should be the main body of the work, and the*

however, descending to particulars, we shall take a rapid and general survey of the whole, from the time of Elizabeth to the present day.

It is needless to speak of British literature before her reign. From the time of Chaucer till then, it may be said to have been, to all intents and purposes, *a dead letter*. The stated learning of the age was confined to monasteries, and the people religiously kept back from every species of knowledge. But, in this interval, there is no reason to suppose that any genius, especially that any great poet existed. No times could be more unfavourable for literature, than those which produced Homer, Chaucer, and Thomas of Erceildoune—yet, by the force of poetic power, these men triumphed over every difficulty, and shone brightly in the middle of universally darkness. Nor is it just to impute the want of genius to the civil dissensions of the times, or to the disturbed reigns of the Tudors. We repeat, had England then possessed a poet, he would have appeared notwithstanding every disadvantage. Genius is not reared under the fostering care of patronage. The history of almost all our men of talent, exhibits them struggling against misfortune. What ages were more agitated than those of Elizabeth or Anne?—yet, what times produced greater men? Raleigh, Bacon, and Camoens—Milton, Waller, and Swift, were perpetually engaged in the national disputes; yet their geniuses were not blighted by these events. They were rather sharpened and prepared to act more powerfully in quieter moments. The government may, indeed, give a particular turn to the genius of a nation collectively; but it cannot check the march of imagination, in the gifted few who are blessed with such faculty. The dismal periods of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, plunged mankind into universal gloom; yet, in these ages, appeared the sportive Ariosto and Boccaccio—the amorous Petrarch, and the majestic minds of Dante and Tasso. In such ages, Raphael, and Angelo, and Titian flourished, and also the whole of the incomparable artists of the Venetian and Italian schools of painting. Times like these could restrain the progress of science, as the unhappy Gallileo experienced, and might curb the reign of philosophy—but they could do nothing more. There the ignorance of a debased priesthood. There the fanaticism of a tyrannical inquisition. There the blasting anathemas of an assuming pontiff were compelled to pause. They might snatch the telescope from the hands of the daring philosopher, who, by exploring the fields of knowledge, unveiled them and their sophistries to the world. They might imprison the sage who sent forth the precepts of a more just philosophy, and they might condemn to the faggot, the promulgators of a truer and purer faith. They might do all this, but the laurel from the poets' head they could not tear. In spite of every obstacle, the pure stream of his imagination swept on—in the midst of the decay of all the other fountains of the mind.

We are not then to impute the small number of poets in the middle ages to any such events, nor are we to say, that the interval between Chaucer and Spenser was deficient in poetry, because the fancy of the bard was darkened by the general ignorance of mankind. The mighty constellation which lighted up the most dismal period of Europe, in the person of Dante and his successors, showed the fallacy of such reasoning; and the no less majestic minds which adorned the virgin reign of England, demonstrated that, however oppressed, genius will yet rebound irresistibly, and shoot forth into the wild luxuriance of vigour. This, the era of Queen Elizabeth exhibited in full perfec-

tion. As if by the breath of some enchantment, England started up at once a literary land. The voice which, from the beginning of time, had pronounced it barbarous and unimaginative, was silent for ever. Spencer, by a single effort, elevated its poetry almost to a level with that of Greece or Rome. The 'Faery Queene' is the purest, sweetest, most imaginative poem of modern times. Una, the most ethereal heroine of romance. At the same time appeared Shakespeare, who bounded above all his contemporaries, and sat on the same throne as Homer himself. This was the triumph of England's genius—the brightest period of her literary history. No age except those in which Tasso and Ariosto—or Virgil and Lucian sung—could produce such a pair; not even the Grecian one which saw Sophocles, Aeschylus and Euripides together. Shakespeare was sufficient to have stamped immortality on the time that produced him, and to have conferred on it the title of the age of genius. But a race of Majestic spirits followed in his train—spirits not indeed equal to his, for that never saw its match, but such as would have honoured any other period of society. Johnson, Marlow, Massinger, and Fletcher, closed up the incomparable phalanx. Before this time we had no drama or literature of any kind, except such as was common to the barbarous period; but Shakespeare, from the stores of his own mind alone, raised up a drama, more perfect and more splendid, than any other man could have done with all the precepts of Aristotle.

The second era, or that of Charles II, succeeded the first, after an interval of more than half a century. Between these two eras, there was little genius. Nature, fatigued with her extraordinary efforts, seemed to repose in silence till she accumulated strength to bring forth a Milton; As Shakespeare was the glory of the first—Milton was the glory of the second era. As the former was the most profound, acute, versatile, and imaginative of poets, the latter was the sublimest. As Shakespeare was the most untutored, Milton was the most learned. Both are the wonder of their respective times, and both are equally wonderful. Side by side, they stand the monarchs of British poetry; nor can it be said to whom the loftiest seat can be awarded. Whatever opinion may be formed of their respective excellencies, they seem tacitly admitted to be, not only above all competition, but their excellencies beyond hope of attainment. What Newton was to philosophy they are to British poetry—the unrivalled and unrivalable lords. But the reign of Charles, though less rude, was infinitely more depraved than that of Elizabeth. The language had undergone great improvement, but the sentiments were more gross than ever. The rudeness of the former was the consequence of a semi-barbarous state of society—that of the latter, of an acquired immorality. The first period was rude, because it knew no better—the second, because a considerable degree of polish was degraded to licentiousness, by a dissolute and immoral court. Shakespeare and Jonson were often rude, but seldom shocked delicacy; whereas, the writings of that time abounded in the grossest allusions, and scarcely any of them could be now represented on the stage. Dryden, next to Milton, the most splendid genius of the time, abounded in profligacy, absurdity, and bad taste. If he had been placed under happier circumstances—if he had possessed leisure, and affluence, and followed after purer models than his age afforded him, it would have been difficult, in the whole compass of our bard, to have named any one, except Shakespeare and Milton, who could be

stamped as decidedly and unequivocally his superior. This age, though not equal upon the whole to the former, was far superior in energy, to the more correct period of Anne. The enthusiasm of Lee, the pathos of Otway, and the humour of Vanburgh and Farquhar, divested of their licentiousness, would have lead to high reputation in the present day, when the stage is in so deplorable a state for the want of dramatic writers.

The third era had no genius of the first order, but much taste. The first was the era of genius—the third of taste. The second stood midway between them, not merely in time, but in qualification—having less genius, but more taste than the one—more genius, but less taste than the other. As Shakespeare and Milton stood at the head of the former two, Pope may be said to preside over this; but he did not rise to such superiority over his compeers as either of these great poets. In fact, Addison, Swift, Congreve, and Steele, were men of equal talents with him, but, by a sort of courteous consent, he was admitted to stand at the head of his contemporaries. He was, however, ranked as the first poet of his day, although the present generation are little inclined to admit so unreservedly his title to stand in the list above Thomson. The writers of that age, especially Addison, and his associates in the *Spectator*, set themselves to reform the language, and this they did so successfully, that it seems to have been little amended since their time. They did not succeed in producing any thing very great, or very new; but they were eminently successful in arranging and digesting the works of others. The solid, massy, substantial, portion of the fabric was raised by their predecessors. They had only to give it a final polish. Wit, attic elegance, sweetness of composition, and Virgilian grace, reached their height under the courtly Addison. He was the first of Essayists—Pope the first of ethic poets—Swift the first of wits; but to the sublime, this age laid no claims.

The fourth era was, in some measure, only a prolongation of the third, so far as identity of genius concurred, and is only distinguished from it, as many writers of powerful talent appeared nearly at the same time. History under Robertson, Gibbon, Hume, and Stewart, reached an eminence, rivaling the best periods of ancient times. Locke and Bacon found no unworthy successors in Reid, Hutcheson, Smith, and Beattie. The whole of the natural sciences advanced to perfection with giant strides. Novel writing, in the hands of Smollet, Fielding, and Richardson, acquired a character of strength, humour and effect, unknown before. Churchill shone as a satirist—Colman, Sheridan, and Goldsmith, as writers in the drama. Collins, Gray, Akenside, Armstrong, Beattie, Cowper, &c. distinguished themselves with high reputation in the poetic walk. Although, however, the poets of this age might each be original in his way, still the general poetic genius of the country was not original. It was founded on the model of the poetry of the age of Anne—which was founded on that of the age of Charles II.—which was founded again on that of the Elizabethan era; and this in its turn was grounded generally on the models of the classical writers. Thus, so far as originality went, it was something even more remote than the shadow of a shade.—The wire which, in the hands of the ancients, was strong and vigorous, was drawn out and attenuated respectively, through the ages of Elizabeth, Charles II., Anne, and George III., till it had reached its utmost point of fineness and cohesion. When it reached that, it gave way, and on this event taking

place, the 5th or last era was formed. If a revolution had not taken place in poetry, it would have degenerated into mere frigidity; such it was in France after the death of Voltaire, and such as it is in Italy at the present moment. Hazlitt imputes the origin of the Lake School, to the peculiar turn of opinion which followed the French Revolution. This is true, and would have been no less true had he applied the remark to almost all the poetry of the age. In fact, the total change of literary genius in the present day, is more a consequence of men's minds, and that turn for novelty which actuated Europe. The mania spread to poetry, and produced there a change as violent as in politics. As nations lost all reverence for the ancient institutions—states were overturned, and kings deposed—as a new and vivifying, yet in many cases terrific, agency began to operate on men's minds, they saw things with new eyes—they thought boldly for themselves; and, inspired by a wild untrammelled irregularity, they chalked out at once a new path for the world. The present era of poetry may be said to be as much in its infancy as the last. Other generations treading on the same road may purify our taste. A new age, like that of Anne, may give birth to critics who shall discover a thousand faults which at present, escape our observation. With greater correctness and elegance that age may fall as far short of ours in real genius, as the age of Addison fell below that of Shakespeare. Who shall presume to say, that Byron and Scott may not then be regarded as rude writers—full of genius and energy, but destitute of refinement? When, at length, the present spirit of poetry is weakened in the course of years—when nothing but its shadow remains—when the correct writers of future times look back upon it with all its errors, as an unattainable grandeur, who shall say, that some new spirit will not arise upon the land to elevate literature from the degradation of mere correctness, and perhaps, bring forth again some such age as that of Elizabeth?

## RAMBLES IN CUMBERLAND.

### No. 3.—Continued.

PASSING through the lane on which St. Mary's Work-house is situated, we took up a temporary position at the back of the Castle, in order to have a view of the surrounding scenery. The seat which we occupied reminded me of those in Glasgow Green. It bore the deep indented marks of many a casual visitor. Every place which could afford a resting place for the initials of some consequential name, was occupied. It was vain for one to roll their eyes across these characters, and then inwardly expatiate on their own handiwork, in contradistinction to some of the bungled initials which, in spite of other defects, claimed visibility on this ancient piece of furniture. There was no room for a display of ingenuity, unless, like the Hibernian carver, Dennis O'Flaherty, one had contented himself with the green turf. I must here make a Shandycroan digression in order to inform you who this Dennis was. Well then, he was, with the exception of those who were better, as good a soul as ever trundled a Murphy in peat grass; but somehow or other, he had formed a predilection for old Scotia, in consonance with this he bade adieu to sweet Tipperary, and tripped aboard a coal skuttle at Belfast, bound for the Broomielaw. His hair was scarcely dry from the effects of a sultry voyage, still he stood on the Calton hill of Edinburgh. After basking there, selected a prettily spot, he pulled his jockey-leg from his gallogaskins, and proceeded to cut out the following letters on the consecrated spot, D. O'B. T. C. T. L. O. H. M. 88. O. C. R. The long-headed Dennis had formed the most exalted notions of human intellect. In the present instance, he had taken a ratio from his own knowledge of himself; but he had no desire to be selfish in that particular. Sure, says he, I might, by way of

illustration, clap the younger brother of each word to the shoulder of its beginning capital; but I see no use for it, at all, at all; devil a soul among them, but must know that D stands for Dennis, and then QB is O'Brien, as plain as the prickles upon my shellchah; and where, I wonder, would O'Brien come from but the strident County of Tipperary. Ochl my dear native place, thy heart bounds within me, when I think upon you. Were I now snugly seated at Barney McKluskey's fire, with a drop of the soul reviving stuff before me, and Gaghagan O'Donnelly, Owen Callaghan, and the rest of the boys around me, I would not need to be after telling them, that O'Brien was a soldier in his Majesty's 88th, or Connaught regiment. Dennis now retired, after having satisfactorily analysed his grass-indented initials. He had no idea, that any unglorious scavenger would, with a sacrilegious hand, and a still more sacrilegious spade, deface his handy-work, in order to cut a turf for a lark to hop upon; but so fate would have it. When Pat became acquainted with this circumstance, he swore by the Holy St. Patrick, that he would never more engrave in a country, where so little deference was paid to the efforts of genius. The intentional contempt thus thrown upon the handy-work of Dennis, was sufficient to counteract the maiming propensities of any one; and to the eternal shame of the ignoble scavenger be it said, it was an efficient allusion to ours. This seat served another, and a more important purpose. I'll meet at Philibin, said the spirit to Brutus. I'll meet thee at the carved chair, said the love-sick swain to her blushing maid. Many a round unvarnished tale has there been told upon the listening ears of the rural nymph, while the image of Luna was reflected from the still bosom of the river Eden.

Or when old night had resum'd her reign,  
And spread her sable mantle o'er the plain.

There is, says the wise man, a time for every thing. Then, beyond all disputed, there must be a time for matrimony too. The lie direct may probably be given to this assertion by one or two of these testy gentlemen, commonly known by the name of old bachelors, who, through life, indignantly snuff at the cares of the marriage state; and speculate upon that pungeacy, with as much audacity of expression, as if there was not one redeeming sweet shed its genial effervescence around the fate of those who form matrimonial alliances with the fair daughter of old mother Eve. The existence of such as extol the sweets of celibacy is, doubtless, as necessary to establish the verity of the above assertion, as is the existence of those who love connubial sweets, to establish the verity of that assertion. No, Mr. Editor, if any gentleman, somewhere about 40 years of age, possessed of tolerable length of wind, and as much patience put up in some nook of his mortal structure, as will enable him quietly to listen to the occasional, but beautiful putting forth of a ruby, shrill pipe, chooses to substantiate the necessity of remaining without a 'half marrow,' in such cases, I shall, in the following sketch, endeavour to prove that there is absolutely a time to marry.

Hector P——y was the play thing of inordinate passions, unstable, or what is tantamount, unwilling to limit his pursuits within the prescribed boundaries of moderation he was oftentimes immersed in troubles, the accompanying effects of which temporary sorrow for his folly, could not eradicate. At a very critical period of life, he left Langholm, the place of his nativity, and came to Carlisle. He was then placed in the house of his uncle, a respectable tradesman, but an avowed advocate of the principles of infidelity. Although his intellectual powers were far inferior to those of a Hume, a Gibbon, a Volney, or a Voltaire, or the rest of the choice spirits who entered the lists and tilted in the arena of literary strife, he nevertheless disdained to harbour sentiments repugnant to revealed religion, without attempting to communicate their influence to others. The kindred circles and domestic retirement served as theatres for the development of those fundamental materials of his faith and practice, which he laboriously culled from the anti-orthodox effusions of these full grown apostles of Deism. A few books of a very different nature occupied a shelf above the parlour door, but there they were stationary as a 'wooden Xenophon.' During the few days I remained there, I was almost a daily visitor at the house. On one of these occasions I acted the part of the bashful man, though my efforts were not attended with such unhappy consequence, by requesting liberty to look at some of them; these were Boswell's Fourfold State, Crook on the Lot, Prima Media Ultima, by Isaac Ambrose, and the works of some of the other stars of magnitude, in their day and generation. I took the advan-

stage which this opportunity afforded me, of asking him, if ever he perused these; he only answered me by a contemptuous laugh, and shifted the conversation to another subject. Before taking my leave, I endeavoured to extract from the evasive gentleman, a satisfactory answer to my query, but my efforts were unsuccessful. He only informed me, in general terms, that the book was the bequest of an indulgent, but a pious-fallen father, and that it contained a great deal of good stuff. I then took my leave, and returned home, where I found my son, who soon must occupy our place, Will be more wise than the preceding race.

The theoretical part of the lyari veteran's precepts, were eagerly sucked in by the expanding mind of the youthful Hector; but the practical virtues which should have emanated from a sense of the blinking nature of these precepts were left as things of no value, and fit only to be exemplified in the conduct of such old duffers as this uncle. Nor was, by this time, making her inroads upon his constitution; but manage her efforts his mind often glowed with all the romantic enthusiasm of youth. The boasted purity of his conduct sometimes called forth these expansions of overheated imagination; but, in these cases, reason never stepped so far from the helm as to leave him to suppose that the web of acceptance, which he had wrought with the warp and woof of good deeds, would any more than serve to adorn his own untethered spirit, when summoned into the presence of the dread Eternal; its adaptation to his own necessities was, however, never questioned. When that important period arrived, he hoped that he, as well as the celebrated Rosseau, could resign his spotless soul into the hands of the Majesty of heaven, in order to be rendered a partaker of heaven's felicity. Although the old fellow had long sojourned on this teeming stage of strife, you will, at one glance, perceive that he, in his own estimation, had done nothing more than what was necessary to secure his perfect acceptance. There was not even a wrack behind, for the vagabond Hector, and what was still worse, the untoward opalsten was beginning to be flagrant of his own web with black wool. The juvenile pursuits which had hitherto occupied his attention, were now bartered for others more congenial to the temperament of a sedate fellow. He could anathematise the gown and landed gentleman, in first-rate style, and dub Tartarus as a place by them invented, in order to seat their spiritual despotism more deeply in the hearts of their superstitious adherents. Furthermore, he could laugh at Biblical announcements, and tear its truths into tatters, with a full similes triumph, and scatter them, as it were, to the passing winds of heaven, while the evanescent pleasures of the brotherhood were reiterated and by him received as an ample compensation for his ingenuity, and as a debt unavoidably due to his superior independence. His talents, thus known, soon recommended him to the esteem of a kindred concave, who met in a place hark by that of Tobias Philpott. I cannot now stop to specify the particular topics on which they animadverted, suffice it to say, that our youthful hero soon signalized himself by his speculations, and their gratitude was, in return, manifested by installing him in the enviable office of officiating high-priest. The new order of priesthood may, perhaps, call forth your noble ebullitions, Mr. Editor, but I beg you will, for a little, suspend their operations. It is not every sheep-sucker to remind that is competent to fill this redoubt post. Every latitudinarian's fulmination must be, by the high-priest, measured by the square and compass of T. P., and its merit or demerit estimated by its deviation from the common-place opinions of the multitude. You will also perceive, that this was none of your dogmatic, Phalanx-giving meetings. Wesley's hymns were there no desideratum; but our landlady did her duty, by infusing a competent proportion of acid along with the spirit, while making the punch, in order to make it palatable. There is no doubt but the gaily circling glass would induce some of the choice spirits

at all levels. One did nothing heavy upon their hands; the solemn hour was often announced, in which ghosts and witches love to revel,

Ere wander'd forth those roving souls, who sought  
Of Hell, scorn with insolence and wine.  
The gallant Hector then led the sport, while, like Banter, they kicked leaguer, shores  
mauled the wattlemen, &c. when Morpheus had scolded up their eyes, and strewed, with  
somatic balm, the couches of sober virtue. These practices, so hostile in their nature,



to dexterity, were only the darling art of others; still, more pernicious. His doom contracted habits of gambling, but here his ingenuity failed him. His pockets were often drained by the knavery of sharps, and a voracious, complacent, and dissipated at shuffling, dealing, and playing cards, was all the remuneration he received for his liberality. The audacity vested in the uncle was every way inadequate to counterbalance these propensities. The opinion he entertained of his own capabilities to affect him; consummation devoutly to be wished, was to the full, as sanguine as that of Melancthon when he hoped to christianise the world. But, like him, he was ultimately obliged to confess that young Hector was too many for him. Things thus went on, and had to wobble, until he was eventually expelled from his uncle's house; but this was an event for which the sly rogue was luckily prepared. Indeed, such an accomplished fellow could not possibly exist without doing his obeisance to the ladies; you will not, therefore, be surprised, Mr. Editor, when you learn that he had crept into the good graces of a hoary dulcinea, who, by dint of parsimony, had scraped together a little bit of yellow hoys. There is no doubt but this old dame would have preferred the good old way of matrimony, to that of antinuptial fornication, had her swain then assented; but to hymeneal proposals he was deaf as the adder to the charmer of music; his love only extended to the bottom of her purse: this secured, the devil, in Doctor Haddock, had he been alive, might have taken the carcass of Deborah. The good old woman had some shrewd suspicions of this herself, but her esteem for the male part of the creation had not waned with her advancing years, they rather grew upon her decline; hence, she had no desire to creep into nature's last resting-place, until she had partook of the consolations their company was capable of affording. A short time's acquaintance with her, Adonis, convinced her that there was more pleasure to be derived from antipathetic than from actual enjoyment. His pursuits and nocturnal rambles filled her mind with every varying anxieties, while the money lavished on the prosecution of these, rapidly drained her coffers. Though old, she had penetration enough to perceive this, and immediately resolution enough to withstand his extravagant demands. He took her by the hand, and, with her impertinence, railed at her in terms, in good set terms, and finally threatened that he would pass over the rest of his love amours and blackguardisms as given in a few words, the concluding part of this sketch. Deformed as was his character, he secretly still loved virtue, and had long cherished a passion for the amiable Miss Spot; his ardent affection floated in his imagination around the scenes of loud revelry, and was rendered in his situation still more lovely by the impassable barrier which his virtuous revolting conduct had interposed betwixt them. Could he conjure any thing from the world of imaginary, formidable and enough to sweep every trace of the past into the vortex of eternal oblivion; he might, by laying embargoes upon his passions, exhibit a turn of conduct more consonant to the requisiments of virtue, but this was impossible; however, he did not despair in the least, that his personal accomplishments would counterbalance other defects; he attempted to excite her regard, but the citadel of her heart was better fortified than Deborah's. His advances were indignantly rejected, he could do nothing but treat her as this, but there was no alternative, pride stepped in to his aid, and painted her as a saucy minx, but love again rubbed off the taint, and pushed the painter from the door, which was tossed between these conflicting elements, till he resolved to try the efficacy of a billet doux; she condescended to answer it, by informing him that notwithstanding his person, but his principles and practices were the objects of her aversion, and to long bills as these were persisted in, no farther tokens of his esteem were requisite. This epistle alarmed him seriously to reflect upon his past conduct, it stood before him in all its deformity, and ultimately produced a reformation, satisfactory in its nature, and apparently stable in its duration. Thus, the only obstacle to the effect of Miss Spot was removed, an intimacy commenced, which had its termination in marriage. The displeasure manifested by some of her relations, induced them to marry privately; but the uniform confidence and sobriety which characterises his conduct, has not concealed all animosity. The influence of his uncle's principles are now lost on his mind, he understandingly supports those principles, which he before condemned, and detests those which he before supported. Hoping that I have now established the truth of my assertion, namely, that there is a time to marry; and that this marriage was owing to a certain happiness, I shall at present take my leave, and resume at another time, number 3, at bottom

## THE EFFECTS OF VANITY AND DISSIPATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Should you think the enclosed worthy of a place in your paper, your inserting it will oblige yours,

OF all places in the world, none is capable of affording so much real pleasure as Home; yet no place is so much neglected. I have been induced to make this reflection, from having observed the reckless apathy and indifference with which many sacrifice domestic peace and comfort, at the shrine of dissipation and folly, and the truest worldly bliss, for the sake of gratifying contemptible vanity. How many families have been robbed of their happiness, to gratify the licentious habits of a single member of the little community.—Parents' hearts have ached for the sake of those to whom, at one time, they looked forward as the staff of their old age. The devoted and affectionate wife has seen her sweetest hopes withered, her enjoyments curtailed, one by one, her attention rewarded with neglect, her sufferings with reproaches; and for what? merely that an unfeeling madman, an idiot, might have it in his power to indulge in frequent revelry and riot, with others as dissolute as himself. Youth, health, expectation, are thus, alas! too often swallowed up, and ere the meridian of life is attained, disease, poverty, discontent, stare the infatuated mortal in the face. Reproach glares him in the teeth at home—shame follows him to the street—life becomes an object of indifference, and he degenerates unto a *thing* despised and shunned by all who respect themselves.

A late friend of mine, a young man of considerable talents, was a melancholy instance of the truth of those remarks. Endowed with much more than a common share of ability; combining in his character, the poet and philosopher, with sensibility enough in his compositions to make him feel for the miseries of others, he, at the early age of twenty-four, became so completely depraved by his love of pleasure, and devotedness to convivial enjoyment, that he entirely lost his own good opinion, and blasted the best hopes of his numerous friends. It is a sad pity to see a gallant vessel become a total wreck, ere it has made a single voyage; and to see the willing ventures of confiding souls cast away on the shoals of negligence and folly. The love of admiration was his *bane*. Early indulged with the means of gratifying his propensities, he eagerly embarked on the seemingly smooth sea of pleasure, and sailed gaily down its alluring stream, nor doubted his own security, until he was engulfed in the vortex of total ruin—so faint was his dependance on his own principles, that he scarcely believed his own senses, when they told him he was a **DRUNKARD**.

At his entrance into life, he was hailed by the gay, and caressed by the careless, and was soon looked up to as a being possessed of superior talent. His eloquence was wonderful, and his general colloquial powers so fascinating, that he bound his auditors by a spell so irresistible and sweet, that time, in his company, often slipped away unperceived, and morning frequently dawned ere parting became an object of consideration.

One Sunday morning we chanced to meet, he had spent the preceding night in dissipation, and was returning home to his father's, pale and emaciated. I proposed a walk, to enable him to shake off some of the effects of the

last night's intemperance, to which he assented. After discoursing on a variety of subjects, I ventured to ask him, if he never intended reformation. He answered, ~~he was afraid it was impossible.~~ 'My habits have grown inveterate, and, in spite of my resolution, impel me to indulgencies which I despise, but cannot resist. Home has become a hell. I am hated by my friends, and have nothing to care for. They cannot enter into my feelings, nor sympathise with my distresses; and I often sit unheeded and alone in the midst of the family.' I replied, that I believed his distresses were only to be found in his own imagination, and were nothing more than the effects of a torturous way of thinking. There is a mistake which offenders often like you fall into; they imagine themselves hated and despised by their friends, because they do not smile upon their errors. Do not believe that the gloom which overspreads the faces of your friends, is occasioned by any want of regard. The grief which they must feel for your follies may deprive them of cheerfulness. What you mistake for hate, is the working of overstrained affection, and is one of the truest proofs of the love of your family. I observed that he imagined himself neglected, and painted out to him the folly of indulging in such a belief. What have you done, that the world should raise you above your fellows—dignity and desert should ever be inseparable. 'Alas!' he exclaimed, 'I have done nothing, but—he paused a moment, and finished the half-uttered sentence, with *I could do much*. Believe me, my dear friend, I replied, much must be done before the world *can* know your merits. Trust not in the insinuations of your companions in revelry, who measure your knowledge, and estimate your worth, by their own ignorance and inferiority. If they cannot raise you in your own esteem, how can *they* do it in that of the world? Their best praise is transient and fleeting, as the dimming influence of breath upon a polished mirror, yet while it lasts, it obscures its brilliancy. I continued—how will you look on your father, when you return this morning? Will the praise which was heaped on you last night, at your carousal, convince your heart that you have not erred? Can you expect sympathy from outraged feeling, and tenderness from those from whom you deserve reproach? Selfishness itself could only harbour such ideas, and surely your heart is not yet callous? Much moved, he answered, 'I do not expect such a reception. I know, my folly admits of no extenuation. It makes me more miserable, than those who suffer by it. In such moments, I fly to the muse to give vent to the feelings that agitate my bosom.' Yes, I exclaimed, and give rhymes for contrition, and the promise of future amendment; this accounts for the gloomy verses of which you are the author; but think not, that the sweetest lines you ever wrote can compensate for a sleepless night, and an aching heart—those you frequently cause, and seem indifferent to the pain you create; yet are your verses strongly marked with reproaches against the unfeeling. How finely you demonstrate, that we need not always expect virtue from those who write against vice—nor patriotism from those who rail at oppression—nor purity from those who raise the loudest cry at corruption. No, my dear friend, do not think that all people have got such delicate minds as that with which you are gifted—nor think yourself neglected, if poetry is not accepted in lieu of affection. We who are mere children of the earth, prefer example to precept, and receive more pleasure from grasping the original, than can be conveyed by gazing on the picture; yet blame us not, nor despise us, though we lack

those gifts which you prize so highly." Do your duty to society, and leave the rest to fate. By this time, the sound of the church-bell warned us it was time to make preparation for the duties of that sacred day. We parted never to meet again.

*To be continued.*

## COUNT ZENOBIO; A TALE.

IN the utmost recesses of a gloomy and extensive forest, stood the once splendid, but now decaying, castle of R——, inherited by the Count Zenobio, from a long line of illustrious ancestors, many of whom had rendered themselves conspicuous by the active part which they had taken in the defence of their country, and others of them were distinguished for their great generosity, and for a very high sense of the duty which they owed to their fellow creatures.

On the borders of the forest, and about two leagues distant from Count Zenobio's Castle, stood the residence of the Baron D'Espagnole, a man naturally of a good disposition; but headstrong and not easily diverted from any purpose, however unjustifiable, which he had in contemplation.

The Count and he had been in terms of intimacy from their early years, and a strict friendship had always subsisted between them.

One evening, when the moveless mists which thicken the atmosphere had settled on vale and mountain, and had wraped the dusky forest in pitchy darkness, Count Zenobio, who had been on a visit to the Duke D'A——, and now on his return home, attended only by one servant, was forcing his uncertain way through the thick underwood with which the forest abounded. They had not proceeded far when they perceived a light at a distance, which piercing through the haze, discovered, to their astonishment, a band of ruffians, who were attempting, by oaths and threats, to oblige a gentleman, whom they recognized to be the Baron D'Espagnole, to conduct them to his house and deliver up to them all the plate and jewels, or to prepare for instant death. Zenobio, struck with horror at his friend's situation, was about to precipitate himself into the midst of them, and rescue him, or perish in the attempt, but was deterred by his attendant, who, with great presence of mind, volunteered to go and bring assistance from the castle, sufficient to secure the banditti. We shall, for the present, leave him to his fate, and inform our readers, whose curiosity will be naturally aroused, in what manner the Baron D'Espagnole was placed in his present trying situation.

When the sun's last rays were fading on the distant hills, he had determined, under cloud of night, to fulfil a long-promised visit to the Count, for the purpose of enjoying, in the centre of retirement, the conversation of one, whose esteem it was always his study to cultivate; but owing to the darkness of the night, and perplexity of the path, he lost his way, and wandered he knew not whether, till he at last observed, at a short distance, a light, which seemed to issue from a cave, towards which he immediately approached, and, though he had some doubts respecting its inhabitants, yet he was so spent with fatigue, that he resolved to enter, be the consequence what it might. As he approached towards the entrance he stood and listened, but all was silent. He then entered the vaulted cavern, and proceeded along a straight passage, at the

end of which hung the light which first attracted his attention; he again paused, and thought he heard one snoring, as if asleep; he turned to the side from whence the sound came, and entered an apartment, where he saw ten armed ruffians, surrounding a large table covered with wines, preserved fruits, and all manner of dainties. They had drunk so copiously of the inspiring god, that he had resigned them into the arms of Morpheus. He sat down by some faggots that blazed at one end of the apartment. When, at length, one of the banditti awoke, and staring wildly round, his eye immediately caught a glance of the stranger, upon which he awoke his companions, the leader of whom knew the Baron, having served under him, at one time, in the army; but his own features were so much altered, that the Baron did not recognise him. He still retained a respect for the Baron, which neither time nor his present way of life could efface. He resolved, therefore, within himself, not to injure his person, but by threats, to force him to conduct him and his gang to his house, as has been above stated.

Meanwhile, the timely arrival of a considerable force from the castle, put an end to the affair; for they, headed by the Count himself, suddenly rushed upon the banditti, and so startled them that they submitted without resistance; but begged that their lives might be spared, as they had intended, from the very first, to spare that of the Baron; but nothing would have prevented them from suffering on the spot, had not their leader, falling upon his knees, intreated permission to say a few words, which was granted with reluctance, when he disclosed his name to the astonished Baron, who immediately cried out, hold! it is sufficient, thou wert always a brave fellow, and I heartily forgive you this offence, well knowing that nothing short of necessity could have prompted it. He then gave him an advice, which seemed to make the desired impression. They then mounted the horses which had been brought from the castle of Zenobio, and rode off. Such a signal service, rendered to one susceptible of the finest feelings, could not fail, one would naturally suppose, to make a deep and lasting impression. That the reverse, however, was the case, will be seen in the sequel.

Nothing could exceed the harmony which now subsisted between these two illustrious persons. The mind of the one was the storehouse of the other; but at length the ill-fated hour arrived which was to end their friendship.

Zenobio had long been enamoured of the daughter of the Duke of D'A——, a wealthy nobleman, and this was the only secret which he kept concealed within his bosom, and he feared, that without the assistance of his friend, it would be impossible to accomplish his purpose. To him therefore he disclosed the important secret, and requested his assistance in the pursuit of the endearing object. But, alas! the Baron had seen and admired the same maiden, and longed for the possession of one who had enslaved his whole soul. He affected, however, to favour his friend's views; and, in the mean time, pretended that he would forward his design as much as lay in his power. The Count, overjoyed in expectation of success, and firmly relying on his friend's veracity, was already contriving the best means for receiving his intended bride. More than a week had elapsed since the departure of the Baron, during which time he had heard nothing of him.

One day, as he was musing, and wondering in his mind, what could have become of his friend, he observed, at a distance, upon the highway which skirted the forest, a carriage approaching at full speed, with out-riders, in

splendid liveries, and a numerous train of attendants followed behind. Such an unusual spectacle, in such a place, not a little surprised him; but what was his astonishment on beholding, sitting beside the Baron, the object of his affection, and still more was he surprised, when they took no notice of him. He inquired at one of the attendants the cause of such haste, and was told that the Baron had, that day, espoused Lady D'A—, and that they were hastening home to a sumptuous entertainment. This operated like an electrifying shock. He reached home in despair; but was in some degree comforted by the consolation of an aged religious, who acted as his chaplain.

HAVING settled his affairs, he retired to a convent, where he spent the remainder of his life in calm resignation, and was often heard to exclaim, That, had his misfortunes been caused by any other than his tried friend, his grief on account of them would have been comparatively transient.

The Baron, whose natural goodness of disposition now began to flow back upon his soul, was stung with remorse; and, resolving not to survive his disgrace, returned to the army, rushed on at the head of his troops in the first engagement, and fell a prey to precipitation and rashness in defence of his country.

SILVICOLA.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF CHRIST RAISING LAZARUS.

THE lovers of the fine arts will be gratified in learning that Mr. Haydon has made such progress in his picture of *Christ raising up Lazarus*, that it will be finished in a very short time.

The figure of the Saviour in this picture will probably meet with more general approbation than that in the *Entry into Jerusalem*; for this, among other reasons, that it will be better understood. The head is exceedingly beautiful; the expression is of blended majesty and sweetness, a mixture of tenderness and sublimity, and the action at once simple, grand, and impressive. The words have been spoken which even Hades must obey; and the right hand emphatically points to heaven. To that call and that action Lazarus comes forth, with his grave-clothes, like a cloud, about his head. His father and mother are near him. In the latter, the maternal feeling seems to predominate over the awe of this moment of wonders. In the countenance of the father, astonishment prevails; but it is not the broadly dilated gaze of mere amazement—there is also a lively knowledge of the truth, a perception of his son's restoration, which speaks wonderfully in every feature, and places this head among the finest instances of expression with which we are acquainted. At the feet of Jesus kneels Mary, the sister of Lazarus, mute and dejected. Her head is turned aside in hopelessness, and she, in the stupor of her sorrow, is yet unconscious of the wonder that is wrought. This is a sublime and touching contrast to the father and mother, and to the less complex terror of the men who have removed the covering of the sepulchre. These are starting away, with every muscle in action for removal. They are not academy figures, or models, stationary in a fixed attitude, as is but too often the case, even in the works of the greatest masters; but they are full of motion; and in no instance perhaps has Mr. H. better availed himself of his consummate knowledge of anatomy. The proper parts execute their proper functions—there is the whole secret—but in these few words how much is comprised. Kneeling at

the side of Christ nearest to the spectators, is Martha—every feature quivering with emotion; and behind is St. John bending forward with a countenance beaming with divine love. It is much, very much, to say—but this head is worthy of the happiest hour of Raphael. There is also an admirable head of another disciple, with a hand to his brow, as if to assist his doubting sight. Among the spectators, are many fine characters disposed with great skill, so as to form the finest contrasts. But we reserve ourselves for a more particular account of these, and of many other particulars, until the picture is finished.

In casting and disposing his draperies, we think Mr. IL. has far outdone his former works. In one little accessory he has furnished matter of controversy to the critics; he has placed on the head of a female a beautiful urn, having on it the relief of the famous Barberini or Portland vase, illustrative of the ethnical doctrine of the soul. This circumstance is very apposite to the subject of the picture. But a Grecian mythos at Jerusalem will hardly pass without some cavil, though the Romans—pupils of the Greeks in these matters—were masters of Judea.

## SCIENTIFIC.

## THE HELIOTROPE, A NEW INSTRUMENT.

WHEN Professor Gauss was engaged, in 1820, at Luneberg, in trigonometrical observations, to combine the Hanoverian with the Danish triangles, he perceived that when he directed his telescope towards the steeple of St. Michael's Church at Hamburgh, which was 7 German, 32 English, miles distant, the little round window in the upper part of it reflected the image of the sun towards him, and thus impeded him in his operations. This gave him the idea of using the sun's light for signals, by catching it with a mirror, and reflecting it to the place to which a signal was to be given. He made a calculation of the strength of the sun's light, and of the diminution it suffers in the atmosphere; from which it appeared that a small mirror, 2 or three inches in diameter, was sufficient to reflect the sun's image to the distance of 10 or more German miles. This is the Heliotrope, described to be of great importance in the measuring of large triangles, and is likely to supersede the methods hitherto employed. These consisted in placing or fastening, by night, several Argand lamps, with reflectors, at those places which it was intended to observe from a great distance. This measuring by night is very inconvenient, and by day, the light of the lamps is much too faint to be always seen at the distance of several miles through a telescope. The inventor of the Heliotrope, on the other hand, had full proof of the great advantage to be derived from it, when he was last year on the summit of the Brocken Mountain, to determine the 3 corners of the triangle for measuring the meridian of the north of Germany; on which occasion Professor Gauss gave signals with his instrument to his assistants, stationed at 14 German miles from him, on the Inselberg, in the forest of Thuringia. But the great use of the Heliotrope is not confined to such operations. It will be found greatly to excel the telegraph for giving signals, and in time will probably supersede it (provided the Professor could ensure the perpetual appearance of the sun.) As the reflected image of the sun is visible at so great a distance, the signal stations may be much fewer. The mode of using it is likewise more simple, it being merely necessary alternatively to show and to hide the mirror; the intervals, measured by a stop watch are the signals.





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"SERVA MIXTA JOCIA."

LETTER FROM A CHARLEY; OR, NIGHT POLICEMAN.

*To the Editor of the Melange.*

SIR,—You may perhaps wonder at receiving a communication from a being so very obscure as I am, especially as the world will not readily admit that the body to which I belong, has any pretensions to literary knowledge: whether this be the case or not, must be a matter of little importance to the world in general; but knowing as I do, that the progress a man has made in letters cannot be traced on his habiliments, I do not see why we should be deemed more ignorant than the most exquisite Corinthians that ever figured in corsets and surtouts. Whether the Corinthian or Charley is the most useful member of society is a point I could easily determine; but to prove why I, or any of my humble brethren, should be held up by *them* as objects of ridicule, would, I think, be much more difficult. That men in our situations are necessary, every peaceable citizen will readily allow. We have been appointed to these situations by the law. I have written this letter to you, to inquire why are these laws so often outraged in, or *on*, our persons. A New-year's day has, for the first time, passed over my head since I have been in office; in the course of which time, sedulously and honestly have I done my duty to my employers—the public; but never, in the course of my servitude, did I suffer so much from the insults and sneers of unfeeling fops, as I suffered in the morning of the 1st of January, 1823. It is not my broken lanthorn, or my bloody cockcomb of which I complain, or the diversified colours of my profection, and the parts adjacent to my optics, which shine, as Lord Byron would have said, 'In all the beauties of the rainbow.' It is not my bruised body, or my incriminated hands, that would draw from me a grumbling exclamation; these are accidents with which I have long been familiar, and merely things of course which I daily anticipate; and believe me, they do not come, 'Like angel visits, few and far between.' No, Mr. Editor, I have lived too long in the school of endurance to be much discomposed by these frequent and trifling impressions of the love of my townsmen; there are always plaisters for such sores, and it may be, at times, an attempt at personal indemnification. That they do affect the body slightly I will not deny; but they seldom convey any painful sensation to the mind. It is the injuries done to my feelings of which I complain; the in-

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sults which I am often obliged to pocket with a bursting heart; the contumely which the insolent and unthinking heap so liberally, yet heaven knows how undeservedly, on my 'devoted head,' which often, in secret, draw the bitter tear over my haggard and weather-beaten cheek. I have seen better days, Sir, have tasted the sweets of more refined society than is generally to be found in a Charley's circle of friends. I have run a butterfly course, as gaily as some of those whom I often try to make keep the peace. If I have descended in the world, I cannot blame myself with holding up the finger of scorn at the humble and industrious. I never made poverty soak its crust in tears of bitterness, nor helpless old age mourn over its declining strength; yet, in my own person, I have felt all this, and is it to be wondered at, if I try to give my sorrows vent, or appeal to the sensibility of the public for leave to walk my rounds, and do my duty free from any other molestation than what proceeds from the vicious and profligate. Gentlemen will never condescend to insult lowly beings like myself. They are not all gentlemen that wear the garb. I was once, like them, a *jay* in borrowed feathers. Some of them, perhaps, know not how soon their day of plucking may arrive.

I have served his Majesty long without reward. My country is perhaps a debtor to me for services rendered. I ask no other recompense than leave to pursue my nightly avocations, free from insult—this surely may be granted. I have too much liberality to believe, that the representation of Tom and Jerry is the cause why, at this last New-year's day, I have been so much abused—some of my brethren think so; but as I think this season of the year a proper time to remonstrate with the unthinking, on the evils over which they have the power, I have addressed them; as the human mind is, I believe, more liable to receive impressions at such a time than any other. Long have I groaned in silence over similar wrongs. If any of those who delight in making Charles their sport should read this, may his tongue be taught restraint, and his heart tell him, that a brown watch-coat may cover a bosom sensibly alive to every insult given to the mind. That some abler pen might take up the cause of the unfortunate, and point out the enormity of the conduct which some of our would-be Corinthians practice, was the only motive which I had in writing this letter, 'is most true; however, I hope to see it in your paper, until which time, I remain,

Your most obedient servant,

CHARLES CLAPPERCALK.

## HELL'S BRIDGE.

A deadly feud subsisted almost from time immemorial between the families of McPherson of Bendearg, and Grant of Cairn, and was handed down 'unimpaired' even to the close of the last century. In earlier times, the warlike chiefs of these names found frequent opportunities of testifying their mutual animosity; and few inheritors of the fatal quarrel left the world without having maintained it with the blood of some of their hereditary enemies. But in our own day, the progress of civilization, which had reached even these wild countries—the heart of the north Highlands—although it could not extinguish entirely the transmitted spirit of revenge, at least kept it within safe bounds; and the feud of

Mr. Pherson and Grant threatened, in the course of another generation, to die entirely away, or at least, to exist only in some vexatious lawsuit, fostered by the petty jealousies of two men of hostile tempers and contiguous property.

It was not, however, without some ebullitions of ancient fierceness, that the flame which had burned for so many centuries seemed about to expire. Once, at a meeting of the country gentlemen, on a question of privilege arising, Bendearg took occasion to throw out some taunts aimed at his hereditary foe, which the fiery Grant immediately received as the signal of defiance, and a challenge was the consequence. The sheriff of the county, however, having got intimation of the affair, put both parties under arrest; till at length, by the persuasions of their friends—not friends by blood—and the representations of the magistrates, they shook hands and each pledged his honour to forget—at least, never again to remember in speech or action, the ancient feud of his family. This occurrence, at the time, was the object of much interest in the country-side: the rather, that it seemed to give the lie to the prophesies, of which every Highland family has an ample stock in its traditional chronicles, and which expressly predicted that the enmity of Cairn and Bendearg should not be quenched but in blood: and, on this seemingly cross-grained circumstance, some of the young men who had begun already to be tainted with the heresies of the Lowlands, were seen to shake their heads, as they reflected on the tales and the faith of their ancestors; but the gray-headed seers shook theirs still more wisely, and answered, with the motto of a noble house, ‘I bide my time.’

There is a narrow pass between two mountains in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, well-known to the traveller, who adventures into these wilds in quest of the savage sublimities of nature. At a little distance it has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm; but on nearer approach is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other, as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size; and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyries of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow that it cannot admit of two persons passing alongside; and indeed none but natives, accustomed to the scene from infancy, would attempt the dangerous route at all, though it saves the circuit of three miles. Yet it sometimes happens that two travellers meet in the middle, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case, one is obliged to lie down, while the other crawls over his body.

One day, shortly after the incident we have mentioned, a Highlander was walking fearlessly along the pass; sometimes bending over to watch the flight of the wild birds that built below; and sometimes detaching a fragment from the top, to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to rock, its sound echoing the while like a human voice, and dying in faint and hollow murmurs at the bottom. When he had gained the highest part of the pass, he observed another coming leisurely up on the opposite side, and being himself of the patrician order, called out to him to halt and lie down; the person, however, disregarded the command, and the Highlanders met face to face on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg! the two hereditary enemies, who would have gloried and rejoiced in mortal strife with each other,

McPherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell bravely in the wars of the Peninsula. The Gaelic name of the place where this tragedy was acted, signifies Hell's Bridge.

**Concluded.**

For some time after this, I neither saw nor heard ought of my friend, till  
imagining him in town pursuing his pleasures. I was a good deal surpris-  
ed one day at receiving a letter with the L. — post mark upon it, that more so,  
because I had no correspondent in that city; I opened it, and instantly recog-  
nised his hand-writing; it was to the following effect: — I enclose some  
lines to Mr. — You will perhaps be a little surpris'd at receiving a letter  
from this quarter, particularly from your humble servant. After the confab we

had together, on a certain Sunday morning, I was forcibly struck with the folly of my conduct in pursuing such a mode of life. I inwardly determined to quit with all my revelling friends and acquaintance; but how was this to be done? if I remained at home I would still be in the way of temptation; and, as formerly, when I resolved, like the dog, return to my vomit. O, instability, what misfortunes and miseries have I not suffered by being thy slave? Man-kind, I am persuaded, owe half of their miseries to thy sourse.

We err, and slip, and suffer from this pain,  
Repent our follies, and—then err again.

Many young men of talent, waste their lives in idle dreams. Having no fixed principle of action they leave all to chance or futurity. Whole lives are spent seeking for opportunities to begin life. The mind becomes habituated to bondage or servitude, the shackles of which grow in time so completely riveted, and use makes them so familiar, that it soon becomes impossible to throw them off. Thus, by giving way to a certain train of thought, are the best moments of life spent, ever depending on contingencies that can never occur, the folly of which is rarely seen until too late to obviate the consequent misfortunes. Age, with slow, but sure pace, steals on. Individuals find themselves fixed to habits which have become a part of their existence. The aspiring mind dwindles down to worse than its original insignificance. The sun of hope sets; and man finds himself all—but lost. You know how well I am fitted to moralize on such a theme. Taught by experience the lesson, I would wish, but that is impossible, to point it out to others; and yet, could I command the ear of all the human race, how few indeed would profit by the precept. To prevent my return to my old paths, I resolved to quit the land that gave me birth; and, extorting from my friends a reluctant consent, I departed for this place. I have been now here for three months, most of which time I have been pursuing my old avocation, but the allurements of pleasure still wile me from the path of rectitude. Resolutions are daily made and nightly broken. I find myself the same man still. You remember how uncomfortable I thought my home when in —, yet how many times have I wished myself there, when maddened by reflection I feel myself in the midst of strangers. I begin to believe, if a man cannot mend his life at home, he will be unable to do it abroad. What a difference I feel on coming to my lodging-room at night here, and what I felt on similar occasions in another place. Here is no one meeting me with a kind and affectionate inquiry. Whether I am well or ill is a matter of no consequence to them. If I spend the evening in my room, not a soul have I to converse with. A thousand bitter reflections arise and make me miserable. The privacy of a house is said to be a pleasant place; but if home be tenantless it is tasteless: I find it so, and, perplexed with my thoughts, I rush into the vortex of folly, and too often lose the sense of my loneliness with the knowledge of my existence. I feel all my old habits daily adding to their strength. Company and pleasure I sadly seek, and, in return, I am sought by them. You know those misfortunate gifts bestowed on me by nature, had they been properly exercised, they might have been graces; instead of which they are blemishes. Welcomed every where, because I could administer to the amusement of fools, I became so infatuated with the belief of my mental superiority, that I neglected what would have made me really happy, for that, which at most could only make me ad-

mired. Thus, my unfortunate endowments, instead of setting me above my fellows, made me in reality their slave. If I was admired in the scenes of revelry, I was despised in the common walks of life. If my company was courted over the bowl, it was shunned in the street.

Youth, hope, a large stock of animal spirits, the applause of the selfish, long prevented me from feeling I was degrading myself. Flattery filled me with dreams of future fame and fortune. Thus I flattered on for years, until I found myself rather retreating in life than advancing. Those who had been my friends or associates, by mistaking the world, improved their circumstances. Some were soon in situations which rendered it inconvenient to notice him who had so often administered to their pleasures. I at length awoke from my dreaming to all the consciousness of error; despised myself for my folly, and resolved to mend. I wrote verses against the insignificance of the world, and grew half a misanthrope or cynic; railed against man, imagined myself a second Diogenes, but lacked, unfortunately, all his virtues. To indulge my vindictiveness, I began to frequent houses of low fame, and was soon feared and courted by the ignorant and vain, who thought themselves honoured by the notice of a *man of genius*. Contemptible gratification! to relish such applause. Vanity, vanity, how low thou canst make man stoop! By indulging frequently in this practice, I became a habitual drinker, a promoter of party discord, a bullying brawler and demagogue. O ye haunts of the profane and dissolute! how often have your walls echoed back the inflated bombast which I uttered, while admiring mobs listened with wonder, and shouted heartless applause to what they did not understand; and for this, and such as this, I have sacrificed self-estimation, and half-broken the hearts of those who really loved me; have exiled myself from my native place, and am as incorrigibly attached to vice and dissipation as ever. I live in a continual state of discontent. My mind grows daily weaker by being in perpetual irritation. Let me go where I will, I cannot fly from myself. I have become an object of contempt, for it is impossible that any one should pity me. Where now are the triumphs of vanity? Where the speculations of enthusiasm and hope? Shown, like the friendship of those who had shown, but they were not to blame. Do you believe that a man's feelings may become so perverted and sophisticated that he may be callous to good or evil? I do not wish you to answer the question: may you never feel that it can be realized. I began to write this letter for other purposes than philosophic speculations, it may be the last you will ever receive from me. I have stock cleared for Demerara; thither I go in the honourable capacity of a slave driver, myself a viler slave than any over whom I may raise the lash. I have written to my parents, to inform them of my intentions; go and see them, and give them all the comfort you can: kind, honest souls, you thought you reared a tree, it was only a rush! Adieu my dear T—, if I live you will soon hear from me. My father has the address of my employers: you will get all the information from him that is needed, to enable you to write to me. Farewell.

Believe me yours in truth,

My friend merely reached the place of his destination. His constitution, shattered with dissipation, became an easy prey to the disease, incident to a tropical climate. He fell a victim to fever, three days after he landed. His dust lies far from home. No finger can point to his grave. Vanity and dissipation effected his ruin. Would that any may take warning by his fate.

# DRAMATIC SKETCH.

## AN ANGEL OF GOD, AND A SPIRIT OF THE JUST.

ANGEL.

I come from heaven's immortal sanctuary,  
To visit thee, fair Spirit, whom I oft  
Have visited in dreams—while yet thou wert  
Imprisoned in thy tenement of earth.  
Come Spirit, bright companion of the blest,  
And wing thy way to yonder happy gate  
That opens to receive thee; follow me,  
Ethereal being, through the elements,  
Beloved of thy Maker, follow me  
To regions brighter than the noon-tide sun;  
More beautiful than Paradise, when Eve  
Bloom'd in the garden as its fairest flower;  
More musical, than when the nightingale,  
Which ever chaunted there, called forth at  
even  
His choir of singers, and poured out a strain  
Of music, all but heavenly—more fragrant  
Than the olive branch of Lebanon, or than  
The full-blown rose, that drinks the nec-  
tar'd dew  
On Carmel's wreathed side;  
More fair than all dominions of the earth,  
Or all the palaces of sceptred kings,  
Bright Spirit, to this mansion follow me.

SPIRIT.

I have awaken'd from the sleep of death  
Which seal'd mine eyelids, and threw over  
me  
The veil of deep forgetfulness—but now,  
From the dark sepulchre, I have arisen  
To fresh existence and immortal light.  
I feel as if I dwelt in the creation  
Of a mysterious dream—all seems enchant-  
ment,  
And to my fancy, I am but a dreamer:  
Where is the earth I left—I see it not?  
Where is the mortal mould I once inhabited  
And animated with my essence? Where,  
O beauteous Angel-spirit, where are they?

ANGEL.

Spirit, thou ne'er shalt dwell on earth again,  
And o'er thy mortal mansion hath the grave  
For ever clos'd his gates. Beloved of God,  
Thy home shall be in heaven—that bright  
land,  
Whose meanest subject is more glorious  
Than all the titled monarchs of the earth;  
Whose weakest can controul the elements,  
And ride upon the whirlwind as a steed;  
Whose most imperfect is too full of purity  
For man to set his clouded eyes upon.  
There are no lamentations, tears or grief,  
For God doth wipe all sorrow from the eyes,

And biddeth joy take up the place of sad-  
ness.

Love, faith, hope, charity—each have their  
place.

In this most blessed land, and shall reward  
All such as have like thee looked up to them,  
And been, as they were, when thou wert on  
earth.

SPIRIT.

O Angel bright, while we are sojourning  
Above the starry mansions of the skies,  
And while the sun and moon scarce visible,  
Hold their mysterious course beneath our  
feet,

Tell unto me thy name; and who, of all  
The heavenly hosts, God's goodness hath  
appointed

To be my leader to his bless'd abode.

ANGEL.

Say Spirit first, whom dost thou think I am?

SPIRIT.

That thou art not the prince of Angels,  
Michael,

I well can guess—for he, 'tis said, doth bear  
A something in his carriage so commanding,  
A dignity divine—an awful grandeur,  
And a celestial majesty of aspect,  
Which striketh mortals with a breathing awe,  
And gives discouragement to familiarity.  
Thou art not he, fair Angel—but thou art  
Gabriel, the king of harps perchance—or  
Raphael,

That condescending Spirit, whose sweet  
words

Adam was glad to hear—or thou may'st be  
Abdiel, famed for fidelity.

Who left the host of rebel Angels, and  
Returned to the bosom of his God.

Thou sure art one of these, celestial guide,  
For such immortal brightness—such divine

Unutterable expression—and such love,  
Dwelt never in inferior natures.

Thy beamy brightness dazzleth mine eyes,  
As yet scarce purified from mortal weak-  
ness,

Thy harp dissolveth me in ecstasies,  
Than Orpheus' golden lyre more musical,

When he pour'd forth his strains to the  
west wind,

And earth's most savage monsters lull'd  
to rest.

Celestial Spirit, son of God, thou art  
Among the highest.



ANGEL. Say rather among the lowest—for the thrones  
Of Gabriel, Raphael and Abdiel, are  
More elevated far than mine.

A thousand and ten thousand angels sit  
Above me—and my harp, that fills so sweet  
Thine untun'd ear, is, among other harps,  
As trifling as the sound that follows after  
The dancing sunbeam—is in comparison  
With the immortal music of the spheres :  
My splendour too, that dazzleth thine eyes,  
To other higher splendours is as darkness ;  
No brighter in their presence than the star  
Of morning is before the setting sun.

O ! Spirit bright, thou hast  
A glorious feast before thee, when even I,  
One of heaven's meanest sons, appear  
So clad with glory, so invested with  
The light of immortality. But now  
We are approaching fast—two seraphim,  
In shining vestments at the gate are standing,  
To give thee welcome. Dost thou behold  
them ?

SPIRIT. I see a mighty entrance afar off,  
Its gates of glitt'ring adamant open stand,  
Its golden columns tower in middle air  
Beyond the reach of sight. Before it are  
Two glorious figures, girded like the sun ;  
I cannot gaze upon them.

ANGEL. I shall anoint thine eyes, that they be meet  
To look on Angels—canst thou see them  
now ?

SPIRIT. O ! glorious work of the Almighty's hand,  
That can invest, with such high attributes,  
His willing servants, and throw over them  
The linaments of immortality. O  
These Spirits might be Gods, and might  
reign over

Dominions of their own ; how beautiful  
The expression of each countenance !  
The very spirit of their Maker breathes  
Through all their being. Compared with  
these,

What are the loveliest feat'rs of the earth ?  
What are the blooming marts, that shine  
like gems

Upon the purest portion of her clime ?  
O Spirit tell me now the names of these,  
That welcome such unworthy guest as I.

ANGEL. Raphael and Abdiel—two of the brightest  
Of heaven's sons—Archangels whose high  
harp  
Are ever hymning to Emmanuel's honour.

SPIRIT. Raphael and Abdiel ! blessed God,  
That I unworthy, vile, and grovelling,  
Should so inherit thy beneficence.  
Angel bright ! gracious is God to man,  
When even the most exalted of his sons,  
His own Archangels, wait upon the Spirit,  
And give it welcome at the gates of heaven.

ANGEL. No honour is too lofty for the just.

SPIRIT. No punishment too great for those whose  
hearts  
Can mock God's goodness.

ANGEL. Listen awhile, and ye shall hear the song  
Of Raphael and Abdiel. Save Gabriel,  
The king of harps, the musical Archangel,  
Beloved of God—there is not one of all  
The heavenly hosts can tune the lyre so well.  
When Adam fell, they rais'd so sweet a

strain  
Of soft melodious woe, as to draw sighs  
From every Angel's breast ; and when the

Son  
Of the Most High yielded himself to death,  
They were the leaders of the heavenly band,  
And fill'd the whole empyrium with the  
sound

Of matchless hallelujahs—listen awhile !

RAPHAEL AND ABDIEL.

O disembodied Spirit of the just !  
Chosen of God, to dwell in his high places  
Among the elect, approach the sacred gates,  
For thou art worthy to inhabit

The heav'n of heav'ns, and to stand before  
The face of the eternal. Gentle Spirit,  
Thy days of grief are over—and thine hours  
Shall not, as in the earth, be numbered,

And every one that passes bring thee nearer  
To thine end. No, when a million years  
Have roll'd away over thy happy head,  
Thou shalt be but beginning to exist ;

And when another million passes by,  
Thy life shall not be nearer to its close.  
Chosen of God, thy being and happiness  
Are measur'd only by eternity.

The mountains of the earth shall melt away,  
The sun shall be extinguished, and the moon  
Shadow her silver face in endless night ;  
But thou, bright Spirit, never shall decay.

There is no sun in heav'n to give thee light,  
For heav'n itself is lightness, and the God  
That sitteth in the midst—illumineeth  
With glory all his kingdom.

There is no moon to cheer the silent night,



For never on the fields of heaven sat  
The faded hue of evening. Spirit come,  
The harp of thousand Angels welcome thee  
The immortal gates are open to receive thee  
The glory of thy Maker is upon thee  
For thou wert of a lowly temperament  
Dishonour'd of the sons of men—because  
Thy longing eyes were ever rais'd to heav'n  
The great man pass'd thee by contemptu-  
ously ;

The prison was thy mansion for long years ;  
The cold earth thy inhospitable bed ;  
And thou wert called wretch and hypocrite  
But thou did'st not repine at thy distress  
Nor curse the envious malice of thy foes  
Nor charge high heaven with thy calamities  
Wherefore, immortal spirit, enter in  
And take thy promised place among the blest  
Appointed for all those who triumph o'er  
The weapons of temptation and of sin

## THE COVENANTER.

## OR, THE SUFFERINGS OF DAVID WALKER.

No men ever struggled harder for liberty than the Covenanters. To no men is only a Country more indebted for their civil and religious freedom. When we reflect on the unyielding perseverance with which they pursued their aim, the fortitude with which they submitted to sufferings almost unparalleled, the danger they defied, and the bravery they displayed ; his heart must be cold indeed, that does not warm with gratitude and admiration. If ever nation had forefathers to be proud of, the Scotch is that nation. Though neither noble by birth, nor gifted by fortune, they achieved a triumph which will live while memory lasts ; they taught the insolent and tyrannic rulers what men can do to emancipate themselves, when groaning under oppression and misrule.— Let the haughty read their remains, and reflect what a few houseless, nameless beings did, and learn humility from the task. Vain will be the attempts of sneering aristocracy to bring their memories into contempt : they are buried where they cannot be disinterred, in the hearts of their posterity, the subject of the following brief memoirs is only remarkable for what he suffered, to those sufferings we pay all the tribute we can—tell them to the world.

THE most dismal period that ever Scotland witnessed, was that which intervened between the restoration of the Stuarts, and the revolution. During this time, persecution raged in all its fury ; and the rulers of the land combined together to exterminate the very name of Covenanter from the earth. The scaffolds reeked with the blood of the righteous, while the wicked were exalted to power. The prisons were filled with the persecuted adherents of the Covenant ; while their possessions and homes were pillaged and ransacked, by the relentless and blood-thirsty followers of Dalzell and Claverhouse. It was during this time that the incidents herein related took place.

David Walker possessed a small farm situated in the upper-ward of Lanarkshire : he had a family which consisted of his wife, two sons, and the same number of daughters, all under eight years of age. He was a firm adherent of the Covenant ; and notwithstanding the pains and penalties denounced against those who attended Conventicles, and harboured those declared traitors and rebels, by the laws then in force, David constantly attended field meetings ; and more than once did he conceal some of the best and most forward ministers of that period ; supplied them with provisions when he could, but ill afford it, and gave them the shelter of his cottage at the peril of his life, and the ruin of his family.

It was upon a fine morning in May, 1678, as he went to his work ; the misery of his country and the troubles of the kirk alternately taking possession of his mind, that he was suddenly seized by a band of dragoons, with Claverhouse at their head, who informed him that he was his prisoner, but that if he

would answer a few questions, he would allow him to go. The poor man asked what these questions were. Was you at the Conventicle on hills on Sunday last?—answered yes. Who preached, and where is he just now? here David's face became as red as crimson, for he knew where his minister was concealed, and Clavers knew that he did. He tried in vain to evade giving a direct answer, but this would not do; and the Colonel finding he could shake nothing of him, marched him off to Edinburgh, without allowing him to take leave of his family.

He was confined in the tolbooth of Edinburgh, among a number of his persecuted brethren, and lay there upwards of six weeks before he was brought to trial. At his trial, he was asked similar questions by the judges, which Claverhouse had done before; and with the same success, for he had determined, while in prison, to betray no one. He was put to the torture by means of the thumbkins; and they were screwed so hard that the marrow came from his thumb bones, through the skin; still he would make no answer.

The judges seeing that they could not force him to make any discovery, ordered that he should be confined to the Bass\* during their pleasure. He was accordingly sent thither, with a great many more in his own situation, without being allowed to communicate with his family. Here he remained, in a state of the most abject wretchedness for seven months; and had not his courage been supported by the consolations of religion, and the hope of being again restored to his family, he must inevitably have fallen a victim to his accumulated misfortunes. He was compelled, by the meanest soldiers in the garrison, to perform the most degrading offices. It was not this, however, that vexed him; he cared not for himself; he was prepared for all that might befall him. It was his suffering family at home which grieved him. He was aware they must be in want, and for all that he knew, might be as harshly treated as himself.

When he considered his own situation, and that which his family might be in, he determined let the risk be what it might, to escape from this rock. He communicated his intention to two of his fellow prisoners, in whom he could confide, and it was agreed that, on a certain night, they should seize a boat which lay under one of the batteries. Accordingly, at the time appointed, they were all on the shore. One had a few biscuits, the other had a small quantity of water, contained in an earthen jar, and David had provided gun. The night was uncommonly dark, though not stormy; and, with very little noise, they all succeeded in getting into the boat, and made off towards the coast of Fife. Before they were a hundred yards from the battery, the garrison discovered that the boat was away; and, judging that some of the prisoners had escaped, they fired a few cannon, but in the contrary direction to which the boat went.

Being now out of danger, they fell on their knees, and offered up thanks to their Creator for so favouring their escape, they then sung a Psalm, after which they partook of a little refreshment, and began to pull at their oars. They continued at sea a considerable time, in order to elude the immediate pursuit which they knew would be made after them, then landed on the coast of Fife.

Here they took their boat to avoid detection, and hid themselves for three  
 The Bass is a small rocky island, situated in the mouth of the Frith of Forth.

weeks, among the rocks with which this coast is defended, flying upon fish, and whatever else providence cast in their way.

They now thought that it was high time to separate, which they did, and David, after many hair-breadth escapes, and under various disguises, arrived at his own house, and concealed himself in a small wood at no great distance from it. His cottage had been repeatedly searched since his escape; and the very night on which he came home, a party of soldiers visited it, and not finding him, went away.

He continued to live in this place some months, supported by whatever he could come at, and the scanty supply his family could afford; having the heavens for his covering, and the earth for his bed; continually in danger of being taken.

The Whigs about this time were in arms. After gaining the battle of Drumclog, he joined their standard, and fought at Bothwell-Briggs. He was one of those who defended the bridge, where he received two slight wounds; and was on that account, obliged to surrender himself to Monkmouth, by whom he was carried to Edinburgh, along with the other prisoners taken at that disastrous battle.

When brought to trial, his escape from the Bass being clearly proven; and his being taken at Bothwell-Briggs not denied; he received sentence to be transported to North America for life. He was sent thither, along with several hundreds of his fellow sufferers. The wounds he received at the battle were completely cured during the voyage, so that he, upon his arrival, had very severe tasks to perform. He was ordered to assist in forming the fortifications of one of the new cities—next to clear out a piece of ground from trees—and lastly, to assist, though much against his will, in a war against the Indians.

He continued for seven years, to perform these, and the like tasks; during which time, he did not hear a single word from his family.

Being ordered one day, along with a party of soldiers, to attack a number of Indians, who were in arms a long way up the country—he contrived to make his escape during the march, knowing that he was in the vicinity of a Dutch settlement. It would take up a much greater space than my limits can afford, to recount all the accidents, which befel him during his way thither; suffice it to say, that he arrived at the colony, where a ship lay on the eve of departing for Holland. David easily got himself engaged to be taken there, for his work during the passage.

After a long and tempestuous voyage, they arrived in Holland. The Prince of Orange was at this time busily engaged in fitting out a fleet, for the invasion of Britain. David enlisted into his army, and after serving under him, till he had compelled James to abdicate the British throne, he returned to Scotland, where he was received with open arms, by his family, who had long concluded him dead.

He now lived very happily, being as he said, "Relieved from slavery, and enjoying the blessings of the gospel, pure and undefiled, under a happy government."

#### MARIA FREEMAN; OR, THE VICTIM OF SEDUCTION.

SEDUCTION! by what appellation shall I call thee. If there be one action more detestable than another; if there be one crime which calls louder for

vengeance than another—it is thine, thou offspring of the devil—thou disgrace to human nature; and if there be one character more execrable than another, surely it is that of the seducer.

Maria Freeman was the only daughter of an industrious villager in Renfrewshire, more remarkable for the simplicity and honesty of his dealings, than the extent of his wealth or the celebrity of his name; and a more charming girl was universally allowed not to be found in the whole parish. Her eyes were jet black; her hair was auburn; and her shape was exquisitely handsome. In a state of obscure, though unblameable poverty, she attained her eighteenth year; and though admired as the most charming girl in the parish, none was possessed of greater modesty than Maria Freeman. The charms of her mind, if possible, eclipsed those of her person. Her education, if not complete, was superior to that of many of her companions.

Thus, in guileless simplicity, passed the days of Maria Freeman; but the hour was approaching which was to blast the opening prospect of her future felicity, which was to wither in the bud the opening flower. That heart which now beat in peace and happiness, was soon to throb in anguish and woe—those tears which were often shed at the fictitious tale of woe, were soon to flow for her own misfortunes—that soul which now was pure as purity itself, was soon to be contaminated with the taint of depravity; but why should I anticipate? At this period, Captain B—d arrived at C—l House, where his brother then resided; to an elegant person, he added the most insinuating address and engaging manners. No sooner did his eye light upon Maria Freeman, than he resolved to seduce her. Finding her deaf to all his unmeaning flattery and polite attentions, he turned his method of attack, and addressed her with all the seeming sincerity and devotion of an ardent lover.

Her vanity was gratified by the attention of one so much her superior—of one who solemnly swore and protested to love her eternally. Unfortunately, alas! she believed his protestations, and wandered from the path of rectitude. For some months she lived in expectation of his promises of marriage being realized, which he so often swore to perform. Days passed away, and every day her situation became more critical. She told her lover her fears, and her dread of exposure. His manner was now visibly changed; however, he promised that in a few days all would be well; but what was her astonishment, when next morning, she learned that Captain B—d had set out for London. It was too much for human nature to bear, and she fainted away. She recovered, but her reason was gone. She stared wildly around and talked incoherently. It was a cold November night, when the shades of evening were rapidly deforming the face of nature, when she was observed to leave her father's house; but as she usually wandered about, no suspicion arose whither she would go. Wildly she wandered along, heedless whether she was going. The cold wind pierced her slight garments, and carried its chill to her soul: unmindful of the 'pelting of the pitiless storm' she hurried along. The lightning's vivid and uncertain glare was now her only director. The thunder, in noisy peals, now rattled awfully over the murky horizon, and died away on the distant hills. The blast still raged with unabated violence, but it raged unregarded by the wretched Maria. To add to the awfulness of the moment, the pangs of childhood seized her; in agony she fainted away, nor did she recover till the faint cries of a helpless infant caught her ear. What imagi-

nation so powerful to conceive, or what judgment as accurate as describe the awfulness of the state of Maria Freeman—I will not attempt to describe it. She pressed her innocent and ill-fated infant to her breast, to that breast which was chilled by the cold blast of the storm. She folded the son of her youth in her last embrace. Tears of love fell on the chilled cheek of this son of wretchedness. She gazed on that face which she was soon to behold no more. She uttered a prayer to the father of the fatherless, then clasping her wretched son to her breast, she closed her eyes in eternal sleep. In this condition next morning she was found, and the body of her little son lying cold and stiff on the body of his unfortunate but lovely mother.

JOHN BASHFOL.

## FINE ARTS.

### VALUABLE ANTIQUARIAN DRAWINGS.

—We know not whether, under the above head, we ought not to have given our readers a *raisonnee* catalogue of what might be considered, by some desperately smitten amateurs, as INVALUABLE performances. They are at this moment in the possession of that skilful tradesman, and most upright and honourable man, Mr. Colnaghi—but only on trust: being the property of some German resident (if we understood correctly) at Augsburg. As Mr. Dominic Colnaghi, his son, purposes giving a methodical catalogue of these drawings, we shall necessarily be brief—but, as we trust, to the point. These performances are slightly coloured outlines, or wash drawings, being views of cities and public edifices in Rome, Naples, and LONDON: and as they were executed—evidently *on the spot*—between the years 1552 and 1559, by a Flemish artist, of the name, we think, of Antonio Von Finden or Flinders, they cannot fail to be of singular value and interest to every Briton in particular.

We do not happen to have seen the Italian Views; but having seen the British, we can accurately describe them—though necessarily with brevity. Those relating to the eastern part of London are singularly interesting. In the first place, one has Suffolk House, in the Borough, of which not only every vestige is destroyed, but not a relic of a coeval drawing remains. St. Savinur's, St. Mary Overy, and the Tower, strike us in a variety of views. Durham Palace, Ely House, Westminster Hall, and, above all, Old St. Paul's with the spire on the tower, have most uncommon attractions. But it is out of London that the artist more particularly shines. Here are two such views of the magnificent old palace of Oatlands—an interior of the quadrangle, and an exterior—as made his Royal Highness the Duke of York, when he visited Mr. Colnaghi the other day, sit absorbed in delightful meditation for one whole hour before them. Nor are the views of Richmond and Hampton Court less minute and interesting; while those of Greenwich Palace are almost entirely new to the antiquary. Seated before such representations, we fancy ourselves living in the period of Queen Mary; while the raised scaffold on Tower Hill, as it stood ready to receive the trunkless heads of traitors, gives one an involuntary shuddering.

These views are oblong and narrow: perhaps averaging 3 feet in length by about 14 inches in height. Hither come droves of antiquaries to inspect them.

If Sir Harry Englefield were alive, he would necessarily be Mr. Colnaghi's first floor. Sir Thomas Lawrence, we learn, sighs deeply to possess them; and the Council of the Society of Antiquaries is already shooed to its very centre, in applications about purchasing them. We hope they will go to Somerset House; for there they ought to go. A hundred names are already down, as those of subscribers for engraved copies; but we regret to hear that the German proprietor asks such a fantastically high price for the originals—which are, after all, merely slight performances, but of undoubted interest to the antiquary. In dismissing this notice of such treasures, one wonders, and one sighs, not to find a view of *Nou-such* among them. Doubtless it must have been taken. We earnestly hope that if ever these drawings are engraved they will be *faithfully* engraved: without any attempt at *improvement*. Mr. Colnaghi, Jun. supposes, and with great strength of probability, that these views were taken by the Flemish artist, whose name they bear, at the express order of King Philip, on his marriage with Mary. We wish that Monarch had done *every thing* in such a good haste.

#### REVIEW.

*The Loves of the Angels, a Poem.* By THOMAS MOORE. 8vo. 9s. Longman & Co. 1823.

There are several points in the subject of the poem, which render it peculiarly suitable to the genius and taste of Mr. Moore. Luxuriant thought, glowing language, splendid imagery, a union of the sensual with the sentimental, a preponderance of the animal propensities over the intellectual faculties, are possibly, if not properly and of necessity, incidental to it; and no one who is acquainted with what Mr. M. has written, from *Little's Poems* to *Lalla Rookh*, will imagine that these are foreign to his manner.

It does indeed happen, that there is a moral appended to this mythos, which runs counter to all that he has ever sung: but the powerfully disposed bias of his genius fairly runs away with this; and if its voice is occasionally heard in the progress of the poem, it sounds but like the faint bleatings of a stercoriferous lamb, sent up feebly amid the songs of the priests, and the obstreperous din of musical instruments.

There are interspersed throughout this poem many exquisite passages, full of the tenderest sentiment—some too that breathe pure and virgin thoughts: but we cannot disguise to ourselves this truth—that the muse of Mr. M. when more indulged, seems even in this poem to be most in her native element, and to be occupied with business most congenial to her disposition, when she is the herald of seduction. But let us do justice to the poet, by declaring, that although we consider his works generally calculated to make pleasant the paths that are dangerous, he seems, in the present instance, to have somewhat moderated the wonted prurience of his imagination, and that he has not dwelt so much as hath been his wont, on 'the black endearments that make sin pleasing.' The construction of this poem, in its present state, is very simple. It is necessary to mention that it was originally intended as an episode to a larger work, and that it is now published in its present form, that it might not appear after a drama, written on the same subject, by Lord Byron, which is

about to make its appearance instantly. A passage in the apocryphal book of Enoch, gives the foundation of the poem. It happened after the sons of men had multiplied in those days, that daughters were born to them elegant and beautiful; and when the Angels, the sons of heaven, beheld them, they became enamoured of them.

Of the moral Mr. M. shall speak for himself; we think, however, that some odd thoughts must have passed through his mind when he wrote the following passage:—

In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories,) the fall of the Soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in the pursuits of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments, both from conscience and Divine justice, which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of God, are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of 'veiled morning,' and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate the same moral interest to the following pages.

The poem opens thus:—

\*Twas when the world was in its prime,  
When the fresh stars had just begun  
Their race of glory, and young Time  
Told his first birth-days by the sun;  
When, in the light of Nature's dawn  
Rejoicing, men and angels met  
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—  
Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn  
Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!  
When earth lay nearer to the skies  
Than in these days of crime and woe,  
And mortals saw, without surprise,  
In the said air angelic eyes  
Gazing upon this world below.  
One evening, in that time of bloom,  
On a hill's side, where hung the ray  
Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,  
Three noble youths conversing lay;  
And, as they look'd, from time to time,  
To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd  
His radiant wing, their brows sublime  
Bespoke them of that distant world—  
Creatures of light, such as still play,  
Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,  
And through their infinite array  
Transmit each moment, night and day,  
The echo of His luminous word!  
Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,  
Of the bright eyes that charm'd them then  
Thence;  
Till, yielding gradual to the soft  
And balmy evening's influence—  
The silent breathing of the flowers—  
The melting light that beam'd above,  
As on their first, fond, erring hours,  
Each told the story of his love,  
The history of that hour unbless'd,  
When, like a bird, from its high nest

Won down by fascinating eyes,  
For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The first:—

A spirit of light mould that took  
The prints of earth most yieldingly,  
Relates his having seen one of earth's  
Fairest woman-kind bathing in a brook;  
Pausing in wonder, I look'd on,  
While, playfully around her breaking  
The waters, that like diamonds shone,  
She mov'd in light of her own trunk!  
At length, as slowly I descended  
To view more near a sight so splendid,  
The trembling of my wings all o'er,  
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)  
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore  
Of that small lake—her mirror still  
Above whose brink she stood, like snow  
When rose with a sunset glow,  
Never shall I forget those eyes!  
The shame, the innocent surprise  
Of that bright face, when in the air  
Uplooming, she beheld me there  
It seem'd as if each thought and look  
And motion, were that minute, mine,  
Fast to the spot, such foot she took  
And—like a sunflower by a brook,  
With face upturned—so still remain'd!  
A mad and desperate passion is the  
consequence, characterised by many of  
the symptoms similarly described, that  
abound in Mr. M's minor poems:—  
Throughout creation I but knew  
Two separate worlds—the one, that earth,  
Belov'd and consecrated spot,  
Where I was, and the other, all



The dull, wide waste, where she was not!  
But vain my suit, my madness vain;  
Though gladly, from her eyes to gain  
One earthly look, one stray desire,  
I would have torn the wings that hung  
Furl'd at my back, and o'er that Fire  
Unnam'd in heaven their fragments flung.

The love of the daughter of earth  
is purer than that of the Angel:—

Had you but seen her look, when first  
From my mad lips the avowal burst:  
Not angry—no—the feeling had  
No touch of anger, but most sad—  
It was a sorrow, calm as deep,  
A mournfulness that could not weep,  
So fill'd the heart was to the brink,  
So fix'd and frozen there—to think  
That angel natures, even I,  
Whose love she clung to, as the tie  
Between her Spirit and the sky—  
Should fall thus headlong from the height

Of such pure glory into sin—  
The sin, of all, most sure to blight,  
The sin, of all, that the soul's light  
Is soonest lost, extinguish'd in!  
That, though but frail and human, she  
Should, like the half-bird of the sea,  
Try with her wing sublimer air,  
While I, a creature born up there,

Should meet her, in my fall from light,  
From heaven and peace, and turn her flight  
Downward again, with me to drink  
Of the salt tide of sin, and sink!

That very night—my heart had grown  
Impatient of its inward burning;  
The term, too, of my stay was flown,  
And the bright Watchers near the throne  
Already, if a meteor shone.

Between them and this nether zone,  
Thought 'twas their herald's wing re-  
turning;—

Oft did the potent spell-word, given  
To Envoys hither from the skies,  
To be pronounc'd, when back to heaven  
It is their hour or wish to rise,  
Come to my lips that fatal day;

And once, too, was so nearly spoken,  
That my spread plumage in the ray  
And breeze of heaven began to play—  
When my heart fail'd—the spell was  
broken—

The word unfinished died away,  
And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,  
Fell slack and lifeless as before.

He meets the object of his love at  
a festival, and gives way to frantic  
mirth and desperate gaiety. He drinks  
wine and is intoxicated.

*To be Continued.*

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

We yawned while reading the Essay on Laughter. Sorry that we cannot insert it by altering its title to Essay on Sleep.

We will not tell Vertumnus' love, though concealment, to use his own phrase, 'like a milk in chaps,' prey on his dismal cheek.

Tobias may carry his Portfolio where he chooses. We are not to be intimidated by threatening our coaxed with fawning. 'There is no terror,' *Toby*, 'in thy threats.'

Sampson's head has surely lost what little strength it had. Affectation sits ill on a great big fellow. W. B. in number 3.

Rednaxela and Amicus must excuse us for one week longer.

We are desired to say, that the piece signed R. L.—n belongs to Quis. Nemo is received. The rest of our correspondents must remain unnoticed till next week.

We should like to see Gunner Peter Portfire's Letters before we say anything about them. We must thank some of our correspondents to pay more attention when sealing their communications, as the MSS. are often torn.

The 1st, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th Articles of the present Number are Original.

*Errata:* No. I. page 4, line 10, for *Lucian* read *Luzen*.

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# THE LITERARY MELANGE;

OR,

**Weekly Register of Literature and the Arts.**

No. III.

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WEDNESDAY, 15th January, 1823.

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"SERIA MIXTA JOCIS."

## SKETCHES OF BRITISH LITERATURE.

No. II.

### THE ERA OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

POETRY is always the leading theme in a rude stage of society, because, for its production, nothing but a natural genius is required. Other studies demand leisure and encouragement, and advance step by step to perfection. Poetry alone, at least the spirit of Poetry, is perfected at once. No age is too rude, agitated, or tasteless, not to produce or relish it. In our first article on this subject, we have maintained this fact, which we first promulgated in an early number of the *Melange*;\* and from every circumstance which we have since examined the fact is more irresistibly impressed upon our minds—that poetry *cateris paribus*, flourishes equally well in every age, and under every form of government. However, it cannot be denied that these forms give a particular cast to a nation's poetry. The crusades of the Middle Ages, gave birth, in the thirteenth century, to the Troubadours; or wandering Minstrels of Provence—bards, whose imaginations, heated by the terrific wars carried on against the Infidels, embodied into their wild legends those extravagant fictions which long after found their way into the poems of Ariosto and Tasso. As mankind, however, advanced in knowledge, the monstrous extravagances of the Troubadours could please no longer. The imagination was reigned in, and made more subservient to reason. Something in the shape of probability was required. The world became tired of living forever in an ether of romance.—This was the state of feeling when the above illustrious bards made their appearance. Adopting the wildest fictions of the Troubadours, they interspersed them with probable characters and probable incidents, and weaving them into interesting fables, spread over them the graces of classical refinement.—While Italy had her minstrels, England had likewise hers; and although their themes might be often different, they belonged to the same class of poets.—The romance of 'Morte d'Arthur,' to whatever age it may pertain, or by whatever hand composed, is evidently a specimen of that wild turn which dis-

\* The Poetic Genius of the Middle Ages. Vol. I.

tinguished the period between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries. If Tasso and *Tristo* had not appeared, the poetry of chivalry would probably have subsided a century sooner than it did. But the latter, by adopting its most extravagant fictions in his '*Orlando*,' and blending them with affecting and beautiful stories—and the former, by embodying them in all their wildness in his classic '*Jerusalem*,' aroused anew, the slumbering spirit of Provencal poetry, and fired Europe once more with romance.

The first event which changed the spirit of poetry in England and Germany, was the reformation. Poets then ceased to sing of the holy wars; but they were still too full of the romancing turn of their former strains, to throw it off entirely. It still infected the poetical genius of the country. Sackville, Earl of Dorset, one of the ablest poets of that age, impregnated his writings with the general wildness. Spenser, in the '*Faery Queene*,' is full of it. Even Shakespeare, who, more than any other man, thought and felt for himself, imbibed, in some degree, the mania of the times.

The Reformation, which had received a temporary check in the reign of the bloody Mary, spread like a deluge over the land in that of her successor, Queen Elizabeth. Then the whole genius of Britain wore a new and reviving aspect. The talent which had long lain dormant, broke out afresh. The human mind, unshackled by the fetters of priestcraft, rebounded vigorously. Every department of intellect suffered an expansion. Philosophy, religion, commerce, and political economy, acquired a light unknown to former ages.—We had almost said that the spirit of poetry felt the baneful influence of affairs, but not even the names of Shakespeare, Spenser, Sackville, and Drayton, shall betray us to this admission. They would have appeared in splendour if no Reformation had taken place, and if the country had been as blinded as before. But the Reformation, if it did not add to their genius, probably afforded them greater scope—gave them wider limits—and it may be, infused into them a keener spirit. Before Elizabeth's reign, the learning of the age was confined to the priesthood. The laity, even of the very highest orders, were deplorably ignorant. It was no disgrace for a nobleman to be unable to read; and to write was a great acquirement. When the nobility were so illiterate, what must the lower classes have been? Even the priests were generally uninformed. They had, however, sufficient sagacity to keep the rest of the country more ignorant than themselves. This had always been the genius of the Popish priesthood. Aware that their religion could only maintain itself behind the bulwarks of ignorance, they were well assured, that to open the eyes of their followers, was to give them and their cause a fatal blow. The influence of Elizabeth's reign was not more remarkable on intellect than on morals. Convents, in which thousands of females were immured for life, and which were, in reality, the retreats of the most debasing sensuality—were totally abolished. Monasteries, the haunts of an idle, licentious, and corrupted priesthood, were commanded to be closed for ever.\* Thousands of valuable subjects, formerly lost, were now preserved to the state.

1. to the Pope's Nuncio Henry VIII. by one of the visitors of the Monasteries throughout England. 'In the nunnery of *Grace Dieu*, many nuns had been brought to bed. The abbey of *Dale*, John Staunton, the Abbot, was incontinent both with a single and married woman; Thurgarton, a priory, Thomas Dethick, the Prior, was connected with divers women; as were also several of the Monks. Maiden Bradley; the Prior has six sons, and he thanks God he never moddled with married women, but always made

But the desire for knowledge, which ensued, was not confined to the new clergy. The laity followed their example, and sought after it with insatiable avidity. The demand for information was infinitely greater than the instructors, with all their enthusiasm, could supply; nor could the invention of printing, then in its infancy, produce a tenth part of the books which the popular zeal demanded. In this commotion, the country had no national literature to which it could turn. It had either to form this for itself, or to assume that of some other nation. The latter, as being the easiest method, was universally adopted. The cultivation of the Greek and Latin languages came immediately into vogue. Not only clergymen, and those brought up to the other learned professions, made this their study, but the laity generally—knights and lords, and even ladies. Elizabeth herself, was an expert classical scholar, well acquainted with the literature of antiquity. All the courtiers became scholars. ‘The daughter of a Duchess,’ as an ingenious historian remarks, ‘was taught not only to distil strong waters, but to construe Greek.’ A complete pedantry infected the nation. Even pastry-cooks and waiting-men became expert mythologists. Every entertainment was grounded on some classical model. A lady’s page was her Mercury; her musician was her Apollo. The cupbearer of a nobleman was his Hebe, or his Ganymede, as that office was filled by a man or woman. On great occasions, when the nobility visited each other’s estates, various persons were placed in the woods, or by the banks of streams, fantastically dressed, to resemble Nereides and Satyrs. The same homage was given to every thing classical, as the Laputians gave to triangles, rhomboids, and other mathematical figures.\* In the next reign, under the pedantic James I. this was carried even farther; and has been admirably delineated in the character of that learned monarch in the ‘Fortunes of Nigel.’ This taste continued with more or less intensity in the first four eras of British Literature, and has only been finally relinquished in the present era.

Perhaps no age produced a greater number of illustrious females than this. Elizabeth, before she ascended the throne, composed many beautiful pieces of poetry; and, in the course of her long reign, she exhibited an energy of mind, and a prudence more than feminine. Mary, Queen of Scots, during her captivity, composed many poems of great excellence. Lady Jane Gray was a prodigy of learning, when her age and situation are considered. Though only seventeen years old at the time of her unhappy death, she could converse fluently in the Greek, Latin, and French languages. Mary, Countess of Arundel; Jane Seymour, and her two sisters; the mother of Sir Philip Sydney; and the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas More, likewise distinguished themselves in the republic of letters. That restraint, however, in which unmarried females were held, had not worn off. There was a stateliness—a reserve—a stiffness in the genius of the times. A girl of rank never presumed to sit, without permission, in the presence of her mother. The young women were treated proudly and coldly by their parents. In that age was seen, in perfection, the dignified stately matron, so seldom met with in modern times. The

choice of maidens, the fairest that could be gotten.” Strype’s Eccles. Memor. Vol. I.

There are other parts of the same reports even more disgusting. Gulliver’s Travels. Voyage to Laputa.

female character, in England, had then a majestic impress stamped upon it; but it wanted the more becoming loveliness which adorns it in the present day.

In this era, the fine arts, such as painting and sculpture, made little progress, and Inigo Jones was the only architect of genius which the times produced.\* Poetry, philosophy, and theology were the departments which flourished most. In the former, a set of spirits appeared such as scarcely ever graced any nation. In the second, Bacon displayed that wonderful comprehensiveness—that acuteness of moral perception, and that profound knowledge of the human mind, which sets him at the head of ethic philosophers. In the third, Cranmer, Lee, Gardiner, and Pole, distinguished themselves with high reputation. The times, indeed, were highly favourable to this study. Emancipated from the thralldom of Popery, the divines had full leisure to explore the doctrines of the reformers, and to embody in systems the principles of a purer religion. In historical writing, Stow, Hollingshed, Cooper, and Camden, acquired just and distinguished applause. In Scotland, too, the human mind had made rapid strides. Knox set his fiery and intrepid genius to the reformation of the Church. Drummond, of Hawthornden, distinguished himself as a poet—and Buchanan exhibited a purity of style, and an elegance of thinking, worthy of a better age.

The first English poet of eminence, during this period, was Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, ancestor of Charles Sackville, the patron of poetry, in the reign of Charles II. He is, in some measure, the founder of the British stage, for his tragedy, 'Ferrex and Porrex,' is the first English production which deserves the name. It was produced in 1561, three years before the birth of Shakespeare. 'The Induction, or Mirror for Magistrates,' is another of his poems, and whoever peruses it must be convinced, that to it Spenser is indebted for many of the ideas contained in the 'Faery Queene.' It is surprising how little this performance is known, even by those who are supposed to be well versed in our older writers. Though full of the vices of the age, it abounds in passages of singular beauty; and the language for the period is remarkably simple, and easily understood. He was not the only person of rank who cultivated the Muses. Howard, Earl of Surrey, composed, in a style of graceful ease and elegance, worthy of Waller or Addison. Sir Phillip Sidney,† wrote many verses in a style of purity, which would have been admired, even in the reign of Anne. Sir Walter Raleigh,‡ during his confinement, composed his history of the world. His poems have all the elegance, ease, and sweetness of a courtier, and an accomplished scholar. The 'Farewell,' said to have been written the night before his execution, for depth of moral feeling is worthy of Byron himself. 'His Vision upon the Faery Queene,' is not unworthy of Spenser; and his song, 'Shall I like a

man in the Tower of St. Paul's Cathedral—since burnt. Request by Sir John Manners, knight, called, in common language, the most accomplished knight of modern times, was slain at Zutphen, in 1586. When they were carrying him off the field, mortally wounded, he asked for water to allay his unquenchable thirst. As he was putting the drink to his mouth, he saw a soldier lying dreadfully wounded, and eyeing it with the most wishful looks. Before tasting, he withdrew the vessel from his lips, and gave it to the soldier, saying, 'Your need is greater than mine.' In consequence of recent researches we find Sir Walter Raleigh was only the author of compiler of said history. Vol. I. page 407.



*Hermit dwell?* might have been written by Thomas Moore. No one would suppose it to belong to the age of Elizabeth.

There is such a crowd of writers belonging to this splendid era, that we have scarcely room, even to mention their names. Shakespeare, Spenser, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Marlow, Massinger, &c. appeared at one time, and devoted their mighty talents principally to the drama. Even Spenser is said to have written several comedies. As Sophocles, Eschylus, and Euripides, founded and perfected, in one age, the Grecian drama; so, in one age, these writers are the founders and perfecters of the English. Of Shakespeare, it is unnecessary to speak. With a neglect, or perhaps an ignorance of the dramatic writers, he reared works destined for immortality—works which future ages may try to equal, but can never surpass. Ben Jonson possessed a fund of original humour, but there is a grossness in his sentiments, (which has consigned almost all his plays to oblivion,) without any of that redeeming delicacy and purity, which Shakespeare, in the midst of all his rudeness, is ever shedding forth. If he had lived in Anne's reign, his asperities would have been smoothed off, and he would have shone as a truly great dramatic writer. 'Every Man in his Humour', and the 'Alchymist', are perhaps the best of his works.\*

Fletcher and Beaumont composed together, and by their joint efforts produced many plays of great excellence. Massinger,† a man of powerful imagination, depicted human nature with uncommon force. 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' is written by him. Marlow is the author of the 'Jew of Malta,' a play to which Shakespeare was afterwards indebted, in framing the 'Merchant of Venice.'

Sir Thomas More was an elegant poet and historian. Drayton, the poet laureat, distinguished himself in various pieces. We have had occasion to peruse his poem, entitled the 'Baron's Wars,' and, though full of quaintness, we question if any poet of the present day could surpass it, in copiousness of language, luxuriance of imagery, or strength of description. In this place, we would favour our readers with some extracts, but we defer these till another opportunity, when we mean to introduce to their acquaintance, a few of these beautiful, but neglected old poets.

Music, in this age, made little progress, for, when cultivated as a science, it is the last which reaches perfection; and as it reaches that perfection in the decline of society, it could not be supposed to prevail, when society was as yet in its infancy. Poetry is the first art which, in any country, is perfected—Music the last. When Music reaches perfection, poetry declines. These are the surest criteria of the strength or decay of a nation. A country may be for ages without poetry, and yet be in its prime; but when such poetry as it has, becomes, in the course of years, gradually weaker and weaker; and when music is pushed to an excess of refinement, we may predict that the nation is in its wane. This subject, however, would require an article of itself; and for the present, we shall not enter upon it.

Jonson had a good deal of the bear in his composition. He was a man of great personal courage; and, when in the army, gained signal applause by a single combat, in which he slew one of the enemy. He is said to have killed Marlow, the poet, but whether in a duel or drunken squabble, we are not certain.

† Massinger died fourteen years after Fletcher, and was buried in the same grave.

## ROSINE.

COPIED FROM AN AMERICAN PUBLICATION.

By foreign hands, thy dying eyes were clos'd,  
 By foreign hands, thy decent limbs compos'd;  
 By foreign hands, thy humble grave adorn'd,  
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.

Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,  
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast;  
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
 There, the first roses of the year shall blow,  
 While Angels, with their silver wings o'ershade  
 The ground, now sacred with thy relics made.—POPE.

ROSINE, one morning declined the offer of her sister, Sophie, to accompany her in her walk: she wished to think alone, and she hurried on to get quite away by herself; she soon found that she was nearly at the summit of the verdant mountain which rose above her father's dwelling. The parsonage to Rossiniere was a large cottage, at a little distance from the village; immediately behind it, rose a hill covered with the greenest verdure: two chalets, shaded by pines and birch trees, stood on the side of the hill; and beyond it, grey sterile rocks, spotted in some places, with patches of snow, shot up their spiral summits into the sky: these mountains were usually wreathed with clouds, but, in the rainy seasons, even the green hill above the parsonage was often half veiled in floating mists. Rosine sat down on the fresh fine turf; her mind was busy with the schemes which had that morning been half-formed; and she thought, that she might be no longer a burthen to her dear father, had given a sort of tumultuous joy to her feelings, which she had not yet examined. Though a thousand suggestions had presented themselves to her mind, as she ascended the hill, she had put them all off, saying to herself, 'When I reach a place where I can think, without being disturbed, I shall be able to determine.' Ah! she exclaimed, as she looked around, 'I am come to the very worst place; for every thing here presses round my heart, and endued with some charm, by so many endearing associations. This glorious view of my own dear Switzerland! these rocks! and this emerald verdure! that waterfall like sparkling silver, with its soft-melting rainbow! the air, which seems to inspire health and hilarity! the very flowers,' she added, sprinkling her lips with the dew which glistened in the azure chalice of a gentian she had just gathered; 'every thing whispers—nay, every thing speaks aloud, of home, and of my country. O, how very foolish I was to fix upon this spot! To be sure I have always come here to think and meditate before—but never to think of leaving my own country. Perhaps I am wrong though, perhaps I am come to the very best place, since I remember, that the Tempter led our Saviour to an exceeding high mountain; yes, and with the power that Saviour, (who has been tempted, in all things like unto me,) will give me, I may be able to resist this temptation—this great temptation,' she said as her eye rested on the light volumes of smoke, curling and dispersing above the trees, surrounding her own cottage. Rosine knelt down, and turning her face meekly towards heaven, she prayed earnestly for strength; at first a few tears dimmed her eyes,

but she rose composed and prepared. Whenever she afterwards felt inclined to give way, she immediately prayed for support, and her prayers were never disregarded. 'What makes my father look so grave this morning?' whispered one of the young children to his mother, as they were at breakfast the next day. 'Why are you so grave my love?' said Madame St. Alme. 'Rosine is the cause,' answered her husband. 'Have you displeased your father, Rosine?' Rosine did not speak, but held down her head, and blushed deeply. 'She has not displeased me,' said her father. 'She has made me feel happy in the possession of such a daughter; but she has grieved me too, for she wishes to leave us, and accompany M. de Mercie to England, that she may become a governess there.' 'Come to me, my own best child,' said Madame St. Alme, 'how can I part with you?' Rosine flung herself on her mother's bosom. 'How can we all part with you?' she added, as the rest of the children pressed around their mother and sister. Rosine looked up into her mother's face, and said, 'I am the eldest, dearest mother, and there are so many of these dear brothers and sisters—so many to increase the expenses of my father; you have both educated me with such care, that, I think, I could teach; and you know, I have been accustomed to do so at home. If you can trust me, she said, doubtfully, 'so far from you, perhaps I may be able to contribute to the support of these dear children.'

M. St. Alme was pastor of the village of Rossiniere, which is situated deep in the recesses of the mountains to the east of Lausanne. Rossiniere is one of those spots where the primitive simplicity and hospitality of the Swiss have remained still uncorrupted; the inhabitants still welcome, with delight, the stranger to their cheerful hearths, and decidedly refuse to be paid for the accommodation they afford. The parsonage of Rossiniere had, for some centuries, belonged to the St. Alme family, who had long held nearly the first place in the heart of every inhabitant of the village: the pastor had, time immemorial, been looked up to as the friend, and had been the consoler, under all their afflictions, of his grateful villagers. Strangers might have talked of the ancient family of St. Alme, but those who knew them talked only of their benevolence and piety.

The time drew near for Rosine's departure, and poor Rosine thought the time flew very swiftly: during the last week of her stay, another temptation nearly shook her resolution. She had felt a slight preference, to which she never allowed herself to give way, for her cousin, a young officer in the Prussian service, who had lately been residing with his mother at Rossiniere. When her intention to leave Switzerland was declared, he discovered that he was deeply attached to her, and he was unable to conceal his affection. Adrien had no fortune, and could offer her no inducement to remain; but, as he parted from her, he could not resist declaring his sentiments. Rosine promised she would not forget him, and her manner proved that she could not.

The dreadful parting was over: without the power to weep, Rosine gazed at her family, till she could see them no longer: she sat lost in agonizing thought, till at last the one chord of her heart was touched, and a gushing flood of tears relieved her.

As they passed a wood of beech trees, at a small distance from Rossiniere, Adrien sprang forward, waved his hat to her, and vanished instantly among the trees. He had waited there to see Rosine for the last time, and her sad smile was never forgotten by him.

Rosine could not be insensible to the kindness of M. de Mercie, who was the very person best calculated to soothe her. He had also left Switzerland when young; and had been, during the chief part of his life, the minister of a Protestant Church, in London. He was now leaving his country, he had every reason to believe, for the last time, for he was very old. He came over from England to bid adieu to his relations, and was now returning to die there.

During their journey, Rosine saw much to gratify her curiosity; but little to astonish her, till she was standing on the deck of the vessel which conveyed her to England. 'This said she to her venerable companion, this wonderful ocean can be compared to our mountains. Here is one of the Creator's works unpolliuted. These vast waters roll on, as they did when God first divided them: man is ever taught here his own insignificance. Yes, Rosine,' said the old clergyman, 'and the dignity, the great value of his soul, is ever declared to him here; for this mighty ocean will pass away into nothing, while the invisible soul must live for ever. God seems to have ordained, that some of the creations of his hand shall be, as it were, for a season, images of his power;—the ocean, the loftiest mountains, may be compared to death; they are not to be subdued by man, but they will be all finally swallowed up, while the soul can never die. O! if persons who trifle with their souls, would remember, that the invisible spirit, which they neglected as of no value, is superior to every visible object; that the heavens and the earth must be consumed, but that there is a day of judgment—no day of annihilation—for the soul!

M. de Mercie had written to inquire for some situation which might suit Rosine, and on her arrival, she proceeded immediately to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, who resided on their own estate, near the western coast of Sussex. They were delighted with her gentleness and simplicity, and even with the melancholy which would sometimes betray itself, as they observed she was assiduous in her efforts to become cheerful. She was happy for she recollected a conversation which had passed between herself and M. de Mercie; he told her, that when he first left his own country, he was very wretched; that he gave way to his feelings, and after remaining a short time in England, returned to Switzerland; but, he added, 'I was unhappy there, for my conscience continually reminded me that I was neglecting my duty, and refusing opportunities of being useful to my family; this remembrance embittered every pleasure. I went again to England, and, in all the sadness I have felt since, she delighted assurance that I was doing my duty has consoled me.' Rosine was very successful in her exertions; she won the love and respect of all who knew her: with her little pupils, she had the greatest influence; and by the patience and the proved sweetness of her temper, she rendered them daily more amiable and obedient. With one of them, however, she wrought little apparent change: this girl had a violent temper, and Rosine found that often when she had begun to hope that Miranda had obtained some command over herself, she broke forth again into fits of passion more violent than before; she would not hear to be jested with, and she continually found something to irritate her, when the offending person was totally unconscious of having offered an offence; never but once had she been angry with Rosine, and then she struck her.

To be Continued.



# EXTENT OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

Dr. W. L. has a very interesting paper in the volume of the Philosophical Transactions, just published, *On the Finite Extent of the Atmosphere*. From the law of the atmosphere's elasticity, which prevails within certain limits, we know its degrees of rarity corresponding to different elevations above the surface of the earth, and may infer that it extends to the height of 40 miles, with properties yet unimpaired by extreme rarefaction. Beyond this limit we are left to conjectures founded on the supposed divisibility of matter; and if this be infinite, so also must be the extent of our atmosphere. But if it consist of ultimate particles, of limited divisibility, then the expansion of the medium composed of them must cease at that place where the force of gravity downwards, on a single particle, is equal to the resistance arising from the repulsive force of the medium. On the latter idea, our atmosphere may be conceived to be of finite extent, and peculiar to the earth; but on the hypothesis of unlimited expansion, the same kind of matter must permeate all space, and must be condensed around the several planets in degrees proportionate to their respective attractions. Now, if astronomical investigation be capable of showing that there is a deficiency of atmospheric matter surrounding other planetary bodies, since the law of definite proportions, discovered by chemists, is the same for all kinds of matter—solid, fluid, or elastic, we may infer that all other bodies are similarly constituted, and that the equivalent quantities, which we have learned to appreciate by proportionate numbers, do really express the relative weights of elementary atoms.

We cannot expect to discover any atmosphere round the Moon, supposing her to possess one of infinite divisibility, since its density at her surface could only be equal to that of our atmosphere at the height where the Earth's attraction is equal to that of the Moon at her surface, of 5000 miles—where she would have no perceptible atmosphere. But the Sun's power at the distance of 95 millions of miles, at which his force is equal to that of gravity at the surface of the earth, would be sufficient to accumulate (from an infinitely divisible medium) an atmosphere fully equal in density to our own; and consequently producing a refraction of more than one degree in the passage of rays obliquely through it. Now if the mass of the Sun be taken at 330,000 times that of the Earth, the distance at which his force is equal to gravity at the surface of the Earth, will be about 575 times the Earth's radius, or 2,275,850 miles; or at the apparent distance of  $1^{\circ} 21' 28''$  from the Sun's centre.

Several observations were taken by Captain Kater and Dr. Walliston, on the passage of Venus near the Sun, in the month of May last, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any appearance of a solar atmosphere could be observed within the specific distance above estimated; the results of which were, that the difference between the observed, and the calculated places of the planet, were not such as to indicate any perceptible refraction.

From the observations of Capt. K. no retardation in the motion of Venus could be perceived in her progress towards the Sun, and would occur from increasing refraction; and by comparison of her motion in the interval between his last observation and Dr. W.'s, with her change of place for the same interval, given in the Nautical Almanack, there seems no ground to suppose

that her apparent position had been in the least affected by refraction through a solar atmosphere, although the distance, at the time of Capt. K.'s last observation, was but  $65^{\circ} 50'$  from the Sun's centre, and at the time of Dr. W.'s only  $53^{\circ} 15'$ .

M. Vidal, of Montpellier, also observed Venus at a still smaller distance from the Sun's centre, in May, 1805, viz. about  $46^{\circ}$  of space; which also accorded with her calculated place.

Observations made on the occultations of Jupiter's satellites by the body of the planet, prove that their approach, instead of being retarded by refraction, is regular, till they appear in actual contact; showing that there is not that extent of atmosphere which Jupiter should attract to himself from an infinitely divisible medium filling all space. Jupiter's mass is about 309 times that of the Earth, and the distance at which his attraction is equal to gravity must be about 17.6 times the Earth's radius, 696,608 miles; and the apparent distance from his centre, at which an atmosphere equal to that of the Earth should occasion a refraction of more than one degree, would be 1.6 his own radius. This would subtend an angle to the fourth satellite of  $3^{\circ} 37'$ ; so that an increase of density, to three times and a half that of our common atmosphere, would be more than sufficient to render the fourth satellite visible to us, when behind the centre of the planet, and consequently make it appear on all sides at the same time.

Though, with respect to the solar atmosphere, some doubt might be entertained from the possible effects of heat, which cannot be appreciated, no error from that source can be apprehended with regard to Jupiter; and as this planet certainly has not its due share of an infinitely divisible atmosphere, the universal prevalence of such a medium cannot be maintained: while, on the contrary, all the phenomena accord entirely with the supposition, that the Earth's atmosphere is of finite extent, limited by the weight of ultimate atoms of definite magnitude, no longer divisible by repulsion of their parts.

We need not point out to our chemical readers, the importance of the masterly paper of which we have given the preceding brief abstract. The establishment of the theory of definite proportions is the greatest step towards perfection that chemistry has made since it became intitled to the rank of a science. The constancy of the relations which the weights of elementary substances bear to each other in combination, and the unvarying simplicity of the ratio which prevails when the same elements combine in more than one proportion, can only be referred to the union of ultimate atoms, incapable of further division; and this confirmation of the necessary existence of such atoms removes the only serious difficulty which the theory had to contend against. It is a property of great intellectual power to prove the accuracy of deductions derived from one source, by inferences drawn from another of an apparently different nature, as Dr. W. has done in the present instance, by calling in the assistance of astronomical investigation to confirm the deductions derived from chemical experiment.

## REMARKS ON THE THEATRE, CIRCUS, &amp;c.

WHAT is the reason every individual inquires, that theatrical performances are so little encouraged in Glasgow, when so many individuals enact the part of critics, and set themselves up as censors of authors, as well as actors? positively this question cannot be easily answered. Some lay the blame on the managers of companies, for not paying attention to the selection of their performers. Managers are blamed, by some, for the want of spirit—others say, that managers trusting to the ignorance of Glasgow folks, in matters connected with the stage, strive to take the advantage of our inexperience, and think that, if a *dramatis persone* be filled up, it matters not by whom. This is not doing fairly by the managers, who have, from time to time, endeavoured to amuse our denizens. Many of our townsmen know, that several very respectable individuals have been ruined by their attempts to please. We would quote Mr. Beaumont, who, in our own time, brought a company to Glasgow, that any of the London theatres might have been proud to hear. Bartley and Trueman had a very good company, so had Montgomery and Lacy, yet how did they succeed? We believe that all of them were ruined. We need not, therefore, wonder if our Theatre now seldom boasts of a good company, as no good performers are anxious to pay it a visit. The public, therefore, unfairly, in the present day, lay all the blame on the inefficiency of actors, and say, they are justified in not supporting a company of worse than spouters, when it is well known, that though every individual in a company was a Roscius, the said company would not be supported throughout a season. In a late critique that appeared in your *Melange*, the writer throws the blame entirely off the public, and appeals to the encouragement given to Mackay and Calcraft, of the Edinburgh company. Now will any man say, who is possessed of critical acumen, that the above named gentlemen are fine performers; we think not. We have the highest respect for both the one and the other. Mackay, as the Bailie, may do better than any man on the stage. Calcraft, as Monsieur Morbleu, may act wonderfully; but all this is not enough to stamp them as good actors. Bartley, Holman, Montgomery, Hook, Beaumont, Betterton, Wilkinson, and many others, were as much superior to the Edinburgh heroes, as the sun is to the moon in point of splendour. We do allow that our boards have been shockingly profaned by mouthers, particularly since the time Mason had the management; but the fault, we are inclined to think, lies with the public, not the performers.

Mr. Kinloch has done much for the amusement of our townsmen, we would wish to see him adequately rewarded. We speak from what we have seen, 'The Sisters,' 'Silver Mine,' 'Tom and Jerry,' 'Meg Murnoch,' a Harlequinade, 'The Bears,' 'Mine of Rubies,' and some others, have all been brought forward in a very short period. We fear all will not do to rouse the public from the apathy they feel to dramatic representation. How do they spend their evenings? strangers inquire. Card and toddy parties occupy all the spare time, is the general answer. We have no wish to constrain gentlemen in the choice of their amusements; but we cannot say much for the general taste.

We were highly entertained in the Circus, on Wednesday evening; the Harlequinade is very amusing. Makeen and Edwards kept the house in a perpetual roar of laughter and wonder, at the agility they displayed, and the

extravaganzas they exhibited. 'Meg Murnoch' was the star that attracted our attention that night to the House; as we thought we would have an opportunity of witnessing Mrs. Makeen's talents displayed to perfection. We were a good deal dissatisfied, as she has few opportunities in the piece, for displaying her oratorical talents, but sufficient scope is given to her powers in her pantomimic exhibition, and we have no hesitation in saying that she performs admirably. She endeavours too much at effect in her speaking, which sometimes spoils the force of her sentences. Her voice is frequently overstrained; but this, by a little attention, might be easily remedied. We have liked Darnley better, but still he does not fail to interest. Kinkoch and Makeen, as Fitzarran and Vich Ivor, both strike, the one as a villain, the other as a person suspected of designs which his soul abhors. The piece upon the whole, interested us deeply; but we could not help observing, that the author was indebted to Macbeth and other plays for many of his best hints. We will conclude our remarks on this piece with sketching the fable.

Walter, Lord of Fainlagan, (Darnley) an ambitious and unprincipled man, wishes to deprive Malcolm, (Miss Darnley) brother to Lady Biortha, (Miss Newcombe) of his life, that his own son, Fitzarran, (Kinkoch) may inherit his estates. The piece introduces us to the cottage of Duncan Graham, (Edwards) where Fitzarran, and some of his followers are benighted. Andrew, Duncan's son (Hart) is heard entertaining the group, with an account of the witch Meg Murnoch's wonder-working powers. When the wonder of his auditors is at the height, Meg, (Mrs. Makeen) suddenly makes her appearance, and informs them, that Malcolm dies that night for Fitzarran. This so affects Duncan, that he exacts a promise from Fitzarran and his followers, that they will not leave his cottage for the night. This they readily give, and he leaves the cottage for the dwelling of Lady Biortha, to inform her of the danger that menaced her brother. Some of the followers of Fitzarran, who had gone in pursuit of Meg, now return, after a fruitless search. Fitzarran, in order to beguile the time, resolves to set out to seek her alone, as he is much agitated by the mystic insinuation of the witch. In a glen, the name of which we forget, he meets the object of his search, who conjures him to go back, and not seek an explanation which can only make him miserable. This he refuses—a storm is heard—she then compels him to go aside, and he discovers that Meg is in league with banditti Vich Ivor and Evan, who, along with Walter, are here introduced. Fitzarran, from his retreat, discovers his father's villainy, and flies to the castle to endeavour to frustrate his designs. A banquet or revel is that night held, at the castle. By desire of Walter, the wine is drugged, in order to facilitate his intentions. Vich Ivor, (Makeen) and his companion, (Fergusson) are introduced to the chamber where Malcolm is to sleep; this is a very interesting scene, Vich Ivor seizes the child, and is giving him to his confederate, when Meg again appears. As all is dark, she receives the child instead of Evan Dhu, and effects her escape. An alarm is given; a pursuit commences; Vich Ivor overtakes Meg; a grand combat ensues, in which Meg is the victor. Several situations occur, in which Walter and Meg are placed. The life of the child is saved through her agency; and Walter's plans rendered abortive. The story is defective. We never learn who Meg is; however, it is well suited for Stage effect; and Meg's appearance is terrific, in the extreme. It is well worth going to see. The audience seemed to relish it highly.

# REVIEW.

*The Loves of the Angels, a Poem.* By THOMAS MOORE. 8vo. Bel  
Longman & Co. 1823.—*Concluded.*

Now hear the rest, says Mr. M.—No, we are ready to exclaim, we need not. Who does not divine the rest? Nor should it be a theme for wonder, if vulgar and gross fancies present themselves to us; for, thus far, the incidents, however decked out by the skill of the poet, are gross and ordinary, and more befitting the enterprise of some gay adventurer, against the virtue of a mere Grisette, than the passion of a truant inhabitant of Heaven. We seek not here degrading thoughts; they force themselves on us by associations for which Mr. M. is accountable; and we will venture to affirm, that many a one of the *faciles Napées* that are peeping forth from the alleys of Dorch Lane, on the tip-toe of expectation for the new work of their favourite poet, will be ready, when she comes to this passage, to exclaim with the *Lady Lucrèce's* maid—It is just the way in which I was caught myself. But no! It is not! Mr. M. has fairly taken us in, and at the very moment when we are ready to pronounce a heavy censure on him, surprises us with an incident, as beautiful as it is new and original, which amply redeems every thing.

Now hear the rest—our banquet done,  
I sought her in the accustom'd bower,  
Where late we bled, when day was gone,  
And the world hush'd, had met alone,  
At the same silent, moonlight hour.  
I found her—O, so beautiful!  
Why, why have hapless Angels eyes?  
Or why are there not flowers to cull,  
As fair as Woman in yon skies?  
Still did her brow, as usual, turn  
To her lov'd star, which seem'd to burn  
Below than ever on that night;  
While mine, as looking grew more bright,  
As though that planet were an urn  
From which her eyes drank liquid light.

O, but to see that head recline  
A minute on this trembling arm,  
And those mild eyes look up to mine  
Without a dread, a thought of harm!  
To meet but once the thrilling touch  
Of lips that are too fond to tear me—  
Or, if that boon be all too much,  
Ev'n thus to bring their fragrance near  
and meet—  
Nay shrink not so, a look—a word—  
Give them but kindly, and I fly;  
Already see, my plumes have stirr'd,  
And tremble for their home on high,  
Thus by our parting—cheek to cheek—  
One minute's lapse will be forgiven,  
And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak  
The spell that plumes my wing for  
Heaven.

While thus I spoke, the fearful sound  
Of me, and of herself afraid,  
Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath  
The scorching of the south-wind's blast;  
But when I nam'd—also, too well  
I now recall, though wilder'd then—  
Instantly, when I nam'd the spell,  
Her brow, her eyes uprose again,  
And, with an eagerness that spoke  
The sudden light that was her broke,  
The spell, she said—O, speed to help  
And I will bless thee! she exclaimed  
Unknowing what I did, I said  
And lost already, on her brow  
I stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd  
The mystic word, till then never told  
To living creature of earth's mould  
Scarce was it said, when quick as thought  
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught  
The holy sound—her hands and eyes  
Were instant lifted to the skies  
And thrice to heaven she spoke it out  
With that triumphant look (which words)  
When not a cloud of fear or doubt  
A vapour from this vale of tears,  
Between her and her God appears!  
That very moment her whole frame  
All bright and glorified became,  
And at her back I saw enclose  
Two wings, magnificent as those  
That sparkle round the Eternal Throne,  
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose  
Above me, in the moon-beam shone  
With a pure light, which—from its hue,

Unknown upon this earth—I knew—  
Was light from Eden, glistering through!  
Most holy vision! ne'er before  
Did aught so radiant—since the day!  
When Lucifer, in falling bore  
The third of the bright stars away—  
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair  
That loss of light and glory there!

The Angel himself essays the spell,  
purposing to follow her: but for him  
it is now powerless:—

There seem'd around me some dark chain  
Which still, as I essay'd to soar,  
Baffled, alas, each wild endeavour:  
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain  
Since that sad hour, and will remain—  
So wills the offended God—for ever!

The second Angel, one of the  
Cherubim, or Spirits of Knowledge,  
owes his fall to

The wish to know—that endless thirst  
Which even by quenching is awaked,  
And which becomes or blest or curst,  
As is the fount whereat 'tis slak'd.

Before he commences his narrative,  
he expatiates on his speculation at  
length, in a manner sufficiently char-  
acteristic, except that once the poet  
forgets himself, and speaks plainly in  
the person of that youth of many loves,  
Master Thomas Little, plainly un-  
mindful of the Angel:—

Nor did the marvel cease with her—

New Eves in all her daughters came,  
As strong to charm, as weak to err,  
As sure of man through praise and blame,  
Whate'er they brought him, pride or  
shame,

Their still unreasoning worshipper—

And, whereso'er they smil'd, the same  
Enchantresses of soul and frame,  
Into whose hands, from first to last,  
This world with all its destinies,  
Devotedly by heaven seems to cast,  
To save or damn it, as they please!

And we must confess that the cu-  
riosity depicted in the following pas-  
sage, seems to partake somewhat of  
the nature of that of the damsel (Cry-  
stallina, we think) in the Tale of the  
Four Facardins:—

O, tis not to be told how long,  
How restlessly I sigh'd to find,

Some one from out that shining throng  
Some abstract of chaste form, and sound  
Of the whole matchless sex, from which  
In my own arms beheld, possess,  
I might learn all the powers to witch,  
To warm, and (if my fate unblest  
Would have it) ruin, of the rest!  
Into whose inward soul and sense  
I might descend, as doth the bee  
Into the flower's deep heart, and thence  
Rise, in all its purity,  
The prime, the quintessence, the whole  
Of wondrous Woman's shape and soul!

At length his prayer is heard:—

There was a maid, of all who move  
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit  
To be a bright young angel's love,  
Herself so bright, so exquisite—  
The pride too, of her sex, was light—  
Along the unconscious earth she went  
Seem'd that of one born with a right  
To walk some heavenlier element,  
And tread in places where her feet  
A star at every step should meet.  
'Twas not alone that loveliness,

By which the wilder'd sense is caught—  
Of lips, whose very breath could bliss—  
Of playful blushes that seem'd sought  
But luminous escapes of thought—  
Of eyes that, when by anger stir'd,  
Were fire itself, but at a word  
Of tenderness, all soft became  
As though they could, like the sun's bird,  
Dissolve away in their own flame.

The Angel works on the imagina-  
tion of this young creature, in her  
dreams:—

It was in dreams that first I stole—  
With gentle mastery o'er her mind—  
In that rich twilight of the soul,  
When Reason's beam, half hid behind  
The clouds of sense, obscurely gilds—  
Each shadowy shape that Fancy builds—  
'Twas then, by that soft light, I brought  
Vague, glimmering visions to her view—  
Catches of radiance, lost when caught,  
Bright labyrinth's that led to nought,  
And vista's, with a void seen through—  
Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,  
Then clos'd; dissolv'd; and left of late,  
All that, in short, could tempt ~~her~~ <sup>me</sup> to

But give her wing no resting place;  
Myself the while, with brow, as yet  
Pure as the young moon's coronet,  
Through every dream, still in her sight,  
The enchanter of each mocking scene,  
Who gave the hope then brought the blight

Who said, 'Behold you world of light,  
Then sudden dropt a veil between?  
His seductive arts succeed :—  
And proud she was, bright creature, proud,  
Beyond what even most gently stirs  
In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd  
That beauteous young brow of hers  
To aught beneath the First above,  
So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

Her thirst for knowledge is gratified  
by a display of the wealth of nature.  
But she aspires to higher mysteries—  
and, having at length in a dream seen  
her Cherub bright in the glories in  
which he had been wont to stand to  
adore in heaven, and radiant with wings  
of fire. She is seized by the wish, by  
which, in the heathen mythology, Juno  
procures the destruction of her rival,  
Semele :—

'Let me this once but feel the flame  
Of those spread wings, the very pride  
Will change my nature, and this frame  
By the mere touch be deified!'

The Cherub has some 'dark mis-  
givings'; he cannot refuse to comply  
with her request, and she is burnt to  
ashes in his arms. The relation of  
this incident has many striking beau-  
ties; and we should have cited the pas-  
sage, but that the incommunicable  
name is repeated, (as indeed it is too  
often elsewhere in the poem,) with a  
freedom which we cannot but disap-  
prove. But her death is not all :—  
Just when her eyes, in fading, took  
—Their last, keen, agonized farewell,  
And look'd in mine with—O, that look!  
—Avenging Power! what'er the hell  
Thou may'st to human souls assign,  
The memory of that look is mine!—  
In her last struggle, on my brow  
Her airy lips a kiss impress

Our readers will now be able to form a competent idea of the nature of this  
poem. The style of Mr. M. is so well-known, and has so often been discus-  
sed, that we may well spare ourselves and our readers all remark on it here,  
beyond this, that the present poem has all the cloying sweetness of Lalla  
Rookh; but with less of flowery and meretricious ornament.

\* We cannot help remarking the anxiety that some critics have to detect plagiarism.  
Moore, we believe, never read the *Melange*. Compare the passage marked with this :

*Song—Melange, No. 19,*

My heart's like

A fiddle without e'er a string;

A bird that's depriv'd of a wing.

So much for the sapience and wit of critics.

So wishing!—I feel it now—  
'Twas fire—but fire, even more unpleasant  
Than was my own, and like that flame,  
The Angels shudder but to name,  
Hell's everlasting element!

Deep, deep it pierc'd into my brain,  
Madd'ning and torturing as it went.  
And here—see here, the mark, shewn  
It left upon my front—burnt in  
By that last kiss of love and sin—  
A brand, which even the wreathed pride  
Of these bright curls, still forc'd aside  
By its foul contact cannot hide!

The third Angel whose name is  
recorded, is a Seraph, one of those  
that stand first and immediate round  
the throne—Angels of Love, who fell  
'from loving much, to loving wrong.'

We shall conclude our extracts with  
the song of Naina, calling Zaraph, the  
Angel, to their wonted supplication :

'Come pray with me, my Seraph love,  
My angel-lord, come pray with me  
In vain to night my lip hath strove  
To send one holy prayer above  
The knee may bend, the lip may move,  
But pray I cannot, without thee!

I've fed the altar in my bower,  
With droppings from the incense tree;  
I've shelter'd it from wind and shower,  
But dim it burns the livelong day.  
As if, like me, it had no power  
Of life or lustre, without thee!

A boat at midnight seen alone,  
To drift upon the moonless sea;  
A lute, whose leading chord is gone,  
A wounded bird, that hath but one  
Imperfect wing to soar upon,  
Are like what I am, without thee!  
Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,  
In life or death, thyself from me;  
But when again, in suppy pride,  
Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,  
A prostrate shadow, by thy side—  
O happier thus than without thee!

## POETRY.

## ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON,

*A youth of promising talents.*

O hope, how pleasing are thy smiles!  
 How sweet to mortals even thy wiles!  
 How Eden-like, in charms refin'd,  
 Thou paints thy prospects to the mind,  
 In rasy pleasure's freshest bloom,  
 And more than Araby's perfume,  
 To gust the bliss of coming years;  
 Till fate with adverse front appeard,  
 And blasts our airy dreams of joy.  
 O cruel death—O lovely boy,  
 Our hopes in thee are all exil'd  
 For ever from life's thorny wild;  
 They in thy dying met their death,  
 And fled with thy departing breath.  
 Mild were thy looks, thy form was fair;  
 But fell disease lay nestling there,  
 And wax'd and overspread thy frame,  
 Until it nipt thy vital flame,  
 And prostrate laid thy mortal powers,  
 And tore this gem of joy from ours.  
 Too tender for this mortal soil,  
 Thou only staid to charm a while,  
 Then soar'd to a serenest sky,  
 Where no celestial inmates die;  
 And left us here, at sorrow's shrine,  
 To wail our fates, and envy thine.  
 But Heaven is just, O why repine!  
 Blis'd reason oft attempts to scale  
 The woodrout ways of God to men,  
 Until, entangled in the maze  
 Of winding paths and devious ways,  
 It rebel turns, and proud arraigns  
 The justice of the God who reigns;  
 And by his works asserts his might,  
 Through earth's alodes and fields of light.  
 In all thy ways, be this our trust,  
 That thou art good and also just.  
 Then shall we bend beneath the rod  
 Of seraphs' and of nature's God.  
 Adam, first born! no more shall pain  
 Acutely rack thy limbs again.  
 No more thy groans shall wound the ear,  
 No more extract the swelling tear  
 Of pity from the flowing eye,  
 Nor from the heaving breast the sigh.

For thou art laid in death's still words,  
 And not a breath pervades thy tomb.  
 Soft o'er the spot the breezes blow,  
 And give a deeper tone to woe:  
 But though no sound now thrills thine ear,  
 Aton heaven's trump shall shake the spheres;  
 The just shall soar to climes of truth,  
 In vigour of immortal youth,  
 And bask in the empyreal ray  
 Of unextinguishable day.  
 Where genial pleasures ever flow,  
 Free from the faintest shade of woe.  
 Woe only reigns where sins abound;  
 Sin ne'er in you shall be found:  
 Those spotless purity's the goal  
 That bounds the aims of every soul;  
 Nor shall abortive aims be known  
 'Mong spirits round the Eternel throne,  
 Who strike their harps to holy lays,  
 And ravish pour bright notes of praise,  
 While heaven's gold arch the strains resound,  
 Throughout Eternity's vast round.

AMICUS.

## SONG.

While heartfelt emotion smiles high in thy bosom,  
 While pity, soft pity, shines bright in thine eye,  
 While the rose on thy cheek continues to blossom,  
 While sympathy speaks in the breath of thy sigh,  
 How dearly I'll love thee!

When youth shall give place, and when time shall  
 have bleaded

The sweetness of youth with the tameness of youth,  
 When thy bright days of sunshine and youth shall  
 have ended,

When the bloom of the rose from thy cheek dis-  
 appears,

Still dearly I'll love thee!

When time shall have mark'd with his footsteps  
 thy brow,

And age shall have whiten'd thy dark-flowing hair;  
 How blest'd will I be if to me you allow

That blessing,—to make all thy comforts my care;

For still will I love thee.

REDNAXELA.

10th Dec. 1822.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Such pieces as the Reformed Rake and Procuree, are not suited for our pages. If the author would try in some other way we think he would succeed. A Connoscur is under consideration. Rum Toddy is our next. The Dream-by Aliqua will probably appear next week. Nemo's Song in our next. We do not think very favourably of his other production. St. D. is not forgot. Lament of David in number 4. Lines written in a lady's album soon. The rest of our poetical correspondents must pardon us for want of room for our silence. An Old Man's Tale is too uninteresting, so is Glander's piece: to both, we say brevity is the soul of wit. The corporation of a certain trade would be little honoured by the publishing of Baxter's Works. The author may have the vanity of Hudibras, whose name he adopts, but lacks the wit. He is much too sanguine. If Muscu will tell in what he imitates Moore and Byron, we will tell him a clever fellow. Byron has done for many rhymesters, what Keat has done for many epigrammatists, and made which every aspirant thinks he can imitate. Imitations are seldom good unless employed as satire.

The 1st and 4th Articles, as also the Poetry, of the present Number are Original.

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WEDNESDAY, 22d January, 1823.

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"SEXIA MIXTA JOCIB."

REMARKS ON THE POETRY OF BYRON AND MOORE,

BY A LIMMERFIELD WEAVER.

If I am called ill-natured, I am wronged.

BYRON and Moore have introduced to the poetical readers of this country a new species of poetry which, we conceive, to have little claim to the praise that is so lavishly bestowed on it. Our opinion may procure us many hard names; but we are willing to bear something, as we do not intend to depreciate the works of the above named gentlemen, by abusing their productions with unfounded assertions. We have read several of Byron's poems, and from what we have read, have come to the above conclusion with regard to him, for, in all we have read, we have marked a determined wish to intrude upon the world, the tortuous writhings of a sophisticated mind: now, what is there analogous between nature and sophistry—nature is truth, sophistry fallacy. The human mind may be wrought up to a degree of suffering by *hypochondrical* perversion. Whim and fancy united may embody images and ideas, which are only the offspring of a deluded imagination. By poring over disappointment, we may conjure up figures and fancies, that nature never intended to realize, and big with the unnatural burden, we may bring to the light things never dreamed of in philosophy; but all this is not genuine poetry; it may be very pretty, and, in certain minds, may awake a sympathy; but let the judgment be properly exercised, and we will be ashamed of the feelings excited, and blush to avow a kindred spirit. Comparisons are generally invidious, or we might ask, how is this flimsy stuff preferred to the strength and dignity of other living poets?—is the general taste degraded and sunk? or has it become, like the stomachs of *gourmands*, so vitiated and dulled, that nothing but kickshaws can excite *gout*? These remarks have been elicited from us, in consequence of a series of conversations held with a brother weaver, who performs his diurnal toil in the same four-loom shop with ourselves. He is, indeed, a singular being, as real a compound of absurdity and good sense, as ever pitched shuttle through warp. He maintains, that to write verses like Byron or Moore, it is, by no means necessary, to be born a poet; and is of the same opinion that Johnson was regarding Cherv Chase, viz. that such verses may be easily imitated.

The other morning when he went home to breakfast, his landlady had overheard herself. The morning was cold—the fire out—his dejected appearance threw him into a violent passion. He left the house uttering sounds not very delicate. When he came to the shop, we started his imitation. He told us the cause, and added, that Byron, in such a state of mind, would, no doubt, be very capable of setting his rhyming powers to work. Now, to prove that to rhyme in Byron's style is easy, I shall give you an imitation of his style. In about twenty minutes, he presented us with the following fragment, which we transcribe, hoping you will let the world have a chance of seeing it.

Mock at what's to come.

I'll twine the loveliest wreath for thee

That ever for'd one wore ;

I'll string the sweetest pearls for thee

To prove how I adore ;

I'll sing to thee the sweetest song,

That ever mortal knew ;

I'll do to thee the sweetest wrong,

And then I'll say adieu.

Thy wreath of grinning skulls shall be,

That show their gumless teeth ;

Thy pearls of wind-bleach'd bones shall be,

That wither on some heath ;

My song shall be of the loathsome grave,

To which thou art akin ;

The wrong I'll do will make thee brave

The world, and smile at sin.

And then the wine cup we will quaff,

And sneer at human woe ;

And at the breaking heart we'll laugh,

As through the world we go.

Then press thy lascious lips to mine,

For mine are parched and dry,

For O ! the bliss is great—divine

To learn young souls to sigh.

And cheerless make the bed of death,

And hopeless make the grave.

'So much,' said he, 'for a gloomy and evil association of ideas.' What man, not a fool or a villain, would have written such a piece? yes; how many of Byron's pieces are marked with a similar train of thoughts? many of them, you must allow, Mr. Editor, are much more dark than this of our friend; and many of them, no doubt, owe their existence to irritations, as trifling and ridiculous. Now, what excuse can a man have for such a display of enthusiasm? when it is only drawn forth by some trifling occurrence, and who, pray, will call such a production natural or poetical? Must the public be shocked by reading such base fulminations of a libertine spirit? because he pleases, forsooth, to be offended at his valet for not answering his bell in a morning; or because his tailor or boot-maker, made a pecuniary call, when he was short of cash; or in a fit of the spleen.

On a late morning our friend finished his webbed waist to the wardrobe, in the full expectation of getting another, and a guinea per annum. In consequence of a bankruptcy, our poor friend was thrown idle; and had not a penny to draw forth for futurity. He was also to see his girl that night, a circumstance which generally incurs a little expense by way of treat. Enraged at his disappointment, he sent a card, saying, the meeting must be postponed until another opportunity. I did what I could to console him, and introduced poetry, in order to give him a pretext for relieving his mind. 'Well,' says he, 'I will show you something Byronic just now, and in ten minutes, he produced the following lines to MARY:

Yes—Mary, true, we are but young  
In years—but we are old in pleasure,  
And though our death-knell may be rung  
To-morrow, we have had our measure  
Of all the joy's that life can give,  
Till we are sated with delight.  
Our every aim has been to live,  
For time is ever on the flight,  
But we a triumph now have bought;  
We've outstripped time by many a year,  
His far-behind; and we have sought  
For smiles, and seldom found a tear;  
But now our hearts are turning old,  
Our heads are young, our feelings cold,  
Life naked stripped, a vacuum seems,  
And we can only live in dreams.  
Yes—life is rest of every bliss,  
Thy lips seem tasteless, which to him,  
I, at another time, would give;  
To press them—half my hopes of heaven.  
Vain dreams, Ah me! let fools repine,  
No sigh shall e'er be heard of mine.  
When pleasure's cup is at the lip,  
Wise men drink deep—fools pause—and sip.

Now can such flimsy stuff be called poetry. No wonder that volume after volume emanate from the press. A little practice would enable a person to write a tolerable volume per week, which, if well sold, would bring a very comfortable sum. That such poetry is fashionable, we do not deny, and to the fashion it owes the wonderful run it certainly has had; but to say it would continue to be acknowledged the genuine poetry of Great Britain, would be to say, that genuine taste is gone for ever. Fashionable poetry is the shortest lived—some other empiric will step in, and pull the laurels from the brows of our two *ezotic* bards, and their volumes may moulder on the shelves, with volumes that are only known to be in existence, by the quantity of room they occupy in a library.

Campbell has been blamed, by Byron, for writing so little. His 'Pleasures of Hope,' in our opinion, have procured him name enough as a poet, and he was mad indeed to risk his well-earned fame by making an angel, a debauchee, or a devil, a sentimentalist. Are Byron's claims to immortality stronger, than when he finished the first canto of 'Childe Harold,' or Moore's, when he gave us 'Lallah Rookh'; we think not. Campbell gained no new laurels by 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' though it abounds with occasional beauties. He has

doubt, thinks his first great poem the child of his strength; and he is right in not saddling the world with offspring of a more puny and feeble sort, that, like a winter's sun, would only shine, as if it were, to make the night more dark and gloomy. 'Why is the world troubled,' said my friend to us one day, 'with the querulous murmurings of misanthropy and impotent sensuality? If I am quizzed for loving a woman who is not beautiful, or who falls short of the standard of another, how easily could I defend my taste Byronically.' He began writing, and, in a few minutes, handed us the following lines.

She has a snub nose, well, I love a snub nose—

No doubt there's something of the devil in't;

And, if occasion suited, I would drub those,

Who'd only dare to say, I evil meant,

I seek no honour, so the world may dub whose

Husband, it pleases cuckolds. I'm no flint,

But flesh and blood, mere, mortal by-the-by,

With a snub nose, I love a large blue eye.

For eyes are full of meaning; they affect

The opposite sex in half a hundred ways.

So sweetly ones heart's thoughts they can reflect.

I've been a slave to eyes one half my days,

The other half, I've little to expect,

For I am past enjoyment—so, my lays

Sacred shall be unto the joys I've tasted.

A Stanza now and then to those I've wasted.

We'll say no more of that. 'Tis sweet to hear,

At midnight on the dark and gloomy street,

The Charley's voice come stealing o'er the ear,

When staggering homeward; but 'tis much more sweet

To hear the girl we love, tell us we're dear;

Chased by a lion, sweet to use our feet;

Sweet to see cottage smoke on desert heath,

And sweet a rescue from the jaws of death.

'Now to prove that fustian of this sort can be composed at almost a horse trot,' continued my chum, 'I could give innumerable instances, one of which may be deemed *quantum suff.* Daniel O'Rourke, a poem of several cantos, appeared sometime ago in Blackwood's Magazine, and, as far as I am able to judge, contained as much intrinsic merit, whether of a poetical or descriptive sort, as either Beppo, or Don Juan; that it was composed hastily, is a very natural inference, from its having appeared in a periodical work; yet, had it been printed *solus*, with Byron's name on the title, it would have sold fast enough at five shillings per copy; and favouring critics would have sworn, that another laurel was added to his fanciful wreath. Poems of such a length, printed in Blackwood's Mag. must necessarily be composed in a hurry, were they not easily composed, they would require more time than monthly contributors can afford. Writers of this kidney would require as many heads as the Larnian Hydra, in order to have brows to carry the imagnia of their fate. I would recommend that, in future, the leaves should be printed, gun flowers, for example, and when a triumphal arch is required, the inhabitants of the place where those prolific bands reside, might borrow, at a moderate expense, the leafy honours, for the purpose of decorating the arch. It might be a tolerable speculation for a bard of this genus to travel, where triumphs

are requested, but a good natural sense might have been put in and shown, and doubtless the poet's stock of ideas. Beppo, is a moderate composition, might be written in three days; for, independent of its other defects, it has neither ingenuity nor fancy displayed in the plot; for truth to tell, it has no plot at all. I got it lately out of Griffin's Library, and read on with tolerable satisfaction, until I thought I had finished the first canto; when I turned the leaf, I was very disappointed; when, instead of canto second, and stanza first, mine eyes were greeted with 'Shortly will be published,' &c. &c. The end of the pamphlet containing so many advertisements and announcements, that they looked as large as the poem itself; 3s. 6d. was the price of this, if I err not; and truly the money was worth it. If frivolous cynical complaints are to be taken for good poetry, our country is surely retrograding much in taste. Supposing some misfortune befel me in consequence of my own imprudence, I could dispatch, in a very short time, half a dozen of stanzas, thus

Well—I would curse, but fools would say I sorrowed,  
For curses blab the secrets of the mind;  
And I would have all seeming feeling harrowed,  
Curses, at most, are only idle wind.  
Smooth be my brow, but where my soul shall find  
A ray of hope, for solace or repose;  
Tell me, vile world? Hope ne'er should be behind,  
But beckoning still before us, till the close  
Of life—but hope and I have long been mortal foes.

For all my joys are wither'd. I must reap  
My harvest when I should begin to sow,  
How few can welcome that eternal sleep,  
When death and time their potent draughts bestow.  
'Alas! in sooth,' to bend my youthful bow,  
And shoot beyond my mark, until my quiver  
Boasts not another shaft worth while to throw  
At worldly happiness—thus sorrow ever  
Leads me through life's dull maze to taste of pleasure never.

These lines, and many others of a similar kind, our friend could produce to show how easy it is to write verses of this sort. Your limits will not permit us to go into sufficient length on this subject, but we believe our first assertions are tolerably established. In a fortnight, you shall have our remarks on the modern Anacreon's poetry; mean time, we remain,

Your most obedient servant,

EPHRAIM BOREHEAD.

### ROSINE, continued.

On an autumn evening, Rosine, to gratify her pupils, accompanied them to visit a poor person, in the neighbouring village. She found on her return that a slight cold, which had hardly been perceived before, had increased. She remained at home for a few days, and was soon much better; still the cold seemed to linger. Mr. Stanley was absent about this time, but on his return, the extreme paleness of Rosine alarmed him, and he noticed it to his wife.

They both recommended her to have medical advice; but Rosine started from that she was not so unwell as they imagined; that she could complain of nothing but the remains of her cold. One morning, however, after she had been teaching the children, she fainted away. Mrs. Stanley hesitated no longer, but instantly sent for a physician. Rosine was lying down when Dr. Maynard arrived; after he had seen her, he went with Mrs. Stanley into one of the parlours to write a prescription. Miranda was sitting in a room beyond that which they entered, the door was open, and as it was just growing dark, she was not observed; she sat still, not wishing to disturb her mother by passing through the room. Miranda heard Mrs. Stanley talking, and she put her hands to her ears, for she disdained to listen; but she heard Rosine's name, and danger, mentioned; and her hands dropped; she sat breathless and immovable, while tears of agony streamed down her face. Long after Dr. Maynard's departure, did she remain senseless by grief, to every thing but what passed in her own mind, for he had declared that Rosine was in a rapid consumption, and that her recovery was hopeless. At length Miranda recollected herself, and starting up, she stole quickly, but softly, to Rosine's chamber, she tapped gently at the door, but the sick girl was asleep; she entered the room and crept to the bed side, pressing the end of part of Rosine's dress to her lips. She sat down on the ground behind the curtain, and leaning her head against the bed, she continued weeping till she insensibly fell into a sound sleep. Rosine soon after awoke; she drew aside the curtain to rise, and discovered the sleeping child—her cheeks stained with tears, and her bosom still heaving slightly with the storm of grief that had so lately subsided there. Rosine stooped down and kissed her: 'Can you ever love me?' said the poor girl, burning again into tears, for she instantly awoke, and kissing the extended hand of Rosine. 'I have never ceased to love you my sweet child,' she replied, 'nor have I ever doubted your affection for me; you have been hurried away by passion—you have forgotten yourself, but I understood your disposition, and I was sorry for you; I always loved you.' 'Oh said Miranda, 'I will try to be so good; you shall never complain of me again—but my obedience will be too late,' she exclaimed, while the hope which lighted up her countenance, failed away: 'we shall lose you—I know we shall, for they have told me so.—Oh no, you will not die—you look very healthy—you won't die!' she repeated, drawing still nearer to Rosine, and looking up, entreatingly into her face. 'I do not understand you,' said Rosine: 'what have you heard, my love? Who told you I should die? Did Dr. Maynard tell you?' she inquired anxiously. 'What have I done?' cried Miranda, 'what shall I do? I cannot answer—don't ask me.' Rosine in vain attempted to detain her, but she rushed out of the room. Rosine rose up to shut the door after the agitated girl; she then locked it, and sitting down near the fire, she thought over what Miranda had told her. 'Yes,' she said at last, 'I shall die; she has told me what I ought to know; all my dearest earthly hopes are over—I shall never return home again; I feel I shall die.—Oh my dear, dear parents, my sweet children; this is a very severe trial for me, my dear father, the last time a poor Adrien, she added, 'I little thought I should never see you again! but this will not do,' said she, ceasing to weep, 'I am weakening my mind; I am not preparing properly for death, I must seek strength.—' Rosine did receive strength from her prayers, and such consolation as nothing

but prayer could have applied, after such a shock. The first news conveyed to her, for, one, in the morning of youth, to be told, in such circumstances, that she was dying? for one who was among strangers, in a strange country? It is quite the fear of death alone, she thought, that so depresses me, though I have never young to die; but it is dying away from my own country, my own beloved family.

Miranda had run into the room where her parents were sitting; she threw herself into her mother's arms, and sobbed aloud. 'O! I shall never, never forgive myself,' she said; 'I have told Miss St. Alme what Dr. Maynard said to you to day; I have told her she could not live.' Miranda explained how she had heard the conversation she alluded to; and again sobbed. There was an old lady present, the mother of Mrs. Stanley; she was nearly eighty years of age, but the faculties of her mind were perfectly unimpaired. Her husband, Lord Falkland, had been many years dead; and she had since then resided with her daughter. Lady Falkland was much attached to Rosine, who had long valued her more than any of her English friends. 'Miranda spoke imprudently,' she quietly said; 'but it was quite right that our young friend should be acquainted with her situation. I will go up to her, if Miranda will let me lean on her arm.' 'I am come to sit with you,' said the old lady, as she entered Rosine's chamber. 'You will forgive this thoughtless girl who loves you very tenderly.' She drew forward the blushing Rosine; Miranda, whom Rosine pressed fondly to her bosom, and kissed repeatedly. 'You may leave us now, my dear grand-child.' The sad girl looked up with a mournful, affectionate smile, and left the room. 'You have been told the truth, my sweet friend,' said she, 'you and I are hastening together, I hope, to a better world. It is proper that we should know our situation: let us strive to fit each other for a happier state, by making the most of the time that is left to us. I could not speak to another young woman as I do to you; but I think I know you, my love. Another might find no consolation in the advice of an old woman who is tottering to her grave. I think you are prepared for death, and I think the certainty of that, which may be as near to others as it is at present to you, only they are unconscious of it, will not fill you with foolish alarms. Your heavenly Father is treating you as a child of his love, in giving you a trial, such as I never met with in my long life—this parting here, forever, with those you love best on earth. He is treating you as a child of his love also, in taking you to himself, while you are as yet comparatively undefiled by the world. It was thus he called away the blessed Stephen, by a violent death, though while you are quietly sinking into the grave, you are, my dear child, highly favoured.' While Lady Falkland was speaking, Rosine's countenance had brightened with a delight she had never before experienced; her silence was more eloquent than words, when her friend had finished speaking. For some time after, at night, or whenever she awoke from her broken slumbers, the recollection that she was dying, made Rosine melancholy; but as the novelty of this mournfulness wore away, she became perfectly resigned and cheerful. Every attention, that her situation could require, was lavished on the dying girl; but on none did she set such a value, as on those hours passed daily with Lady Falkland. Miranda, too, would, whenever she was able, visit the chamber of her beloved instructress; and be perfectly satisfied if she might sit near her, and look at her. The character of this child seemed to have

entirely changed; she was weak and tractable; but the wild and exuberant gaiety, which had before distinguished her equally with the violence of her temper, had also subsided. She was never animated with joy, but when declaring her conviction that Rosine would not die. Because she appeared too healthy to die. The child, however, became at last alarmed; for she remarked that Rosine was at times agitated so violently that her whole frame seemed shaken; while the death-like paleness of her countenance was flushed with deepening blushes of burning crimson: from the mere exertion of crossing the room, she would often faint away; and her fits would last so long, that it often seem'd as if she would never recover from them. Rosine had intreated, at the commencement of her illness, that no one would write to her family, she knew that no one of them could well join her; it was impossible for her to visit them. 'Let me, then,' said she, 'write to them myself; it is a poor satisfaction; but it is the last I can have. I wish to tell them I am dying, in my own way.' Her wishes were at first opposed, but she repeated them so earnestly, and her reasons were so excellent, that she was allowed to act as she chose on the subject. Her mind was too confused and depressed at first to enable her to write as she determined. She wanted, therefore, a short time; but she could not quite, in her own opinion, prepare herself for the task, when she did write. 'I must not delay any longer,' she said to herself, one morning, 'or I may never send these letters.' She wrote then to her father.

### LAMENT OF DAVID OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN, VERSIFIED.

THE pride of Israel, that once in her high places shone,  
In slaughter'd by the Philistine, and all its beauty gone.  
The mighty heart that wont to throb with victory before,  
Shall answer to the voice of trump and palfrey no more.  
O'ull not in the streets of Gath or Askelon the tale  
Told of their glad inhabitants rejoice while we bewail;  
Let not a whisper of our fate into their cities go,  
Let their proud daughters should exult, while ours are plung'd in woe.  
Let not the dews of heav'n descend upon Gilead's head,  
For there the glory of the fight from Israel hath fled.  
Nur'd the treasures of the sky fall down in streams of rain,  
Upon the mountains, where the pride of Palestine was slain.  
Dis honour'd may those hills remain, polluted by the sword,  
And all unmeet for sacrifice to offer to the Lord.  
For there the shield of Saul was cast degraded to the dust,  
As if his head had never been anointed with the unction.  
The regal bow of Jonathan, when bended for the fight,  
Ne'er turn'd to shun the proud array of all their men of might.  
O! never to the strife of spears, went Saul's keen sword in vain,  
Ne'er from the hostile ranks return'd, unrimmed with the slain.  
How bounteous was the light of love that shone around each head,  
How sweet the life that Jonathan, and his high father led.  
Uncover'd in the dying hour—united to the last,  
When the dark shadow of the grave o'er every eye was cast.



They were wifer than the eagle, in seeking that which  
 And stronger than the lion that within the desert dwells.  
 He made ye aside of Israel, the slaughter of your king  
 He made your hearts to beat with joy—your lips with love to sing  
 With scarlet vesture, and with gifts, of gold he clad you o'er,  
 But now the bounties of his heart shall flow to you no more.  
 How, in the tumult of the fight, are all the mighty slain!  
 Upon thy hills, O Jonathan, thy heart was pierc'd in twain;  
 My brother Jonathan, for thee, my soul is in distress,  
 For love and faithfulness like thine, what language can express  
 Thy love to me surpass'd the love a woman's heart that flows,  
 And pleasant, pleasant was thy face to me in all my woes.  
 How in the bloody fight are all the great of Israel slain,  
 By war's dread implements destroy'd upon the fatal plain.

### HORRID ATROCITIES.

THE following dreadful event lately occurred in the neighbourhood of Smolensk. The owner of a lonely cottage being out on the chase, a beggar, to all appearance old and weak, entered it at noon-day, and asked alms of the woman who was at home with only her two young children. The kind-hearted woman invites him to rest himself, while she goes out to get something for him to eat and drink. After the beggar had satisfied his hunger, he, to the no small astonishment of the woman, assumed a different language, and with a threatening voice, demanded the money, which he knew, he said, her husband had in the house. The wretch rushing on her with a large bread-knife, to force her to acknowledge where it was deposited, she declared herself ready to give him what money she had, and for this purpose mounted a ladder to a trap door leading to the loft above. As soon as she had mounted she drew up the ladder after her, so that it was impossible for him to get at her. Finding that she disregarded his menaces, he seized the two children, and swore he would either kill or maim them, if she did not immediately come down and deliver him the money as she had promised. The woman, however, remained in the loft, and endeavoured to force a hole through the thatch and call for help. While she was thus employed, the monster cut off the children's ears and noses; and at last killed the poor maimed innocents, scornfully proclaiming to the mother, the murder he had committed. The wretch having with great exertions made a hole in the roof, called for help. His cries were heard by an officer who was passing by in an open carriage, who sent his servant, while he remained sitting in the carriage, to inquire what was the matter. The servant hastened to the spot, but on entering the cottage was met by the murderer, who plunged the knife into his heart, so that he fell and expired without a groan. The officer, surprised at his delay, went himself to the cottage, where, perceiving the horrid scene, he attempted to stop the flight of the murderer, and with his sabre cut off all the fingers of his right hand, but was not able to hinder him from embracing the opportunity to escape through the door as it stood open. The woman had, while all this was passing, made her way through the roof, and run to the village, which was at a pretty considerable distance, to fetch assistance. Meantime the husband on his way home meets the blood-stained murderer, whom he recognises as the beggar who fre-

quests, that part of the country. The hypocrite, concealing his face under affected lamentation, held up his mutilated hand, saying, 'Make haste! there is in your house a murderer, an officer, who has killed your children, and likewise a man who attempted to defend them, and from whom I have narrowly escaped in the condition you see.' The terrified countryman, while the atrocious villain hastens to escape, flies, with his loaded gun in his hand, to his cottage, perceives through the open door the officer, and the bloody corpse of his children, takes him of course for the murderer, levels his piece, and shoots him dead on the spot!—The wife coming up with the villagers, hears the shot, sees the officer fall, utters a piercing cry, and exclaims: 'What have you done? You have killed our deliverer,—not he, but the boggar is the murderer of our children!' The husband, whose whole frame is shaken by the horror of the scene, and still more by his own rash deed, stands a few moments, petrified and motionless, falls back in a fit, and expires!

*To the Editor of the Literary Magazine.*

Should the contents of this packet be thought worthy of being shown to the world, by the means of your paper, you will please to insert them. They were written, in 1815, by my friend, who is still in the army. I was then in the army too, but in a different part of the world. Though written by a private soldier there may be something in them to interest.

I am, &c.

**LAURENCE LINTSTOCK.**

**FROM GUNNER PETER PORTFIRE, — BATTN. R. A.**

**FRANKED, MAJOR BOMBHELL, COMMANDING.**

*Ostend, — May, 1815.*

DEAR LINTSTOCK,—Agreeably to the promise made before I left England do I now write you; though, by-the-bye, writing is no such pleasant matter for me, as we can neither boast of table nor chair in our present quarters; my knapsack is the one, the floor the other. You are already aware of the time and manner in which we left W—. Some circumstances you are no doubt ignorant of. There were two companies on board the transport in which we sailed, Major Mortar's and our own, in all amounting to 220 odd, effective men. Major Mortar's company were nearly all veterans who had served in Spain and were quite conversant with the usages of a ship; while every thing we saw excited our curiosity, we being, as you know, all Johnnies Raws. Our company is indeed a fine one; not above two or three individuals above thirty years of age in it, and mostly all below twenty-five. Few of them had ever been on ship board in their lives, and the novelty of their situation delighted them as we bore gallantly down the majestic Thames. The bustle and confusion of taking possession of our respective births; the sorting out of our campaigning necessaries, consisting of a blanket, a canteen, and harpoon, completely occupied us during the first part of the day. Three days allowance

of provisions were also given us; and our grog, a pint of good rum, did its part in raising our spirits. We got out of the Thames in the evening, a fine side breeze blowing. By this time, some of us began to feel sea sickness operate, and, as if by sympathy, there soon was a pretty general complaint. The rum, and the heaving of the vessel, caused many a copious evacuation; and the jibes our behaviour gave rise to, excited mirth enough. Though I felt some qualms, I was not very ill. Our first watch commenced at nine o'clock. I entered into confab with one of Mortar's company who had been in Spain; he amused me very much with an account of his adventures; he then belonged to a regiment of the line. When he was at the siege of Badajoz he had a brother wounded at his side, he lifted him in his arms, and was carrying him off to the rear, when a ball struck his brother on the head and nearly covered him with his brains: he was obliged to lay him down and resume his situation in the platoon. How his brother was buried he never could find out. He was one time desperately wounded himself at Vittoria, I think, he said. The regiment to which he belonged got orders to drive some French from a position they occupied. The French were in hollow square, and all attempts to break it were in vain. He belonged to a light infantry regiment, and was then acting as a skirmisher. Wishing to distinguish himself, he advanced closely to the square, levelled his piece at an officer inside, fired and missed. The officer with great coolness, pushed the files aside, made a lunge at my acquaintance, and wounded him in the belly; he staggered a few paces and fell; by this time, as he afterwards learned, two howitzers were brought in front of the French square, and soon made a bloody opening. The French were driven from their position, which was retaken, and lost again, several times in the course of the day. The French made a desperate charge, forced the British before them, and in their advance, marched over my friend. A French soldier was wounded, and fell beside him. To defend themselves from the excessive heat of the sun, my friend's blanket was unrolled and laid over them. The French were again driven back to their original position, and again marched over my friend. The blanket excited the cupidity of a French soldier *en passant*, who made it his prize. The Frenchman who was only wounded in the leg, remonstrated in vain: by good luck, he saw an officer riding past, to whom he called, and told the story; he galloped after the spoiler, led him back by the ear, made him cover the wounded men, and go down on his knees and ask their pardon. This happened in the middle of the day. In this wounded state my friend lay till evening, when the British were victorious, and got a musket ball in his thigh while lying. The colonel of his regiment, who came to look after the wounded, found him. He was conveyed to the town in a waggon, with many more in a similar situation. In taking him out of this conveyance he fell; the pain he then suffered, he described as dreadful: his bowels were protruding, and his thigh in a horrid state of irritation. He was three months in recovering, and looks now as well as if he never had a leg.

Nothing particular occurred during our voyage. We were forty-six hours at sea, and landed at Ostend in high spirits. Every thing here is a matter of wonder. The people seem as mercenary as at home; they came in crowds round us, tempting us to buy; every thing appeared so cheap that they soon lightened us of a good part of our money. This is an imposition which they practice; aware of the dearness of tobacco and spirits in Britain, they

back about soldiers when they land, and offer them for sale; the soldier thinking from the cheapness of the various national articles, that he is getting a good bargain, is ever gulled, for did he buy in the shops in town, he would obtain them much cheaper and better. The sign-boards of the public houses were the first things that attracted my attention. Some of them appear to me very whimsical. I send you an exact transcript of the words on one: *In het groot stadt von Rotterdam verkoopt men alle soorten van drinken.* Anglice: 'In the great town of Rotterdam we sell men all sorts of drink.' We were marched to a bay-plot, on the quay side, which, in a quarter of an hour, was converted into a barrack-room. Our knapsacks were scarcely off our backs till we were ordered out to work. We got a ship load of shot and shells to disembark. The day was excessively hot; my whole stock of cash amounted to twopence halfpenny, which was spent on miserable beer in less than two hours after I began work. We wrought till six in the morning, till six in the evening, and every day since, without work from four in the morning till six in the evening, days we are on guard excepted. What a tremendous bustle pervades this place. Such quantities of military stores are daily landing, it must give an important idea of British wealth to the inhabitants of this place; for my own part I wonder whence they all come from. How matters are changed! Our guards in England were considered our hardest duties; now they are considered only as days of relaxation.

One day last week, after coming off guard, I, and some others, took a stroll through the town; we soon found ourselves beside a church, and found matter of wonder sufficient to reward us for our trouble in walking. In front of this church the figures of our Saviour and the two thieves are suspended on a cross, the two Marys are kneeling at the bottom, and underneath all a rude picture of the abode of the damned is sketched. Our reverential feelings were raised. The figures are done in wood, painted a flesh colour; that of our Saviour is remarkably well done; the face seems to be the very abode of agony. I have been thus particular in description for the purpose of relating to you the effect it had on one of my companions, B—t, he is from Nottingham; you know we used to call him the farmer. He came up to me with a face into which he had thrown every grain of feeling and pity in his frame, and thus addressed me; 'Blessy Portfire, dost think as he has hung there ever sin he wur first killed; but for the respect which I owed to the place where we were standing, I would have laughed in his face at the ignorance of the man. He actually took the image for the real body of our Lord, and would scarcely credit me when I told him 'twas wood; upon my word this is a literal fact, one which I will never forget; to think an Englishman in the 19th century, could be so deplorably ignorant! As this is no subject to jest upon, you, I hope, will believe me. We ended our stroll as soldiers generally do when they can afford it, in a public house, in which were a great many Hanoverian soldiers, drinking, singing, smoking, and dancing. The Hanoverians are generally light made men, most of them have fair complexions. We are on very good terms with them. They seem to acknowledge our superiority, and treat us with much respect. We sung our best songs, as it were, out of a spirit of rivalry, though scarce a word was understood by the opposite party of what each other said or sung. They laughed at our chorusses, and gave us to understand that they thought we had too much of them; too much *fol de rol* were the words. One song of

the Plaintiffs is very popular here at present. I suppose it is sung, either in compliment to, or in derision of the English, it is rather obnoxious. I send you a copy of two stanzas, as literal as decency will permit.

An Engellishman is une dyvel's man for de snap,  
An Engellishman is une dyvel's man for de snap,  
An Engellishman is une dyvel's man, not here I do say,  
He drinke de snap, and he swallow de can.

Vivat O Roy an huzza!  
Vivat O Roy an huzza!

An Engellishman is very good man for de frow,  
An Engellishman is very good man for de frow,

An Engellishman is very good man, not here I do say,  
He kiss de frow, wi de clumpet on.

Vivat O Roy an huzza!  
Vivat O Roy an huzza!

We came home to our quarters much amused. Want of room will not allow me to be more copious. I shall write again in a fortnight. In the interim, I expect to hear from you. Meantime, I remain, as before,

Yours affectionately,  
PETER PARRIS.

To Ginner Laurence Lintstock,  
Captain Spike's Company,  
Batt. R. A. Dover Castle, Kent.

# SCIENTIFIC ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

At the late anniversary of the Royal Society, Sir Humphry Davy gave in new interest to the business of the day, by the eloquent eulogies he delivered on some of the members deceased in the course of the preceding year. Amongst these were, Sir H. C. Englefield, Sir W. Herschell, Dr. Mann, the Rev. Mr. Vince, &c.

Of Sir H. C. Englefield he spoke as an accomplished gentleman, gifted with a great variety of information, and considerable talents for philosophical inquiry. He was a respectable astronomer, a learned antiquarian, a able writer, and eminently distinguished for his conversational powers. He was worth all the rest—a truly honest man, and an ornament to that class of society in which he lived.

The progress of modern astronomy is so connected with the labours of Sir W. Herschell, that his name, Sir Humphry justly observed, will live as long as that science shall exist. His discovery of a new planetary system, and of several satellites before unknown, prove his happy and indefatigable spirit of observation—his views of the stellar systems of the heavens, his bold imagination and power of inductive reasoning—and his discovery of the invisible rays in the solar spectrum; his talents for philosophical experiment. He was, as was said the President, who, though raised by the powers of his own intellect to the highest degree of scientific eminence, was spoiled neither by glory, nor by fortune; but retained, under all circumstances, the native simplicity of his

Gin. Girl or Woman. Wooden Shoes.

mind. His private character was amiable, and his life happy. He died full of years and honours; and, when unable any longer to labour himself, he saw a kindred disposition and kindred talents displayed by his son.

The premature death of Dr. Alexander Marcet was deplored with equal eloquence and feeling. Sir H. D. characterised him as an ingenious and accurate chemist, a learned physician, a liberal and most amiable man; and whilst he vindicated the claims of the departed to scientific eminence, the faltering voice, and scarcely repressed tear, paid the honest tribute of regret to the warm recollections of long and sincere friendship.

Of the deceased foreign members, Haüy was spoken of as a man whose name will always be remembered in the history of mineralogy, in consequence of his having established what may be considered as a mathematical character, in the discrimination of mineral species. Delambre was eulogised as an excellent astronomer, and a candid and liberal historian of his own science. Berthollet, Sir H. designated as the patriarch of modern chemistry. He dwelt on his discoveries and labours at some length; and paid a just tribute to the candour and liberality of his mind, to his warm and zealous patronage of rising genius, and to his social virtues.

The president then announced that the Council had awarded the Copley Medal to the Rev. Wm. Buckland, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology in the University of Oxford, for his paper on the Fossil Bones and Teeth discovered in a cave near Kirkdale in Yorkshire, and printed in the Society's Transactions.

The President, on this occasion, delivered a concise view of the general history and importance of geology, as well as of the interest and value of Mr. Buckland's recent labours in particular. We can give but a very imperfect sketch of this eloquent and masterly discourse: but we are happy to understand that it has been suggested to Sir H. D., from a quarter which we hope will induce compliance with the suggestion, that both this, and the admirable one which he delivered last year, ought to be published in the Philosophical Transactions. If we may venture an opinion on the subject, we would insist on the propriety of the publication of the annual addresses from the chair, as an established rule of the Society; by which means the honour conferred on the individuals who receive the medals, will be fully published and perpetuated; others will be more keenly stimulated to deserve the same honour; and we shall, besides, be furnished with an elegant and succinct review of the several branches of science, and their various progress, in each succeeding year.

While the phenomena of the distant stars, and other objects of astronomical science had long been subjects of investigation, from their relations to the seasons and to time, the structure of the earth had been scarcely noticed until a late period. Cosmogonies, or, 'Dreams of the formation of the world,' have been brought forward at various periods, and some general views in geology advanced by Hooke, Lister, Strachey, and other early contributors to the Philosophical Transactions; but its commencement as an exact science did not take place till about 50 years since, when a regular classification of minerals having been effected, Pallas, De Saussure, and especially Werner, further arranging this 'alphabet of geology,' proceeded to read with it that part of the book of nature; and the 'logic of the sciences' was subsequently furnished by chemistry and comparative anatomy. The limits of a discourse,

the President observed, would not admit of his even naming all the labourers, our contemporaries, whose zeal and accurate observations have so widely extended the field of geological research within the last 20 years; amongst whom Professor Buckland stands highly distinguished, by his indefatigable ardour for inquiry, and by the caution and sagacity with which he draws his conclusions.

Sir H. next gave a general view of the arrangement of the rocks which constitute our globe, and the distribution of the organic remains which are found in them. In this part, he mentioned a simple and conclusive method of ascertaining the relative ages of these organic remains. Those found in rocks whose geological position is the lowest in the series, and which are consequently considered as older than those which lie above them, present no traces of their original composition; the phosphate of lime and animal matter have wholly disappeared, and been replaced by other substances, according to the nature of the inclosing rock. The next, in point of antiquity, retain the whole or greater part of their phosphate of lime, but no animal matter, whilst the newest contain all their phosphate of lime, and a considerable portion of animal matter likewise. Although it had been previously suspected that the large animals, as the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, tiger, hyena, and other kinds, whose remains are found in the diluvial strata, once inhabited the countries where those remains are met with, yet the fact had never been decidedly proved until Professor Buckland described the cave at Kirkdale, in which several generations of hyenas must have lived and died. Sir H. said that he had himself since visited the cave, in company with Mr. B. and can testify to the accuracy of his descriptions; and he announced, that the Professor had recently examined several similar caverns in Germany, the phenomena of which have confirmed his former conclusions.

Two theoretical views may be taken respecting the organic remains in question: one, that the animals were of peculiar species, calculated to inhabit temperate or cold climates; the other, that the earth has experienced a reduction of temperature. On the former hypothesis, we must suppose that the elephant and rhinoceros of Britain may have been as different from those of the tropical regions, as our common cattle are from the musk ox of Siberia; but there are difficulties attending this view of the subject which induce the learned President to incline to the latter supposition as the more probable of the two. He then entered into some general views on this interesting subject, and its connexion with that of the chaotic state of the globe, the successive creations of living beings, and the early revolutions of our planet, until it became, at last, fitted for the habitation of the human race.

The scriptural account of the Deluge may now be considered as amply established on geological grounds; but the science of geology, Sir H. maintained, should be studied in a manner altogether independent of the authority of the Sacred Scriptures; for that these, as Bacon had said long before, merely give some remarkable facts in the history of the globe, and not systems of philosophy. The latter were left to be framed by the industry of man, and by the exercise of his god-like faculty of reason, which, in its higher sphere, approximates to revelation itself.

The discourse was concluded by some appropriate moral reflections arising out of the subject.

## POETRY.

## THE DREAM.

Tune.—'Wounded Hussar.'

The mantle of midnight, in sable had shrouded  
Our ship, as she ploughed the calm ocean alone;  
And the star of the night, a bright beacon unclouded  
On the sea's curled surface in flickering beams shone.

All was peaceful and still, and no foam-crested billow  
Rocked rudely my couch, while I sunk to repose;  
And scarce was my weary head laid on my pillow  
Till I slept, and a vision before me arose.

Methought, as we rode on the waves of the ocean,  
The sky all above us scowled lowering and red;  
Our vessel was tossed by the billow's dread motion,  
Whilst the Angel of Death on the whirlwind sped.

No pilot to guide,—o'er the deep we were driven:  
The foam o'er our ship, by the wind's fury dashed.  
From the dark thunder-cloud, 'mid the wild conflict  
riven,  
The death-speeding lightning incessantly flashed.

I thought on my home, as if parted for ever:  
I thought on the friends that life's brightest charms  
gave;  
And sad was the thought that those dear friends  
should never  
Smooth the shroud on my cold clay, nor weep o'er  
my grave.

I saw through the darkness a beacon light, brighter  
Than watch tower e'er burned; whilst the water's  
wild roar,  
And the tempest were hushed, and the heavens  
grew lighter,  
As our ship neared a green island's pebble-decked  
shore.

A cloudless sun beamed with meridian glory,  
On the fruit-laden trees, and the emerald sod:  
All was calm as the Isles famed in fabulous story,  
For its shores had by mortal foot never been trod.

I sprung to our boat, to reach those elysian  
Like shores; but a beam of the rising sun shone:  
I awoke; all was fled of my late lovely vision:  
On the wings of the Angel of sleep it had gone.

ALIQUA.

## SONG.

My purse is toom, I'm like to cry,  
I've run in debt wi' a' body;  
But hang despair, I'm unco dry,  
Come gie's a drink o' rum tody.

O hey for rum tody,  
O hey for rum tody.

There's naught can cheer the weary mind  
Sae weel's a drap o' rum tody.

Ye powers that muck mankind your care,  
And shower your gifts on a' body;  
O cash and wealth gie fools their share,  
But gie me routh o' rum tody.

O hey for rum tody,  
O hey for rum tody.

I carena what may be my lot,  
Gin I get walth o' rum tody.

RISHCOP DOCK.

## SONG.

Tune.—'From thee, Eliza, I must go.'

I sadly breathe a long farewell,  
Sole of my life to thee;  
This shortest hour hath told the knell  
Which parts my love from me.  
The language which those sunny eyes,  
So oft to mine betrayed,  
On men ry's page as brightly lies,  
As when 'twas first pourtray'd.

An image pure as thou art pure,  
Fond fancy vainly sought;  
Nor dream'd the treasure insecure,  
A captive heart had bought:  
But pleasure's most illusive glow,  
Plays fitful round the heart;  
As summer flowers more sweetly blow,  
To grieve us when they part.

I've aye been heal, I've aye been true,  
True still, to thee and thine;  
The heart thy smile could not subdue,  
Can claim nae kin wi' mine.  
Charm of my life, though doom'd to part,  
My soul is still with thine.  
The barbed dart that strikes thy heart,  
Shall pierce the core of mine.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Amicus is received. We hope we will be able in a short time, to attend to the communications of X. Y. Z., W. D., Strivols, Neilson. If W. D. would mend 'An' restin' on a bunch o' figs,' and the following line, he would have a place. Y. soon. Osander is too lackadaisical. Conversation is not a religion. A Friend to Gratitude has our thanks, but as it is a school-look story, he must pardon us for not giving it a place. As we hate cannibalism, we burnt the Anthropophagism to ashes. We do not wish to roast the author, but hope the hint will be taken. Echo may listen to the sound of his own voice, but no music for us.

The 1st, 3d, and 5th Articles, as also the Poetry of the present Number are Original.

*Eratia*: No. III. page 34, line 23, for *baneful* read *beneficial*.

page 37, line 11, for *dramatic writers* read *dramatic writer*.

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THE  
LITERARY MELANGE:

OR,

Weekly Register of Literature and the Arts.

No. V.

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WEDNESDAY, 29th January, 1823.

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"SERIA MIXTA JOCIA."

SKETCHES OF BRITISH LITERATURE.

No. III.

THE ERA OF KING CHARLES II.

WHEN the giants of the reign of Elizabeth had passed away, there was pause in the world of imagination. Exhausted nature stopped short, and did not recover herself till the time of Charles I. In that reign was matured the childhood of the genius which had its youth under Cromwell, and its manhood under Charles II. The times gave a tone to their literature. From the reign of Elizabeth downwards, the nation had been gradually improving its language. Authors aimed at elegance; and, in the course of fifty years, specimens of composition were exhibited, which, for force and facility of expression, have never been surpassed. There was nothing wanting but leisure and quiet times to refine the literature of the country, and to make just taste correct the exuberances of genius. This, however, the disputes between Charles I. and his Parliaments entirely prevented. At the very time when purity of feeling, elegance of manners, and correctness of thinking, began to spread over the nation, the civil wars commenced, and involved it in tumult. The tide which hitherto rolled smoothly on, was agitated on every side. Factions usurped the place of unanimity, and drew to their respective interests, not merely the wealth and influence of the country, but likewise its literature. Instead of being gradually refined by the bland atmosphere of time, the people were thrown an age back into barbarity; and their minds torn with the discordant jarriags of religion and politics. It might be imagined *a priori*, that literature would suffer in these agitations; and that the gloom of anarchy would have shadowed over the temperament of genius; but it does not appear that any such events took place: taste was the only sufferer. Genius bloomed as luxuriantly as ever. Milton, Cowley, Waller, and Dryden, and many others, appeared in these periods of agitation, and stamped a character of original talent upon them. Even in the time of Cromwell, when Puritanism was at its height—when the nation was split into sectaries, and when religion was used as a cloak to conceal the workings of refined hypocrisy—genius suffered no pause. Neither the frowns of a gloomy

religion, nor the lukewarmness of an ignorant age, impeded its progress.—There was nothing wanting but a liberal court to enable literature to expand its wings, and soar through its legitimate empire with unbridled flight.

The restoration of Charles II. instead of reining in the licentiousness of the age, only gave it fuller scope. Educated in the dissoluteness of foreign countries, this gay prince brought along with him an immorality, a laxity of principle, and a viciousness of conduct which spread like an infection over his court, and finally over England. Obscenity, depravity, and wickedness filled the nation. Tired of the fanatical despotism of the Puritans, which prevailed during the Protectorate, the people seized, with gladness, the opportunity to escape, and rushed with violence to the other side. Instead of walking in a medium between the manners of the two governments, they threw themselves headlong into the scenes of vice and depravity introduced by their new sovereign.

The present day will not easily comprehend how a whole nation could be infected by the manners of the court—but in those times the court was all-powerful. It was the grand focus of morals and intrigue—the centre from which emanated the rays of morality, feeling, thinking, and conduct, to the remotest ends of the kingdom. In those days, London was the only great city in the island. It received its tone from the court, and gave it to the nation. Every other quarter looked to the metropolis. At present the influence of the court on general morality is unfelt beyond its immediate boundaries. People feel and think for themselves—many large cities have sprung up—Commerce has brought the population of all quarters of the empire into collision, and the manners of different places are amalgamated together, and adopted as the general medium of the age. Then, however, it was different. Every thing centered in the court. When the root of the tree was corrupted the branches could not be otherwise. Rochester, Dorset, and other men of rank, by patronising literature drew all the talents of the times into their ranks, and rendered it as debauched and vicious as the manners. Hence an universal depravity infected letters during this period. With the exception of Milton and Roscommon, there was scarcely a poet of eminence who was free of the general licentiousness.

In the reign of Elizabeth, the bards gave themselves up to the full swing of imagination. They gave the rein to their feelings—revelling in boundless, endless, and immeasurable space. Their grossness, as we before stated, was the consequence of an age verging from barbarity to refinement. It was more the grossness of language than of sentiment. It was an impurity of style arising from letters yet in their infancy. It was the rudeness of vigour—the wild irregularity of genius redeemed by a thousand beauties. Men yet stood on the brink of chivalry. Their minds were full of its distant remembrances—they felt the glow of its expiring embers—they were yet alive to all the divine fictions of romance. Poetry, and nothing but poetry, floated over the land. It was not the poetry of philosophy, which a riper age relished in Pope—nor the metaphysical poetry of Cowley—nor the harmonious poetry of Waller. It was the poetry of unadulterated fancy—it was borne up on a seraph's wings, and found an echo in every bosom, because it was understood by all. But in the days of Charles II. these feelings had vanished. The fire of romance was extinguished. Men dwelt no more in a land of poetry; they

had descended to a region of real life. They were no longer the mere children of imagination, sustained on the breath of impassioned genius. They were philosophers, and wits, and humourists, who mingled poetry with their philosophy, and wit, and humour. They were the inventors of honied words and quaint sayings; and used poetry as a current medium to circulate their sweetness and their conceits.

In this age, attention began to be paid to versification or the mechanical structure of poetry. Waller, in his first efforts, attained a harmony of numbers unknown before. According to Dryden, he confessed himself indebted to the Tasso of Fairfax, for the smoothness of his style. Denham, after a variety of efforts, improved his numbers. Dryden succeeded, and surpassed them both—infusing into his poetry all their music and sweetness, together with a spirit and copiousness of diction they never attained. Prose reached perfection no less rapidly than verse. Milton's prose, with all its energy, was ragged and harsh. Sir William Temple may be considered the first who wrote with elegance, ease, delicacy, and purity of style. He was surpassed by Dryden, who infused into his prose the same energy of diction and variety of images which distinguish his poetical writings. It is surprising that Dryden should confess himself inferior, as a prose writer, to Archbishop Tillotson. Of the bard's superiority in that respect, over the great primate, there cannot be any doubt.

The quaintness which pervaded not only literature, but even common conversation and dress, was excessive. Puns and conundrums were considered the quintessence of wit. There was a perpetual play upon words—an unnatural jumble of ideas in almost every species of composition. Acrostics and poems, whose wit depended upon some peculiar structure of the verse, were universally admired. It was customary for lovers to write verses to their mistresses, the lines of which were so lengthened or abbreviated, that when the poem was finished, it bore in its shape a resemblance to some fanciful object, such as a heart, a fan, a hatchet. Poetry was often made by measure and rule—there was a refinement upon art. This contemptible conceit prevailed universally, and was not disdained even by several poets of the first order. Milton despised it, and scorned to adopt, in his writings, a system not only opposed to nature, but inimical to the very soul and existence of poetry. In some of his earlier pieces Dryden was led away by the folly of the age; but in his latter years, he threw it off in disdain, and returned to the stores of unadulterated nature. Cowley, a man of unquestionable genius, was at the head of artificial poetry. In his hands it was something more than artificial. It was a mystery. Instead of touching the fancy by a single stroke, he appealed to the reason. The merit of his poems lay in the ingenuity with which their meaning was hid in a mesh of inextricable paradoxes. He did not pride himself in giving natural pictures, or in showing resemblances between objects which should strike on the first view; on the contrary, he ransacked nature to her utmost limits—he explored thought and language to the very dregs, in search of the remotest and most discordant images, which, by the power of his peculiar talent, he made to harmonize. He showed resemblances which none but a logician could detect. His wit lay in bringing together a string of ideas which bore no earthly resemblance to one another. His poems were riddles—the triumph of art over nature and common sense—an inextricable string of puns and quibbles, and paradoxes, brought together with consummate inge-

nity, and brightened over by a fancy vitiated and obscured—but nevertheless truly poetical and delightful. We wish those who think Gray unintelligible, would take the trouble of turning up Donne, or Cowley, or any of the metaphysical poets, and they would be probably cured of their opinion regarding the obscurity of the great lyricist.\* Let not us, however, of the present day, be too severe on the mystery of Cowley—seeing that in many admired pieces of the age, an equal and even a greater degree of darkness prevails. A poem of Cowley's is like a difficult mathematical problem, which, by perseverance, may be solved and comprehended; but many of the works which issue from the lake school, are utterly unintelligible to ordinary understandings, and not a few of them would puzzle *Cedipus* himself. Lope de Vega on being requested to explain the meaning of a passage in one of his sonnets, declared himself utterly unable. Perhaps some of the lake poets may labour under the same difficulty.

But though this age was so depraved in its character, and though all sense of true beauty was lost, it nevertheless abounded in men of genius. Milton, the sublimest of poets, stretched forth his ample pinions, and soared to heights untraced before, or since. Shut out from the visible world, his gigantic faculties expanded—his conceptions became more daring, lofty, and sublime. Earth was narrow for the flight of his imagination—the remotest periods of written history too near at hand. ‘He passed the flaming bounds of space and time,’ and soaring from the profundity of the ‘lowest deeps’ to the heights of heaven, went to the farthest limits of poetry. He formed a circle—a barrier in which all future poets must move—for they cannot go beyond it. He compassed all that is compassable by the human imagination. He carried the highest of all poetical excellence—the sublime—to its utmost pitch. It could be carried no farther, or he would have carried it. This stupendous fabric reared by one man—is there any who may contest with him the palm of British poetry? Even with the immortal name of Shakespeare quivering on our lips, we venture to answer NONE.

A multitude of writers adorned this age whom we might mention, but our business is with the general spirit of the times, not with their individual authors. We may, however, merely give the names of a few. Dryden was a man of splendid and universal genius. After the death of Milton, he was the literary demi-god of the nation. With all his faults, and these not a few, he was indeed ‘glorious John Dryden,’ as Claud Halcro calls him. Seated on the winter evenings on his armed chair, he dispensed literary honours at Wills’ Coffee House to all the wits and authors who flocked around him—proud of his notice and his praises. His decisions were absolute. There was no tribunal to appeal from the sentences of ‘glorious John.’ He may be considered the founder of English criticism. The prefaces prefixed to his plays are wonderful productions for the age. He has given a more complete character of Shakespeare in half a page, than all his biographers and commentators have done since, in volumes. He wrote twenty-nine plays which may be

\* Our readers are requested to turn to Dr. Johnson’s life of Cowley, for an admirable account of the metaphysical poetry. If they are conversant with the writings of Cowley and Moore, it would be worth while to compare the minor pieces of the latter with the pieces of the former, and it may be, they will detect something more than mere imitation.

considered poetical miracles, and dramatic failures. He is perhaps the most universal genius this country has produced since the days of Shakespeare. It is inconceivable how Johnson, in his parallel between Pope and Dryden, should feel any difficulty as to whom the palm of genius should be awarded. In our opinion Dryden, after Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, is the greatest poet England ever had. Waller was an elegant poet, and, as we stated, was the first improver of versification. Roscommon, Rochester, and Dorset, in the higher walks of life, distinguished themselves as poets. Butler acquired immortal reputation by his *Hudibras*. Lee and Otway, in the tragic walk of the drama, gained lasting honour. The first, however, with all his genius, abounded in fustian and rant; and the last, though the most pathetic of writers, is often grossly indelicate. Vanburgh and Farquhar, in comedy, distinguished themselves by the vigorous sallies of wit and humour which abounded in their plays. They have, however, more than an ordinary share of the impurity of the times. In truth, the refinement of this period was confined to language. In no period were sentiments more gross. The stage was in a deplorable condition for want of just taste, not for want of dramatic talent, for no age, except that of Elizabeth, could boast a greater number of illustrious names in the drama. During the reign of Cromwell, the austerity of the court was an effectual discouragement to the stage. No one who aspired to the reputation of a quiet, orderly citizen would be seen in the theatre. The Puritans, who then ruled with absolute sway, proscribed the stage, holding it to be contrary to scripture. On the restoration, these restraints were thrown off. The theatre became fashionable, and as it drew into its vortex the wit and genius, it likewise attracted all the immorality of the times. Collier at length, an enthusiastic independant, attacked its indecencies with incredible power and vehemence, and succeeded in banishing much of its licentiousness.

The classical mania, or the rage for antiquity, which had begun in the former era, was at its full vigour in this. Not a poem—not even the shortest—but contained some classic allusion. Jupiter, Juno, Pallas, Mercury, Apollo, and Venus, were familiar to every one as household words. This moderate fondness for antiquity infected not only poetry, but philosophy, and even common discourse.

In this era, theology was much studied, and the height of elegance, and zeal, and argument, to which it was carried, shed a splendid lustre around the Church of England. The names of Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Barrow, and various others, will be remembered so long as the subjects to which they devoted their geniuses are revered and understood. Clarendon was no less eminent as a statesman than as a historian. The dismissal of this illustrious minister by Charles I. was one of the most fatal and ill advised steps of that unhappy monarch. Shaftsbury and Hobbes threw the dazzling light of a false philosophy over the age. The splendid visions of the first, are too lovely to be true in this state of existence, and it is to be hoped, that even here, the debasing principles of the latter cannot but be false.

In the reign of Elizabeth, the plays of Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, were preferred to those of Shakespeare. To such a pitch was taste degraded. In the second era things were little better. The conceits of Cowley and Waller were universally admired, while the divine writings of Milton were almost unknown. Shakespeare and Milton were doomed to delight other

ages than their own. Dryden, we believe, had the honour of proclaiming the genius of the first, and Addison of the last. Even the greatest poets of the time of Charles were not free of the general want of just discernment. Milton could perceive no merit in Dryden—he considered him a rhymist, but no poet. Dryden long after passed a similar decision on Swift. Both were woefully mistaken. The anathemized poets, however, bore their sentences very differently. Dryden honoured and revered the genius of Milton; but Swift continued till his dying day to bear a grudge and dislike at Dryden for his plainness. On the whole, the era of Charles II. as it was the second in time, was likewise the second in splendour. It produced, at least, one name equal to any of Elizabeth's reign, and that is what no other age of our literature has done; and what, we frankly confess, we have no hopes the present one will do.

LETTER FROM JOHN LONGMUIR, FARMER, IN LANARKSHIRE,

*To the Editor of the Melange,*

Anent Sundry Grievances among the Farmers of said County.

SIR,—Though no scholar, and very ill-qualified to figure in letter writing, I am nevertheless a substantial farmer—at least, so far as dull times will let a man be in our way. I have a wife and family, and thanks to good fortune, I have brought them up decently and creditably, according to my degree. Indeed, a brawler family a man need not set his een upon. Weel fair'd, gude natured, and very honest, I will uphold them to be; and as pious, in their way, as folk can weel be in these days of irreligion. They were really pleasant to look upon, and it was a great consolation to the like of me to have such a decept buirdly family about me. But, Mr. Editor, O'let no man depend on wife or bairns, when they are put in temptation's road. Gude kens they had little of that either, but that little has turned them clean gyte. You must understand, then, that about twelve months since, an English lady, a Mrs. Lee, arrived here, and her dochter, a very bonny lassie of eighteen, or thereabouts. So far as I can judge, they are gently born, and there can be no doubt they are gently bred, judging from their manners which are really very lady-like and becoming. I hear that they are in reduced circumstances; for what else could tempt genteel folk to leave such a country as England to dwell in a bit cottage, among the Lowthers? They are surely very braw people, for they have beat us all hollow in genteelness and neatness. The very richest among us are downright ploughmen compared with them; and that ye would think very queer; for, as far as we can see, they are one thing but wealthy. Last year they rented a very neat cottage, and furnished it wonderfully weel, considering their means. Before we could say *Jack Robison*, they got removed all the ugly plants of grass and thistles which grew before the cottage, and made two very neat enclosures, one on each side of the door, in the manner of basket work, or wicker work as they called it. The broken panes of glass were repaired in no time, and the windows scoured as clear as the glass of a watch. When the old lady was going on at this rate, we did not know what to think of the matter. It was agreed on every hand, that there was no need in being so very particular; but some even thought that Mrs. Lee had gotten a crotchet.

in her head, and that she was not over-wise for this world. But I could never agree to this, for I aye thought her a very decent sensible woman, only a wee nick nacky as the English are. They are really very neat bodies, these English, and should really be imitated, though no just to the length they carry affairs. But there was something about her house that puzzled us confoundedly, and to tell the truth, we are no very clear about some of them yet. None of us for a long time could make out the use of the wicker enclosures. Some thought they were for potatoes; but this notion was knocked on the head, seeing they were scarcely twelve feet in diameter. Others hinted that they were intended for kail yards, and this I acknowledge was my private opinion, although for my part I thought they were laid out in a more particular way than in this country, and had as many wee walks and hillocks, and bits of hot houses as might have done for Lord Douglas's gardens. Besides the young lady in dry weather often watered them, and what need was there for any such nicety about a pickle vegetables? However all our conjectures ended in vanity; for, when the summer came, instead of kail or potatoes, we saw two sweet little gardens, where violets, and lilies, and tulips, and wall-flowers, raised their laughing heads to the sun, within their honnywalls of wicker work.

But the exertions of Mrs. Lee, in clearing up the inside of her house, were even more extraordinary. She had a score of dirty pictures, that were pasted on the rooms, torn off, and the walls elegantly white-washed, and she had the floor as tightly scoured as hands could make it—and gude kens that was no easy matter. It looked as if it had not been touched since the house was built. The parlour floor was neatly carpetted—the mantle piece adorned with shells, pictures, and other ornaments, and a number of very pretty bits of flower-pots placed at the window. To be sure, we did not at first altogether approve of such whigmaleeries, but by and by we were brought in, and at last it was allowed, that if the Scotch were a superior people to the English, the latter were, at least, very cleanly bodies for house management. If Mrs. Lee was a proud, conceited body, all this nicety would have been laughed at; but she is far from having any thing like vanity, and has at last so completely won upon us, that no kind of house-keeping will go down but Mrs. Lee's. Her daughter, Mary, is a very pretty sweet-tempered lassie, and has a tongue whish, for sweetness, caws a I ever heard before. The words drop from her lips like honey. Her bonny English accent is perfectly musical. Ye never heard the like o't. The very ploughmen are lifted off their lags when they hear her. It would be a sin to compare her speech to the singing of the mavis. Dais mavis, or blackbird, or linty either, had ever a tongue like Mary Lee. In manners, or gait, or appearance, the brawest lassies here are naething to her. I wish she was not half so bonny, or her mither half so much of a lady; for between them, they are turning the heads of all the lassies and wives in the country side. They are all imitating them—bonny and ugly—thick and thin—old and young. Now this is what I am complaining of. If our wives and dochters would imitate the strangers in things really useful and attainable, it would be a blessing to themselves and their families. If they pay as great attention to their houses—dress as neat and trig, and learn something like manners, it would be pleasant to see them—but they do not stop here. Nothing now will content them, but they must have the fronts of their houses ornamented with the wee gardens I spoke of. They must have a carpet to

their parlour, and nothing less than cushioned chairs to sit more easily upon in an afternoon. My wife yesterday has been throwing out hints about a sofa and a forte piano. All the women must now wear gloves to make their fingers delicate and lady-like; but in spite of all they can do, their paws are as thick and carretty as ever. They have gone the length of wearing stays and corsets to reduce their waists to something less than a fathom in circumference; and I know, for a certainty, that many of them have their ankles bandaged tightly all night, to squeeze them as thin as possible. But they may as well try to squeeze a cart horse into a racer, as to convert themselves into ladies by any such manoeuvres. Two thick-waisted hussies fainted lately in the kirk—a thing which never occurred before, and on examining, it was found to arise from the unconscionably tight lacing of the stays. I am at a loss whether to pity or laugh at the women now. They look, for a' the world, as if they were in a perpetual stife for want of breath. A doctor chiel who was here lately thought they were all labouring under an asthma. Gude kens where it will end! but if some or other of them do not slip off in a stifling fit, I am far wrong.

My dochters Peggy and Jeanie used to milk the kye day about, but feint a hand will they turn to this now. They alledge that it is desperately vulgar, and not a business for *no* farmer's dochter to be engaged in. What think ye of the creatures? they have turned up their noses at spinning and knitting, and will work at nothing but making cambric ruffles for their necks, and dressing themselves at their glass. They are not near so hearty as they used to be—they neither laugh so loud—nor speak so much nonsense—nor allow themselves to be kissed and kittled as heretofore by the country chieft. 'Na na,' say they, 'sic vulgarities may do weel enough for servants, but no for farmer's dochters.' Their mither, I dinna doubt, has put all this folly into their heads. When her time of life is considered, she is worse than them. (She is *fifty* neat.) For instance, she used to ride to the kirk behind me on the grey mare; but now she insists on having an entire horse to herself, and as my other riding beast is lame, I am obliged to walk twice to the kirk on Sabbath; and as the distance is two miles, such a thing is no small hardship to a man, who, like me, has to keep up a station. She formerly wore a red cloak, but now she has a scarlet mantle thrown over her shoulders, and she has been speaking lately of getting something she calls a *riding habit*. My son Archy is not a bit better. At the plough and cart he was as quiet orderly a lad as could be seen, but now he is turning up his nose on some of our fashions, he is pleased to call barbarous. Every week he is at Lanark, learning to dance and bow, and scrape, and Lord knows what else. He cocks his hat in a Frenchified style upon his head—wears yellow gloves when he goes to the kirk—touches his scapier to Miss Lee in the most puppyish way imaginable, and has even gone the length of speaking English. He begins every sentence with the word *demme*, to the great profanation of the scriptures. If he dislikes any thing, he does not care a *dem* for it. He does not care a *dem* for any man living—he does not care a *dem* for brose or bannocks—he does not even care a *dem* for our worthy old minister. What he cares a *dem* for is more than I can tell, unless it be for dress and affectation. It will not do to call him Beuldy—he is Mr. Archibald. Nothing less than a cane and snuff-box will now serve the gentleman. He has been lately complaining of a weakness



in his eyes, and speaks of getting a multiplying glass to strengthen his sight. Such a total transmutation of a country laddie into a finished gentleman, has set the whole country side a-staring. Finished gentleman, quoth I, pugh, finished gentleman! he is nae mair like that than a drake dressed in peacock's feathers would be like a peacock. I cannot tell what he is, for he is neither like a gentleman nor a ploughman.

Now, Mr. Editor, it is of all these things that I am complaining, and I really dinna know whether to be angry with Mrs. Lee for all this nonsense. Poor body, I am sure if she knew the whimsies she and her dochter have been the means of putting into the heads of our women, she would be very sorry. She does not obtrude her fashions on any body, but she leaves every body to follow his or her own inclination—but confound it, every body here is imitating her, and she is the innocent cause of the mischief. This is no a time for farmer's wives and dochters to be casting up their heads, and covering their hinder ends wi' silks, instead of ginghams. The very thought is like to drive a body stark mad. As to Archy, I will soon bring him to his senses with a good rung, and teach him what it is to behave like an ape, instead of minding the farm. My object, in writing to you, is to beg to know what I should do with my wife and dochters. I am not quite clear whether I should venture to apply the beetle to their shoulders. If you can give me any advice in such circumstances, you will oblige your humble, but perplexed servant,

JOHN LONGMUIR.

P. S.—If ye would just give the folk about the Lowthers a guide screed in the Melange, I think it would promote your sale, for we are very book-learned hereabouts, and read ye regularly. A bit *skit* by you, or any of your friends, would gar them look a wee blue. For any sak, do not forget to give me your advice. I have got some prime cheese, which will be in Glasgow next market day. I'll hand one up to the office for your acceptance—but keep it out of the way of your devils. Are ye fond of ewe milk cheese?

Lowthers, January 24th, 1823.

# FAULTS TO BE AVOIDED IN CONVERSATION.

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but shall point out such faults in discourse as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing.

It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection—among persons of fashion. There it is almost simulated, by means of a general card playing, inasmuch that I have heard it given as a reason why it is impossible for present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genioel comedy; that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd tricks and the 'four honours;' and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of what they call those of bacchus, that talking spoils company. Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can, but it often happens that those who most aim at shining in conversation, overshoot their mark: Though a man succeed, he should not, as is frequently the case, engross the whole talk to himself, for that destroys the very essence

• Mr. Longmuir probably meant a quizzing glass. Our worthy friend must be of a very primitive character. He has never heard of the genus *Dandiac*, or the *Dandiac*, or he might have saved himself the trouble of the above description, by simply informing us that his son Archy was turning an *Esquisse*.

of conversation which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other.

*Pro from one to the other*, rather than seize it all to ourselves; and drive it before us like a foot ball. We should likewise be cautious to adopt the matter of our discourse to our company, and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new fur-below to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation than certain peculiarities, easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a striking light, it is my presaid purpose to enumerate such of them as are most commonly to be met with; and first, I shall take notice of those buffons in society, the attitudinarians and face makers. These accompany every word with a particular grimace or gesture. They assent with a nod, and contradict with a twisting of the neck. Are angry with a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or minute step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins; and their swells of elegance are taken from the posture master. These should be condemned to converse in dumb show, with their own in the looking glass, as well as the smirkers who so prettily set off their faces together with their words, by a grin or dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of mimics, who are constantly talking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintances; though they are such wretched imitators that, like bad painters, they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture before we can discover any likeness. Next to these whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed speakers.

And first, the emphatical, who squeeze and press down every word with excessive vehemence and energy; these orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression. They dwell on the important particles OF and IN, and the significant conjunctive AND, which they seem to force up with much difficulty out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe, as it were, the ears of a deaf man through a hearing trumpet, though I must confess that I am equally offended with the whisperers or low speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you that they may be said to measure noses with you: I would have these oracular geese obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering gallery. The wits who are always quibbling and punning, and the whistlers or tune hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to these tinkling cymbals, I would also add the sounding brass. The bawler who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town crier. The tatters, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft parts of conversation," make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice, and coarse features, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy gurdy. The gothic humbuggers, and those who "nickname god's creatures," and call a man a cabbage, a crab a queer cub, or an odd fish, should never come into any company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of society, nor dwell particularly on the sensibiles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences. The wonderers who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or whether it will rain or not, or wondering when the moon changes.

The phraseologists who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars with *this and that, and rather*; and lastly, the silent men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths lest they should catch cold, and latterly observe the precept of the gospel by letting their conversation be only yea, yea, and nay, nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principle distinctions from brutes. We should, therefore, endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instrument of understanding. We should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trifling or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative.

It is indeed imagined, by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts, though without the power of articulation, perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different

nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native woodnotes, as any Signior or Signiora for an Italian air; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly, as the natives jabber their low Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals.

This, for instance, the affinity between chattering and monkeys, and prattlers and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once. Grunters and growlers may be justly compared to hogs. Snarlors are curs that continually show their teeth, but never bite; and the spitfire passionate, are a sort of wild cats that will not bear streaking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are screech owls; and story-tellers always repeating the same dull note, are cuckoos. Poets that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses. Critics, in general, are venomous serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them who have got by heart a few technical terms, without knowing their meaning, are no better than magpies.

## GLANCES AT HUMAN LIFE.

I see two persons entering a handsome apartment, and advancing to seat themselves by the fire; the one, a man in the prime of life, with a disturbed countenance, but assumed gravity of demeanour, makes an attempt to appropriate to himself the chair which stands with its back to the light; but his female companion, though pale with agitation, retains presence of mind, and address sufficient to circumvent his design, possesses herself of the shattering seat, and condemns him to occupy the one opposite her, and opposite the window. Women are generally duped by men in the great interests of life, but seldom outwitted in little matters. They are silent. Looks of high displeasure are exchanged; each, as with determined malice, seeks to aggravate the embarrassment of the other. Each affects a disdainful unconcern, while words of bitter reproach rise from the heart, and tremble on the lips of each. They are silent, but theirs is not the silence of timidity, of languor, or of conscious, satisfied, confiding tenderness—when but to gaze on and breathe the same air with the object beloved, is to be happy: their silence is like the awful pause of nature between the loud rushing of the prelude winds that announce a thunder storm, and the first flash that heralds the deep continuous peal: there is no kindness in their mutual examination, no soothing in the restrained gestures that denote the intolerable impatience of suspense. There is no hope in their expectation.—Certainly they are bitter enemies. No—they are lovers! Each madly dotes on the other, each to the other makes up the measure of all that gives interest and value to existence: passion, intense, ungovernable passion binds them to each other. Pride, jealousy, and suspicion, render them wretched in a union oft broken, oft renewed, and always full of anxiety and agitation. They parted in agonies of grief, fresh causes of uneasiness arose during absence—they now meet in order to part for ever. Will they part?—will they reunite? I see a tear glisten in the eyes of the female; but the wan cheek, and compressed lips of the man, show that he is weary of suffering. Let him speak for himself:

'You cannot be surprised, Madam—'

'No, Sir, I have long ceased to be surprised at any thing on your part.'

'I am well aware of the superiority of your understanding, and perhaps ought to apologise for the folly of supposing that any thing I can say, can

excite any feeling, but that of impatience in your mind. I am unwilling to engross much of your time, but cannot forbear to—to—'

'Pray, Sir, proceed; my time is at your command.'

'Your politeness never forsakes you.'

'You will convince me of yours by forbearing any expressions of gallantry; they cannot be worse-timed or worse-addressed.'

'The reproof is unmerited, but I will not cavil for words. After those that have escaped you concerning me, of course, every engagement between us is annulled, and we part for ever.'

'Such is my intention, Sir. You might have employed milder terms, and had recourse to more generous measures; but such would not have gratified your wishes—I disdain the hypocrisy of pretending to be indifferent to your conduct. You have endeavoured to destroy my happiness, and you have succeeded. Not indeed to the extent of your aim—I am injured and offended; bitterly injured, and mortally offended; but I am not disgraced; except by the folly of having loved and trusted a person unworthy of love or trust: and I am not humbled—I am still proud in the consciousness of my own innocence.'

'Yes, innocence of vice or falsehood.—Severed and alienated for ever as we are, I would rather die than think otherwise of you: but are you innocent of cold, deliberate, incorrigible vanity?—of wronging the heart of one who loved you, to gratify an insatiate thirst for the admiration of a crowd?—of lending your ear lightly to injurious tales, and confiding your unjust suspicions to the very persons to whom my fame should have been sacred?—You have wounded me in every thought and feeling. You have wrought me, by long suffering, to this pitch of resolution—but I beg your pardon for taking up your time.—Allow me to return these letters, and to request those you permitted me to write to you:' (She rises and sits down again.) 'At some other time perhaps, when you are more at leisure.'

'O! Sir, my life will be all leisure now.—This has been all my business; there they are—take them.'

'Here is a mistake, you are giving me back yours.'

'Indeed! I did not mean that: now there can be no mistake.' (She throws the packet of her letters in the fire.)

'Why did you do that?'

'What should I keep them for?'

'There is one that I will save.'

'What can you mean? Let them go—your hand is all scorched.'

'I did not feel it.—What is the matter?—Good heavens!—You change colour—sit down.—What have I said?'

'O! It is what you are going to say.—You are going to say 'Farewell, Adieu for ever.'

'No, I cannot say it,—not till you send me away.'

'But you do not believe me.—As soon as we have parted, you will suspect me again.'

'Then let us never part.'

'And they did not part.—Gentle reader, I will not venture to say, in the words of a fairy tale, that they 'lived happy ever after.' But they lived as most people of much feeling, and little wisdom do—very often very uneasy, and sometimes so happy that they forgot the past, in the exquisite enjoyment of the present, and lived years in moments.'

## TO MR. EPHRAIM BOREHEAD.

DEAR BROTHER,—I was no less delighted than surprised, on reading your very able letter in last *Melange*—*delighted* brother, that we should, in our poor dear neighbourhood, be honoured with a soul capable of writing such excellent imitations of Byron, and of criticising, with so much ease and indifference, the productions of a man to whom the greatest and wisest of the nation look up as the *æ plus ultra* of English poetry. I was moreover *astonished*, brother, that this same person, who is capable of forming such exquisite ideas, should be so foolish as look down with so much contempt on poor Byron, merely because he is himself capable of rhyming so delightfully. As a very particular favour, I would, for myself and brethren's sake, request he would, before taking up Moore, with whom I, and my foresaid brethren, are not so well acquainted, give us some few imitations of the *beauties* of Byron—yes, brother, *beauties*, for both you and he must admit that Byron's works contain much that is beautiful. If he succeeds, as well with the beauties, as he has done with the defects, he may make as much noise in the world, as ever the Inchbilly road toll business did in our quarter. Should he ever get the length of publishing his productions, I, and my foresaid brethren, will readily become subscribers, even although the expense should oblige us to live on *Mutton And* for a month after. Wishing you and he much success in your next attempt, which I trust will be soon,—I am,

Dear Brother,

Your sincere well-wisher,

A DAYGATE WEAVER.

## SCIENTIFIC.

### MATHEMATICAL PRIZE QUESTION.

The following was proposed by the class of mathematics of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Prussia:—‘To give a complete mathematical theory of the luminous or coloured circles which form around the Sun and Moon; and such an one as will equally agree with the results of observations, and with the known properties of light and the atmosphere.’ The possible influence of the inflection and polarization of light is to be considered. *Memoirs must be sent in before the end of March, 1824. The prize is 50 ducats.*

### IMPROVEMENT IN METALLIC CASTING.

Iron and metallic casts are said to be very much improved by subjecting the metal, when in the moulds, to pressure. This is done by making a part of the mould of such a form as to receive a piston, which, on the metal being introduced, is made to press on it with any required force. It is stated, that castings obtained in this way are not only free from the common imperfections, but have a peculiar soundness of surface, and closeness of texture; qualities of the utmost importance in ordnance, flattening cylinders, &c. The improvement belongs to Mr. Hollingrake, who obtained a patent for it.

### TREAD-WHEEL APPLIED TO CANAL NAVIGATION.

The object is to obviate the necessity of employing horses in drawing barges on canals. The apparatus is made light, and separable from the barge; two men can propel a barge by it at the rate of five miles an hour. The saving in the expense of horses and towing-paths promises to make this an important application of human power. M. Van Heythuysen is the person who has adopted this apparatus.

## DAMP WALLS.

The following method is recommended to prevent the effect of damp walls on paper in rooms:—Line the damp part of the wall with sheet lead, rolled very thin, and fastened up with small copper nails. It may be immediately covered with paper. The lead is not to be thicker than that which lines tea chests.

*Query.* Will damp walls, treated in this way, ever get dry?

## CRITIQUE—CIRCUS—ROBERT BRUCE—TREAD MILL.

*To the Editor of the Melange.*

SIR,—As you were good enough, on some former occasions, to insert some of our loose remarks on the performances at the Circus, we have taken the liberty of sending you a few on the Melo-drama of 'Robert Bruce,' and the piece called the 'Tread Mill.' To give the Melo-drama unqualified praise would be impossible, as the language is not fine, nor the plot regular, to speak in a certain manner. It lacks *dramatic unity*, but it abounds with interesting situations, and affords great scope for the exercise of an actor's ability. Dan-ley, as Bruce, never appeared to greater advantage; his athletic figure corresponded with our ideas of the hero who gave liberty to the land of our sires. We said, on a former occasion, that he looked 'more like a Hercules than an Apollo,' and his figure in the Highland garb is certainly much more *Gothic* than *Corinthian*. The best character in the piece is that of the traitor Cum-*ing*, if justice had been done it, it would have been very interesting. It is entirely out of the line of Phillips; and did we say that he played it *well*, he would laugh at us for the compliment. Walter Ross, (Makeen) is another good character, well calculated to excite interest; but we think it was much overdone, outstripping nature far. In some places he is forced in, as it were, to fill up a vacuum; and there is far too much pantomimic display, which, on one or two occasions, cannot be relished. The rest of the male characters were performed *en ordinaire*, and passed without creating much applause or disapprobation. Mrs. Makeen, as Alexandria, performed in her usual manner. We would advise her, however, to pay a little more attention to the author, as we marked some very ungrammatical expressions. In disguise as the son of the Red Riever, she looked uncommonly well. Her dress was remarkably suitable and splendid. The Scenery is very beautiful; the Mill, by moonlight, was very effective; the conflagration, grand and appalling; the sea storm was also fine; this, in our opinion, is the most interesting scene in the piece, and was pretty well kept up till the close.

We are sorry that we have had no opportunity of seeing Miss Enscoe in a character of any importance. We heard her sing in the extravaganzas of the Bears; her voice is weak, but very sweet and plaintive. She also dances well, if not so well as Miss Newcombe, at least, with much more modesty and simplicity. Whatever be the reason of her being kept so much in the back ground is best known to the manager. From the opinion we have formed of some of the other actresses, we think she is overlooked.

The piece called the 'Tread Mill,' is a severe satire on the gaming estab-

lishments in London; a kind of sequel to 'Tom and Jerry.' We are first introduced to the company of modern Turks or Nabmen, who are busily employed in consulting on the means of procuring an entrance to one of the gambling haunts. We are next introduced to Volatile, Sapskull, and another on the street at night, before the door of a celebrated temple of mischance. A kind of Masonic caution is used before they are allowed to enter. They are dogged by the Nabmen, who effect their entrance, *sans ceremonie*, by the assistance of a ladder, through a window. In the next scene, we see the votaries of fortune at work. Sapskull losing at every attempt, till all his money is gone. He is asked if he has any valuables about him. His watch, as a *dernier resort*, is sported. Set up by auction, and knocked down at a third of its real value. Sapskull sinks this also; loses just as the Nabmen make an imprudent entre into the gaming room. A scene of confusion ensues—Volatile hides below a table—Sapskull goes up a chimney—the rest are nabbed, and taken off by the officers. The next scene is the street—Volatile and Sapskull meet—the latter in a sweet pickle with sooty honours—his clothes torn, and half-frantic with his situation—Volatile consoles him, by promising to take him to see the tread mill at Brixton. Thither they go, and are introduced to *this famous machine for improving morality*, while the prisoners are at work. No skulking is possible here, or the skins must suffer. It is rare work indeed for humbling turbulent minds. The dull uniformity must be very galling to those who have been accustomed to live a busy life; but whether it is calculated to improve the vicious, we will not venture to assert. It must have cost a very large sum. We heard Mr. K. say to a gentleman in the lobby, that the model cost him five pounds.

We will conclude our remarks, by giving a copy of a song sung by the prisoners while at work. We were favoured with this by a gentleman who procured it in London, as sung at one of the theatres there.

TUNE—*We're a' Noddin'.*

## CHORUS.

We're all treading, tread, tread, treading,  
We're all treading at this confounded mill.

## SOLOS, BY A LOW THIEF.

I've got into good company, though much against my will;  
Thus the ups and downs of life may be seen at the mill.

For we're all equal, equal, equal, equal;  
We're all equal at this confounded mill.

## BY A SWELL.

The devil take the chance, that has brought me to this level;  
I would rather be at freedom than be equal with the d——.

For we're all fretting, fret, fret, fretting;  
We're all fretting at this confounded mill.

## BY A BLACKLEG.

Thus the world to the end of the chapter is improving;  
Now much against my *flesh* is the motto, *keep moving*.

For we're all wearied, wearied, wearied, wearied;  
We're all wearied of this confounded mill.

BY A HIGHWAYMAN.

How hard is my fate, I that used to command,  
Would give half the world to be put to a stand.

For we're all moving, moving, moving, moving;  
We're all moving at this confounded mill.

BY A FRENCHMAN.

*Sacrez mille tonners*, dis is vou new kind of dance,  
*Vich, par le grace de Dieu*, vill ne'er be teach in France.

For tis de ver diable, diable, diable, diable;  
'Tis de ver diable dis confounded mill.

OMNES.

Were we onca more but free from this peril and pain,  
'They'll be clever indeed who will nab us again.

For we've all caught it, caught it, caught it, caught it;  
We've all caught it, at this confounded mill.

THEATRICUS.

## POETRY.

## A FRAGMENT.

Lo! rath the wind; the angry surges roar,  
And heaves their flaming heads high in the air;  
Then on the rocky, tempest-beaten shore,  
Dash with resistless force—and now the glare  
Of lightning shoots across the sky. No more,  
For the heave-rolling thunder, can we hear  
The cry of those who perish. None can save!—  
'Tis night, dark night—they sink into the reckless  
wave.

But by the billow, on the shore is cast,  
More fort'rate than the rest, a youth, who seems  
Of more than common rank; the howling blast  
Blows o'er him as he lies; the water streams  
From his drench'd garments. Long he lies; at last  
He moves;—'Livia! he cries—wild his eye gleams.  
He looks around,—but ah! he looks in vain—  
She's gone! he cried, and plunged into the deep again

R. S.

Edinburgh, Dec. 1822.

## LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Fair owner of this little book,  
May'st thou ne'er see that luckless hour  
When the proud, cold, regardless look,  
Proclaims that eye to have lost its power.

Long may'st thou bask in beauty's sun,  
And revel in a husband's love;  
And when thy race below is run,  
Mount upon wings of bliss above.

If after many a distant day  
Thou should'st inquire of Father's fate;  
He was—a man of living clay—  
He is—he is—I know not what.

T.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Amicus must re-write his first page. Anquispiam is received. N. and Publius Mercator are too long-winded. Nicholas Hunsford has a very appropriate designation. If Philistinos will permit us to take out his two episodes we will give him a place. To Harmonicus we say, though music be the food of love we will not sing on. As one good turn deserves another we put Timothy Ironstone's M.S. in the box. Mary as soon as we can, also Nector, The Greenwood, and Tittle Tattle. We hope the good-natured Philo will not lose his temper by our saying, that he is a *Bore*. *Many* us nonetheless is received. As we have not made Phenology our study, Lumpus will excuse us. We cannot insert R. He will find his papers at the office. If K. Y. S. will send to the office he will find a letter for him.

The 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, and 7th Articles, as also the Poetry, of the present Number are Original.

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